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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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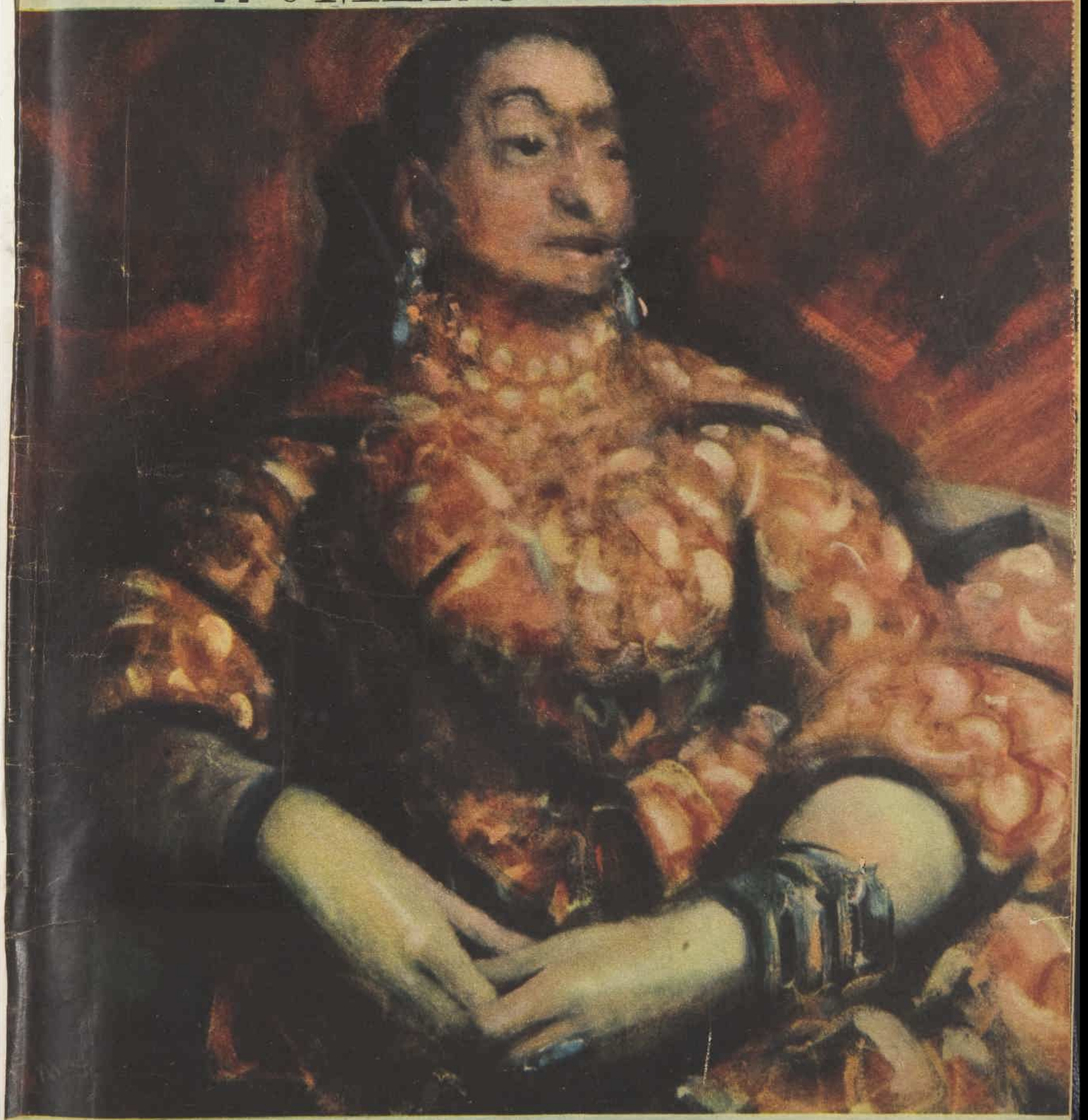

HELENA RUBINSTEIN • by William Dobell • **Winner of £1500 award in our Portrait Prize**

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EDUCATION MUST BE IMPROVED

PROFESSOR J. P. Baxter, Vice-Chancellor of the N.S.W. University of Technology, thinks that facilities for education in Australia are shocking.

"Our schools are deplorable," he says, "and our universities almost bankrupt."

This is criticism which the authorities and public cannot ignore, for education is basic to Australia's development.

What are the reasons for the backward state of Australian educational institutions?

One is that in a rapidly expanding community, in which State education is dependent on what amounts to a Federal dole, the Federal Government has a far greater financial responsibility towards education than it will admit.

Another reason is that Australians, instead of being shocked into action by the best in education from other countries, especially Scandinavia, have bluffed themselves for years with the myth that their schools and educational systems are the best in the world.

Yet another reason is that Australians, though they are aware of the need for a better education as a means to a better job, have never developed that deep respect for scholarship and research which is apparent in many other countries.

And that lack is often most obvious among the people who represent Australia in its Parliaments.

With 3,000,000 more people than in 1939, it is time Australian political leaders and public took a critical look, as Professor Baxter has done, at the sad state of its educational institutions.

Our cover

● William Dobell's portrait of Helena Rubinstein won the £1500 award for the best painting in our 1957 Portrait Prize. For story and other paintings see pages 7, 8, and 9.

CONTENTS

FICTION
- The Moon for Margaret, *Maureen Luson* . . . 19
- Murder Was Her Welcome (serial, Part 3), *Margot Neville* . . 20, 21
- Young Man With a Pram, *Edith Pargeter* . . . 24, 25
- The New Owner, *Olga A. Rosmanith* . 26

SPECIAL FEATURES
- Going Steady . . . 5, 34
- Portrait Prize . . . 7, 8, 9

FASHION
- Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* . . . 37
- Fashion Frocks . . . 65
- Patterns . . . 77

FILMS
- New Chaplin Film . . . 55
- Kay Kendall in Musical . . . 56, 57
- Film Preview . . . 58
- Reviews . . . 69

HOMEMAKING
- American House (color) . 43
- Home Plan . 44
- Living - room Renovations 45
- Make a Lampshade . . 45
- Gardening . 46
- Smorgasbord Cookery (color) . 47, 49
- Prize Recipes 50
- Handyman Hints . . 52
- Lace Blouse . 53
- Transfers . 72

REGULAR FEATURES
- TV Parade . 10
- It Seems To Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . 12
- Social . . 15
- These Are Australian . 17
- Readers' Letters . . 18
- Ross Campbell 18
- Living Bush Coupon . 28
- Worth Reporting . . 31
- Strange but True . . 31
- Disc Digest, Debbie . 34
- Beauty . . 37
- Stars . . 39
- Sweet & Sour 61
- Mandrake . 78
- Teena . . 79
- Crossword . 79

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● ***Our issue of last week was already on the machines when the judges made their decision on the award for the 1957 Portrait Prize.***

AS a result Dobell paintings grace our pages two weeks running.

Last week's portrait of Dame Mary Gilmore was a commissioned work, and therefore, of course, not eligible for entry, as winning paintings in our Portrait Prize competition become the property of this company.

Dame Mary is 92. Madame Rubinstein keeps her age a pretty close secret. Estimates run from the seventies to the early eighties. We met her when she visited Australia earlier this year and were impressed by the qualities Dobell has captured—her vitality and the shrewdness of those black eyes. That day she was wearing a Dior suit in green and black, the fabric pattern rather similar to that of the dress in the Dobell portrait. She loves jewellery—those are uncut emeralds in the portrait—and on the day we met her she wore an emerald and a diamond ring, with stones about half an inch square.

OFFICIAL opening of the Portrait Prize Exhibition in Sydney is this Wednesday (September 25). For further details see page 7. We are hoping that as many as possible of our readers will go to see the exhibition, which will be shown in turn in the State capitals. Everyone in Sydney who reads this sufficiently early on Wednesday morning is welcome at the official opening at the National Gallery in the afternoon.

★ ★ ★

SEALS are the subject of our "These Are Australian" feature this week (page 17) and we were interested, in the course of handling the page, to learn something about the polygamous habits of seals. Ellis Troughton, in his book "Furred Animals of Australia," writes: "It is stated that old Alaskan beach-master males, weighing from 400 to 500 pounds, may gather a harem of upwards of 100 females. Locally it seems that the average harem is about six or seven, although counting is difficult and the smaller families may result from past depletion of population."

One comfort for these seal sultans — however big their harems the ladies are supplied with fur coats.

★ ★ ★

IT'S safe to prophesy that the Dior fashion parades (see opposite page) will create more excitement than any previous parades. The mannequins in their turn are wildly excited at the prospect of visiting Australia. Before the girls were chosen Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, was besieged by them every time she visited the salon. They thought that she might know which had been chosen. She didn't, because Dior decided only after he showed his new season's collection.

Marcelle has visited the Dior salon constantly, supervising photographs of the girls and the dresses, and she answers a continual barrage of questions about Australia. "Do Australians use boomerangs all the time?" one girl asked.

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The Australian Women's Weekly announces . . .

FIRST DIOR PARADES FOR AUSTRALIA...

● Paris will come to Melbourne and Sydney in November-December when 80 spectacular Christian Dior creations will be shown by seven famous Dior models in the first all-Dior parades in Australia.

The parades have been organised by The Australian Women's Weekly in association with the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne, and David Jones Ltd., Sydney.

In a parade preview, Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, writes . . .

ON November 18 Christian Dior's fashion house in the Avenue Montaigne will be able to hang out the sign "Transferred to Australia."

That is the date seven of the famous couturier's best mannequins and more than half his current collection will leave for Melbourne and Sydney.

Never before have so many Dior mannequins and so many models been flown so far or for so long.

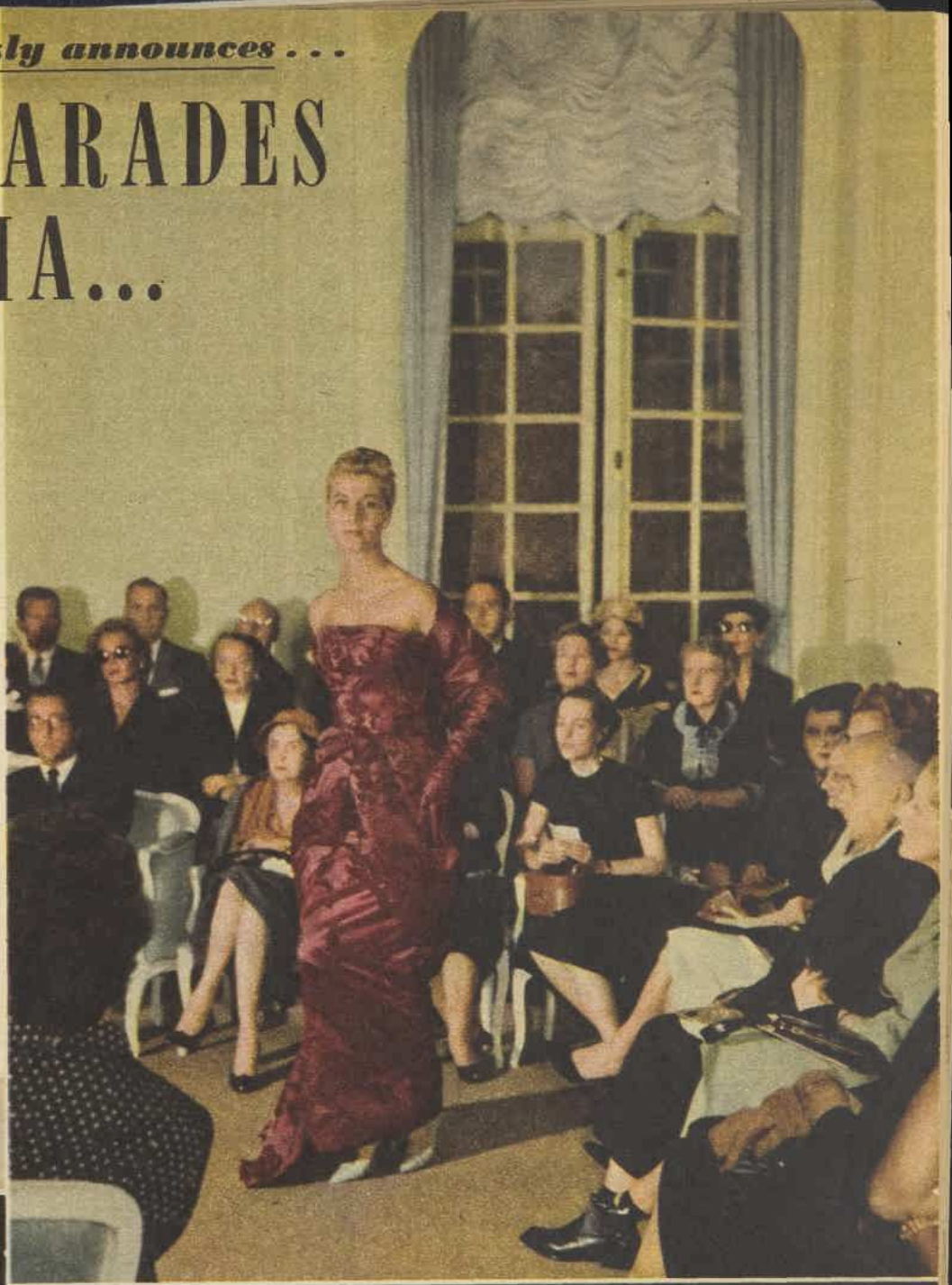
Ever since the secret of the Australian tour was first known in Maison Dior there has been ill-concealed excitement. All the mannequins wanted to go on the tour, and everyone was eager to know who would be chosen.

After much reflection and after asking the advice of all those concerned with the trip, M. Dior chose three blondes — France, very tall; Simone, the duchess type; and Lia, smaller and very feminine. The other four are brunettes—Lucky and Alla, two of Dior's oldest hands and two of the most photographed mannequins in the world; Odile, tall, graceful, and distinguished; and Victoire, the smallest and very attractive.

About 80 models in huge theatrical-style wardrobes, each marked with the big white monogram C.D., will travel with the mannequins.

The party will arrive in Australia on November 21 and parades will be held in Melbourne from November 23 to December 4; in Sydney from December 7 to December 14.

● ***Next week: "Dior" by Dior — an autobiography.***



RIGHT: Brilliant spectacle in the Maison Dior, which will be reproduced in Australia. Model in the wonderful red gown is France, who has been selected for parades in Melbourne and Sydney.

BELOW: Christian Dior shows their Australian destination to France, Simone, Lucky, Odile, Victoire, and Lia, who wear the white overalls that are their uniform when not parading.

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Fairey gran'ma left with the baby

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Twenty-four hours after Leanda Fairey (7lb. 11oz.) was born in a fashionable London nursing home, an official spokesman for the Fairey Aviation Company announced, "The baby definitely goes to her grandmother."

"THAT'S fine!" was grandfather Sir Bede Clifford's comment. "If Fairey Aviation say we are going to look after her, why, that's fine!"

So, after a high-pitched public argument, two-week-old Leanda, daughter of Mrs. Richard Fairey, will go straight from London to Queen Anne's Farm, in Guildford, the home of Lady Clifford — Mrs. Fairey's mother—and 67-year-old Sir Bede.

Sir Bede is a former Governor of Mauritius and the Bahamas.

When Mrs. Fairey (her Christian names are Alice Devon, but her family calls her Atalanta), wife of the millionaire aircraft manufacturer, announced two months ago that she would hand the baby to its grandmother for the first year of its life, she said:

"A baby is rather a tie, and very often inconvenient. I know nothing, absolutely nothing, about babies.

Back in a year

"I would rather it was with my mother than anyone else . . . I will have it back when it is a year or two old."

When I interviewed Mrs. Fairey in the nursing home this week she was most anxious to explain her reasons for "farming out" the baby.

"It's so frightfully difficult to have a baby when one is moving house," she said, and the baby howled in her arms.

"We live at Henley, but we are moving to a new place, and there is no nursery for Leanda."

This was a seemingly trivial reason for letting her mother look after the child, but Mrs. Fairey went on:

"That isn't the only reason, but my husband likes to have me with him, and you can't juggle babies around in railway stations. I, for one, am not going to do it."

Forty-year-old, thrice married Richard Fairey, vice-chairman of the firm founded by his father, travels a great deal—but usually by plane or helicopter—and sees nothing wrong with the idea.

Atalanta Fairey, in a blue nightie and pink hair ribbon, cooed, cuddled, and cosseted while the baby cried, and continued:

"My husband lost both legs during the war, and my first loyalty is to him.

"I go everywhere with my husband, and we have all sorts of things going on. We won't be free to fulfil our commitments with a baby in the house.

"Of course, I'll miss Leanda, and I'll see her as often as I can.

"The important thing is to know that when we are abroad she is well cared for."

The little speech was punctuated by Leanda's cries, and Atalanta finally said, "I'm not frightfully domesticated. Nannies are better for this sort of thing."

A "nanny" took Leanda, and the howling stopped.

Loveliest deb

Atalanta, 25, is the youngest of Lady Clifford's three beautiful daughters. She was one of the loveliest and most popular debs of 1950.

Princess Margaret attended her lavish coming-out ball, shared with Eunice, daughter of Lady Oakes and the late Sir Harry Oakes.

In those days Atalanta was the "stay-at-home" member of the family.

Although she claims not be be "domesticated," she ran her mother's home then, saying, "My mother is an artist, my sister paints, so I'm left with the chores."

There is nothing huntin', shootin', and fishin' about Richard Fairey, whose matrimonial affairs have made headlines more than once.

He married his first wife secretly when he was 21.

She was a Swedish actress, three years older, extravagant, and very beautiful.

There were outstanding bills after their divorce, and she was later killed by a bomb.

His second marriage—by which he has an eight-year-old son—also ended in divorce.

Mrs. Diana Fairey remarried a year later, and is now arranging summer holidays for poor children.

LADY CLIFFORD, wife of the former Governor of Mauritius, Sir Bede Clifford, and mother of Atalanta. This picture shows her with her three daughters. From left, Anne Francis Mary, Alice Devon (known as Atalanta), and Patricia David (Pandora). The picture was taken in 1937.

MRS. ATALANTA FAIREY, wife of the aircraft manufacturing millionaire, with her two-weeks-old baby, Leanda, in a London nursing home. Richard Fairey, her 40-year-old legless husband, is above.

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• How does the Australian teenager measure up to her American counterpart? What does she think about boy-friends, about sex? Does she believe in "going steady"—pinning all her adolescent faith on one boy in the hope that an established relationship will give her some kind of security? This article, by *Louise Hunter*, attempts to answer some of these important questions.

It suits the boys

IN your home, the house next door, or in your street, you know a teenager. She's a thoroughly nice girl (she may be your daughter), she's 16; starting to use a more elaborate make-up, trying a rinse, curling the end of her ponytail; she's madly interested in clothes and boys.

What makes her remarkable is that she is not like the teenagers you read about. She's not "going steady," she's not noticeably sexy, she goes out with a number of boys.

She's like the majority of Australian teenage girls, unlike her American counterpart, about whom much is written.

But her American sister is important. So many millions of words have been written about her and applied to the Australian teenager that many people, in my opinion and experience, have an entirely false picture of Australia's adolescent.

For that's what a teenager is—an adolescent, with the acne and all the complexes that you suffered as an adolescent.

One of the complexes they suffer from as they enter the adult world is a doubt of their ability to deal with the opposite sex. As the thousands of letters I get each year show, this causes great anxieties and very real worry.

But apparently they are a more stable set than American adolescents.

Insecurity and a search for status have forced Americans into a "going steady" routine that often starts at 13 and ends in marriage after dreary years of "dating" to a rigid group standard.

To find out how much of the American "going steady" system had seeped into the life of the Australian teenager, I questioned hundreds of girls and looked back over letters to my weekly "Here's Your Answer" page.

Many of them used the American phrase "going steady" to cover the old-fashioned "going with," "going together," or the even-older-fashioned "keeping company" or "walking out."

Only one girl was "going steady" in the American manner. She was 19 and resented the system which, she said, was forced on her by her crowd. This girl moved in the higher - education group, where a closer study of world affairs seems to engender a gloomy outlook — a yearning towards something settled.

My impression of today's teenagers is that they are a collection of responsible sobersides who have lost a lot of the excitement and adventure of growing up.

They seem to live quiet, routine lives.

That is, in the city. My questioning showed that life for a country teenager is brighter, different, not so circumscribed by group standards.

Here are some glimpses of the romantic lives of Australian adolescents.

Jan, who is representative of the higher-education group, is 19, blond, intelligent, talented; has a good and unusual commercial job.

When I interviewed her she spoke frankly, openly.

Jan told me she goes steady with an architecture student at Sydney University. She was educated at a large and exclusive private school, and is continuing her education.

"Of course I go steady," she said. "You have to. It's forced on you.

"I go with an architecture student. I go out with other boys if they ask me, but they only ask me out until they find out I'm tied.

"They do this by asking you out on a Saturday night — that's the night you always go out with your steady—and if you refuse the Saturday night invitation, they know.

"My boy-friend doesn't like me going out with other boys, but he understands because he's so busy he can't take me out much.

"I once went to a college dance with another boy. All the other boys saw me and told my steady. He wasn't annoyed with me.

"But he was annoyed with the other boy, whom he knew, because he'd trespassed.

"It is very dull, but no one really dances much now, so it doesn't matter. At dances you just shuffle about a bit with the same partner, or listen to the band, or sit out and talk.

"But I am lucky; I have more fun than many girls going steady, because I know a lot of people from the country, and I have been to dances where everyone danced with different people."

In Jan's opinion it's the boys who want to go steady. And, with a great deal of worldly wisdom, she explained why she thought so.

"It suits boys to go steady," she said. "They don't have to pay you so much attention.

"For instance, if they take you to a dance and you're their steady, they don't have to bother with you. They just have a couple of dances and then they can settle down to a bit of drinking or talking to the boys.

"You just have to take it because you're their steady."

I asked Jan about the obvious moral hazards involved in going steady; about the likelihood of becoming physically more involved than either partner intended.

Jan was frank.

"Naturally you get more involved physically," she said. "Going the whole way is common, particularly among the young couples who face long years of study and have no definite marriage plans.

"Many of my friends who have been going steady have had shot-gun weddings."

There's evidence to prove this. Statistics show that in Australia one in every three of all first babies is conceived before marriage.

"Sex naturally comes when you go steady," Jan continued. "You can't get married for years and sex is the only way out of hopelessness."

I asked Jan did she approve of the "going steady" system.

She doesn't. She talks wistfully about the way her mother and father courted.

"She only had to see him twice a week," she said. "Saturday night and one other night."

I asked Jan if she thought the long apprenticeship of going steady added to the security of marriage.

She laughed at me.

"Goodness me, no," she said. "Some girls go steady from when they're 14. They get very curious about what other men are like. Generally they find out after they're married."

Jan and her crowd are in the minority among Australian teenagers, according to those I talked to.

Jane, aged 18, is a typical sample of the majority who "go steady," but use the phrase to mean "going with."

Jane said she first became interested in boys when she was 14½. "Since then," she said, "I have had three steadies. Each one has lasted six months.

"At present I am going steady with a fitter and turner. He's 23. We go out every Friday night to the pictures, and on Sundays he comes to our place to tea or I go to his mother's.

"I like going steady. You have more fun with one boy all the time than with a lot of different ones. You're more relaxed.

"None of my boys has actually asked me to 'go steady.' There has been no mention of marriage at all. I don't go in for sex. I think it is best to wait for marriage.

"Of the three steadies I've had, I think I love the steady I've got now. But I don't know. You see, I don't know how to tell the real thing.

"I think this could be it, because he's the first of my steadies I've ever worried about."

Jean, nearly 20 and in the same group as Jan, is not a typical case at all. But she's an exceptionally interesting one, for she spent from the time she was 12 to 18 in America.

"I was 13 when I started school in America," she said. "I had pigtails, no make-up, and a flat figure.

"I was the only 13-year-old girl who didn't wear lipstick, foundation cream, and powder. Most had perms. They all dated boys and had steadies.

"Americans lead a very fast life sexually. I have thought about it a lot, and I put it down to the tremendous competition there is in business, academically, socially, and sexually.

"This is the best way I can explain it:

"In Australia the phrase 'a popular girl' means a girl with many boy-friends who goes out with a number of boys, is a good mixer, and has a good time. In America 'popular girl' means a girl who competes fiercely, gets her man at school at 13, goes steady, and eventually marries him.

"I never became orientated to the sex manners of Americans. I didn't get on well with boys in America. It was my fault entirely, though, because I was so shy when I was only 13. I simply wasn't interested.

"When I was 17 to 18 I had quite a few dates. For instance, I spent weekend dates as a guest at both Princeton and West Point.

"This weekend dating is an accepted custom in America. These places have special guesthouses. The boys book you in, but you pay for your own accommodation, although they take you out and pay for all your meals.

"This would be a typical weekend: You'd get there on

Continued on page 34

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Our Portrait Prize

Dobell wins £1500 award

JUDGING OF ENTRIES. Judges of our Portrait Prize are the Directors of the National Art Galleries in the capital cities. Above, inspecting one of the entries, they are, from left, Mr. Robert Campbell, of Adelaide, Dr. W. Bryden, of Hobart, Mr. Hal Missingham, of Sydney, Mr. Robert Haines, of Brisbane, and Mr. Eric Westbrook, of Melbourne. There were only five judges this year, because a new director has not yet been appointed at the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

Czechoslovakian artist gains £500 prize for the best painting by a woman

● The winners of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1957, are William Dobell, of Wangi, N.S.W., and Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova, of Czechoslovakia — the first overseas artist to win one of our awards.

DOBELL, winner of two Archibald Prizes and one Wynne Prize, was awarded the main prize of £1500 for the best entry in the competition with his portrait of Helena Rubinstein, who recently visited Australia.

Vilma Kotrbova - Vrbova, with her portrait entitled "Eva With Drawing," has won the second award of £500 for the best entry by a woman.

The presentation of the prizemoney to William Dobell will be made at the National Art Gallery in Sydney on September 25.

Vilma Kotrbova - Vrbova will receive her cheque in a letter informing her of her win.

The Czechoslovakian artist has held three exhibitions in Prague in 1951, 1952, and 1953.

The Ministry of Education bought one of the paintings exhibited in 1952—"Child With a Cake."

Our two winning portraits were among 10 from which the judges made their final selection.

The remaining eight are:

"Lovely Doris," by James Boswell (England).

"Robbie," by William Dobell.

"Kate Hodgkinson," by Frank Hodgkinson (N.S.W.).

"Woman and Girl," by Michael Kmit (N.S.W.).

"Artist's Wife," by Vladas Meskenas (N.S.W.).

"Janet Mathews," by Jon Molvig (Queensland).

"Ragazza," by John Rigby (Queenslander at present studying in Italy); and

"Australian Girl in Paris," by Albert Tucker (Australian living in England).

In their report, the judges said that all of these 10 paintings were "good enough to take their place in any exhibition of fine modern paintings."

Of the Dobell painting, the judges said, "It is not only outstanding among the entries but is an important work of art in its own right. It has a power and authority which no other entry can approach.

"The painting has, in great measure, all the qualities that have made Dobell famous. The composition is built up of a typically Dobell diamond-shape, which he has used in many of his greatest paintings.

"The artist has had a clear idea of the effect at which he is aiming. Many of the other competitors seem to have embarked on their pictures with the hope that something would emerge, but with no clear conception of what it would be.

"While the judges feel that the picture could not have been painted in any other century than our own, it did not seem to them to seek a fashionable 'modernism.'

"In many entries it was painfully obvious that pictures were conceived as a traditional likeness and then superficial forms and colors added to flesh and background, apparently in the hope of attracting a judge with 'modern' sympathies.

"Finally, in the winning work the likeness of the sitter seems to be admirably expressed. The whole of the strong personality emerges.

"In the opinion of the judges this is an excellent portrait; only the opinion of posterity can decide if it is a great one."

Commenting on their award to the Czechoslovakian artist, the judges said:

"We selected this painting for its sensitiveness without sentimentality and for its competent handling, which did not become slick.

"The portrait is extremely simple in its color and composition. The feeling of the youthfulness of the subject is extremely well conveyed, and the whole idea of the child is linked well with the little drawing.

"In the case of both prize-winners, the pictures have been so designed that the whole of the attention finally is focused on the faces.

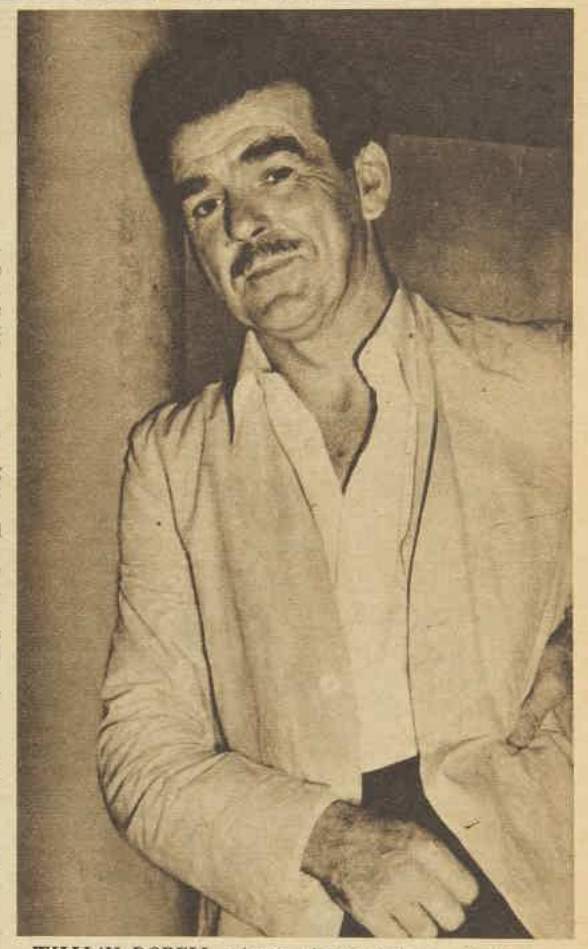
"In all portrait paintings, no matter how many items are used in the composition, the essential point of focus is the face."

Commenting on the fact that 50 paintings have been hung in the travelling exhibition this year, they said that "judged by the highest standards they could not (as requested by The Australian Women's Weekly) extract 50 works for the travelling exhibition.

"Finally, a selection was made of the 40 best Australian works and the 10 best paintings from overseas.

"It should be pointed out that in the overseas group are certain paintings which fall below the Australian standard."

William Dobell's award in our Portrait Prize this year is his fourth major art win in Australia.



WILLIAM DOBELL, winner of our main award this year, is probably Australia's best-known painter. His pictures have caused nation-wide controversies.

He won the Archibald Prize with his portrait of Joshua Smith in 1944, and again in 1948 with his portrait of Margaret Olley. In the same year he also won the Wynne Prize.

His first £500 Archibald win brought him nation-wide publicity, and resulted in one of the biggest controversies in Australian art circles.

Two Sydney artists challenged his win on the grounds that the picture of Joshua Smith was a caricature and not a portrait.

Mr. Justice Roper, sitting in the Equity Court, upheld the award of the prize.

Dobell hit the headlines again in 1942 and 1955.

In 1942 one of his pictures —"Study for a Woman Dozing"—was stolen from the National Art Gallery in Sydney. It has never been recovered.

In 1955 another picture—"The Milliner"—was also stolen from the Gallery, but later was returned by post wrapped in newspaper.

Dobell, himself, keeps out of the limelight as much as possible. He lives quietly with his sister at Wangi.

● ***Overleaf, paintings in color.***

● Fifty paintings have been selected to hang in our travelling exhibition of entries in the 1957 Portrait Prize. A further 88 will be hung in Sydney only. Both exhibitions will be opened at the National Art Gallery in Sydney by the Governor of N.S.W., Lieutenant-General E. W. Woodward, at 3.15 p.m. on September 25. They will continue for a month. The travelling exhibition will then tour all Australian capital cities, including Canberra.

In Sydney, the National Art Gallery will be open until October 1 from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., Mondays to Saturdays, and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. on Sundays. From October 1 the Gallery will remain open a further half hour until 5 p.m. on week-days and Sundays.

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OUR PORTRAIT PRIZE: Four entries in final selection

The four paintings reproduced on this page were among the ten from which the judges made their final selection in our 1957 Portrait Prize. Other finalists were John Rigby, an Australian now studying in Italy, Michael Kmit, and Vladas Meskenas, both of Sydney. Kmit has been among the finalists for the past two years. Fifty paintings have been selected for hanging in our travelling exhibition.

"JANET MATHEWS," by JON MOLVIG.

Young artist Jon Molvig, born in Newcastle, N.S.W., studied art in Sydney after World War II, and now conducts an art school in Brisbane. He was a finalist last year.

"AUSTRALIAN GIRL IN PARIS," by ALBERT TUCKER.

Albert Tucker, an Australian who has been living abroad for some years, has become well known for his parodying of artist Sidney Nolan's Ned Kelly theme.

Left:

"KATE HODGKINSON," by FRANK HODGKINSON.

Sydney artist Frank Hodgkinson was one of the 10 finalists in our international Portrait Prize last year. The painting is of his young daughter.

Right:

"LOVELY DORIS," by JAMES BOSWELL.

Born in Auckland, Boswell now lives in England. "Doris," he says, "is a wonderful character. She sells fish in a local shop, and once hit a difficult customer over the head with a fish."

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£500 Prizewinner —"Eva With Drawing," by Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova (Czechoslovakia)

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a dirty spot's not funny!

"It's enough to make you weep! A big wash done and that soup stain still showing on my best tablecloth. Just the night John's boss is coming to dinner, too!"

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TeleVision Parade

TV PRODUCER Royston Morley (right) discusses the B.B.C.-TV adaptation of "Men of Darkness" with author Armond Salacron. Mr. Morley, formerly senior producer and head of the training school for B.B.C.-TV, is in Sydney to join A.B.C.-TV.

● If you'd like to become Australia's "Miss TV," forget the shapely Sabrinas of this world and focus on being "the nice girl the family next door would like to invite into their home."

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

THIS tip was given by Mr. Royston Morley, and he's just the man to know what he's talking about, for he's been with B.B.C. television since its birth in 1936.

Until five years ago, when he became head of its TV-training school, he was senior producer—the job he's come to Australia to do for A.B.C.-TV.

"True TV personalities must be pleasant, sincere, and intelligent," he said. "They become as real as guests sitting in your living-room, and must be family-friend types.

"A dumb beauty is useless on the screen except in vaudeville. Sabrina could never be more than a gimmick.

"But Australia is already on the right track. Here in Sydney you have the most outstanding personality I've seen in any country for conducting a woman's show.

"I mean Mary Rossi, of ABN. To my knowledge, there's no one near her calibre in British or American TV.

"She likes people, is intelligent, and utterly natural. She's also extremely attractive without flaunting sex appeal, which plays a much smaller part in the intimate field of TV than it does in the theatre or films. Mary's a real person, and a great TV find."

(Mary Rossi, of "Woman's World," Channel 2, Tuesdays, 3.30 p.m., is in temporary retirement awaiting the birth of her sixth child, due this month.)

Mr. Morley said the most important thing for aspiring TV actors, producers, or script-writers was to "sit themselves in front of a TV set and never budge while there's anything on the screen."

"It's the only way to learn. When Terence Rattigan was commissioned to write a TV version of 'The Final Test' in 1951, he gave up all weekend engagements for a year to watch his set. The result? His play was nearly perfect."

Comparing English and American TV was a "sheer waste of time," he said.

"English TV is dignified and restrained. American TV is racy, brash, and often vulgar. Both reflect their audiences.

"I'm looking forward to working in Australian TV, which seems to be bright and alive in the middle of the field."

Hundreds of budding producers, including many Australians, have passed through Mr. Morley's hands at the TV training school, where one of his most interesting assignments was conducting two one-day courses for politicians to show how to "sell themselves" to voters.

★ ★ ★

IF Channel 9, TCN's popular "What's My Line?" (Sundays, 8 p.m.) ever loses its punch, there's a ready-made follow-up to take its place.

The zany minds of American TV have come up with "What's It For?" For the non-clue viewers, this is a show based on inventions, clever and silly, useful and not.

The panel has to figure out what they're all about, and each invention is protected by patent so that its discussion on the TV network will not jeopardise the inventor.

In case you're wondering why they didn't call the show "What's It All About?", I can only think it must be to distinguish it from a large number of sausage-factory productions which always leave me asking that very question.

★ ★ ★

WELL, now, pardners, there's been some pretty rough shooting going on in American TV, and it seems that heroes of bullet-packed Western series showing on Australian channels have been quicker on the draw than the video funnymen.

The battle began earlier this year when a large percentage of TV comedians were dropped to make room for more of the popular Wild Westerns.

But it might be just a temporary victory. Some of the greatest comedians still raising a smile on American TV screens, such as George Burns ("Burns and Allen," Channel 7, ATN, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.), Jack Benny, and Red Skelton, plan to give the good old horse laugh to the Western rustlers.

One of the comics even announced: "We'll kid the spurs off the cowboys and may even expose some of their mossy tricks. They'll be lampooned, burlesqued, and satirised to such an extent that their gun fights will never be taken seriously again."

TV programmers are waiting for the smoke to clear before they say who's won.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION mysteries aren't confined to the imported thriller series, according to Judy Ann James ("Home," Channel 9, TCN, Tuesdays, 4 p.m. to 5 p.m.).

Although the channel's viewing area is restricted to Sydney suburbs and nearby country towns, hundreds of entries in the Sybil Connolly Design Competition have poured in from Queensland, Victoria, and far-flung N.S.W.

"Viewers must have written off to friends and relations suggesting they enter, but I still think it's remarkable," said Judy Ann.

Unfortunately Sybil Connolly was suddenly called to New York to design costumes for a new musical before she could judge the entries, but top Australian model Nola Rose, together with Mary Hordern, fashion expert, and Mickey McNicoll, "Daily Telegraph" women's editor, will soon announce the winner.

★ ★ ★

SAD to relate, but Gerald Mohr, who as Christopher Storm in "Cross Current" (Saturdays, 9 p.m.) got my vote as TV's top heart-throbber, has disappeared from the Channel 7, ATN screen.

Channel 7 bought a year's supply of this show, but in America all the big programmes are telefilmed for only 39 performances a year.

Wisely, the powers-that-be feel viewers should be given a spell from even the best things in TV, and choose 13 summer weeks when people spend more time out of doors.

Filling out the "Cross Current" time-slot for the remaining 13 weeks of the year's supply is "Foreign Intrigue," which, like "Cross Current," is a skilled Sheldon Reynolds production, filmed in Europe.

It's the story of a journalist's exploits, and is good enough — almost — to compensate for the loss of attractive Christopher Storm.

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FATHER

"You don't have to rush. I just noticed these tickets are for tomorrow night."

MOTHER

"Well, well. So this is my new son-in-law."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THERE couldn't be a better memorial to the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith than his old plane, the Southern Cross, and the plan to enshrine it in a hangar in Brisbane deserves all support.

Near sunset one day last week I joined the queue in Hyde Park, Sydney, to have a look at "the Old Bus" before she began her last journey by road to Brisbane.

She looked brave and flimsy in her royal-blue and silver paint, resting on the grass amid a swarm of sightseers, young and old. "Hey, Bill," a young man called out to an official. "Chap here says there's a blue in this pamphlet." (Pamphlets giving the history of the Southern Cross were on sale.) "He says Kingsford Smith was killed earlier than 1935."

"Tell him he's wrong," said the official. "It was November, 1935, somewhere off the Burma coast."

"Aren't we allowed to have a ride in it?" a small boy asked his mother.

"Can't you go right inside?" a young man wanted to know, fingering his two-shillings inspection fee.

For two shillings you could file up the improvised wooden stairs, peer through the window into the tiny, shabby cabin, and into the cramped cockpit with its two battered, uncomfortable seats.

You couldn't have seen any more by going inside. And in one sense, there wasn't much to see. But there was enough—enough to evoke Smithy and his crew aloft over the Pacific, enough to remind you of the wild adventure that was aviation nearly 30 years ago.

It was two shillings' worth of memories for the older sightseers, of history for the young ones, and well spent in a good cause.

★ ★ ★

FRENCH governess to the Royal children, Mlle Bibiane de Rougoux, described to a London newspaper a picnic the Royal Family had on the Scottish moors near Balmoral.

"The picnic was just like a barbecue," she said.

Mlle de Rougoux went on to say that Prince Philip often cooked lunch at these picnics, thus giving a clue to the distinction she draws between a barbecue and a picnic.

Nowadays the original meaning of barbecue as a whole-roasting is rapidly disappearing. The most insignificant chop or spindly sausage, when grilled over an open fire, is called a barbecue.

A picnic is defined by the Oxford as a "pleasure party including a meal out of doors." This definition does put rather a genteel complexion on the word. You picture a green sward, silver teapots, and footmen.

It doesn't seem adequate for an Australian picnic with black billy, charring chops, attacking ants, and observant goannas.

That's the kind of picnic I hope to be enjoying next week, but I shall choke before I describe it as a barbecue.

A CORRESPONDENT who drops me a letter occasionally tells me that he always likes to read bits about my housekeeping, and it is clear that he regards these as pure fantasy.

Evidently he belongs to a well-ordered home, where nobody ever decides to wash the blankets at 9.30 p.m. (as I did last week, with great success, although I say it myself).

Last week, indeed, saw a burst of unexampled pre-holiday housecleaning. There was a vile westerly wind—vile for outdoors, absolutely perfect for washing, and all the flat-dwellers round our way were out among the roof clotheslines saying "Lovely drying day" to each other.

I even cleaned the elderly gas stove—designed at that period when stove-makers put the greatest possible number of grease-catching convolutions into their product.

Some people, I know, clean the stove every week or every day, but they miss the blissful shock of doing it once in too long. It looks so divine I can hardly bear to cook on it, and I part from it almost with regret—almost, but not quite.

For a month it can rest along with this typewriter.

★ ★ ★

THE word "personalised" is now so often encountered that it raises only the merest flicker of distaste.

But if you like to boggle, there's always something fresh to boggle at. A Sydney store has just established a personalisation service for Christmas cards.

★ ★ ★

AN American airlines executive says that in his briefcase he always carries a set of notes for an all-purpose speech in case he is unexpectedly asked to say a few words in public.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am very pleased
To come along here today (or should it be tonight?)
The company, as always, is distinguished,
And the barrows that you're pushing are absolutely right.
I have a little story that I heard,
(The truth is, it's a stock one that I tell)
It's not too old, nor is it yet too novel,
And it's respectable, which is just as well . . ."

In closing there's a thing I'd like to mention
If you'll very kindly give me your attention,
Which is, in case you've noticed that this verse
Is somewhat halting—such a speech is worse.

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An angel in the 'air

● It all began when Philippe fell in love with the angel. Philippe is a Frenchman. And he has all the effervescent Gallic charm.

PHILIPPE admires "l'angel," which inspired the four hair-styles pictured below. The carved figure is of Italian origin, probably 18th-century. Staff photographer Ernie Nutt took the pictures.

By DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

ONE day, about six months ago, Philippe was walking down Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Suddenly he stopped at the windows of a city auction room. There, hanging from the ceiling of the room, was the angel.

"I stop, I look," said Philippe.

It was a plump, cherubic-looking angel with a rather bucolic expression.

Magnificently carved out of wood, it was poised as though in flight, with arms outstretched and wings outspread.

Philippe was so impressed that he stopped and looked often in the following weeks.

"I go een and ask le price. Le man said sixty guineas . . . or pounds . . . or something. So . . ." and he shrugged.

"But I talk about l'angel and then someone tells me it is French, of the Renaissance period.

"I do not think so, so I try to find out. I was een le Mitchell Library maybe for one week.

"I do not find anything. I go to every church in Sydney, looking for a French 17th-century angel . . ."

(Actually, the director of the auction room says the angel is of definite Italian origin, about 18th century.)

Philippe, a hairdresser with a Sydney salon, went on, "Le brain works. I can feel my brain working.

"During the night — ees funny thing — I am often dreaming about Paris (eet ees so far away), but now I do not dream about something easy. I dream of le hairstyles.

"Specially I dream about le — how do you say? — halo style."

So Philippe created the four "angel" hairstyles pictured on this page.

First, there is the dream-worthy halo.

Philippe says this style is ideal for Australian girls in summer. "Short . . . you see? . . . a leetle perm at the top and just flick into place. Good for le surf . . ."

In the "angel's wing" style the hair sweeps across the head to one side, where it curls towards the cheek in a series of defined "feathers."

The "cherub" has softly curling, fluffy hair—the traditional round, cherubic look.

And there is the style representing the helmeted Archangel Michael.

Later, Philippe went along to the auction rooms to have another look at the angel.

"Aaaah, show me," he said, when the angel was brought out. He gazed at it: ". . . ees very nice, yes."

And with eloquent hands he began to describe how the angel's hair is carved.

"Smooth, flowing towards le back et uuuuuuup at le front . . ."

"Now you could start a new hairstyle craze," remarked a fascinated bystander.

Philippe beamed. "I try," he said, "I try."

But Philippe is unlikely to see "his" angel again—it has been withdrawn from sale.

ANGEL'S WINGS. Adrienne Bentivoglio's hair (above) is swept across to one side, with sculptured curls to represent the feathers of an angel's wings.

●

THE Helmeted-angel style (below). In front, Patricia Robinson's hair is curled towards her face. At the back it is drawn into the "brush" of the helmet.

HALO STYLE (right). From a circular parting, Nicole Chiaradia's hair is swept up into the "halo." The rest of her hair is curled softly towards her face and on to her forehead in a little fringe.

THE CHERUB. For this bouffant hair-style (left), Philippe created frothy curls all over the head of Patricia Gale. The curls have a forward movement at the sides.

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SCOTTISH REELS. Pretty young dancers Diana Horn (second from left) and Pamela Macarthur-Onslow bow to their partners, Peter Lloyd-Jones and Charles Taylor, at the conclusion of the Scottish Reels competition at the Elizabethan Ball.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ENTHUSIASTS Philip Simpson and Diana George, who took part in the Scottish Reels competition at the Elizabethan Ball, held at the Trocadero to aid the Theatre Trust.

COMPETITORS in the Australian National Ski Championships at Mount Kosciusko were Mrs. Jill McDonald and teenager Dawn McDuff. Both entered in the slalom race.

LOTS of young country folk in Sydney for the Spring Meeting will drive to the Elanora Country Club on October 11 for Marie Sawyer's coming-of-age party, to be given by uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moses, of "Courallie," Moree.

Marie is the daughter of Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of "Eringoarrah," Wagga. She will come down to Sydney about a week before her dance to stay with Wendy Jackett at Rose Bay.

Among the one hundred and thirty guests will be Allan Sawyer, Phillip and Rod Kendall, of Wagga, Sue and Doug Scales, of Cassilis, and John and Jill Gilder, of Muswellbrook.

• • •

ONE of the prettiest masks at the Elizabethan Ball was worn by fair-haired Robyn Johnson, who was escorted by her brother Graham (he was voted the best-dressed man at the ball). Robyn's mask was of black velvet massed with pastel-colored field flowers and tied at the back with narrow white satin ribbon. Robyn and her fiance, Peter Martin, of Newcastle, have chosen October 19 for their wedding at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, with the reception at the Pickwick Club.

MAJOR and Mrs. Paddy Russell will have a full house at "Springmead Farm," Camden, this weekend when the Sydney Hunt Club holds a two-day hunt in the district. Frank Smith, deputy-master of the Melbourne Hunt Club, will stay with the Russells—they will also house eighteen hounds and stable the horses of more than twenty Victorians who are coming over specially for the occasion.

• • •

PRETTY Sue Best will be attended by two bridesmaids—her sister Sally and Margaret Robertson — when she marries young Sydney barrister Brian Cohen at St. Carthage's Cathedral, Lismore, on Saturday, September 28. The bridesmaids will wear dainty white organza dresses with sage-green bustle bows.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . Anne Nevill, of Roseville, is the envy of all her friends—she's enjoying a six weeks' cruise to Japan . . . Rosemary Carmichael and Robin Ritchie will be houseguests of Jennifer Bull, of "Stanmore," Darlington Point, for the Narrandera Picnic Races on October 2 . . . Newlywed Anne and Paul Flynn will make their home at Centennial Park when they return from their honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise . . . Monica Maria are the names chosen by Marianne and John Breslin for their first child, born recently at the Mater Hospital, North Sydney.

• • •

MEMBERS of the Wahroonga branch of the Family Welfare Bureau will be anxiously watching the weather this Friday, September 27, as they're organising a buffet luncheon to be held at the lovely Pymble home of Mrs. Phillip Rudder. More than one hundred guests will have an alfresco lunch on the terrace and lawns.

Anne

CUTTING THE WEDDING CAKE are Major and Mrs. John O'Connor, watched by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Riordan. The bride was formerly Patricia O'Riordan, and the wedding took place at the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick, on her parents' fortieth wedding anniversary.

ARCHITECTURE STUDENT Richard Rowe discusses the model of the Halls of Residence by third-year architecture students with sisters Micaela (left) and Adalee MacCormick. The exhibition of students' work is on show at David Jones' Art gallery until Friday.

AT OFFICIAL OPENING of the new nursery school attached to the Sydney Day Nursery School Training College, Newtown, are Mrs. Tom Cree (left) and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS Mrs. John Carr (left) and Mrs. Katie Galbraith decorate the A.C.I. Ballroom for the Naughty 'Nineties soiree on Friday, September 27. Proceeds to the Old People's Welfare Council of New South Wales.

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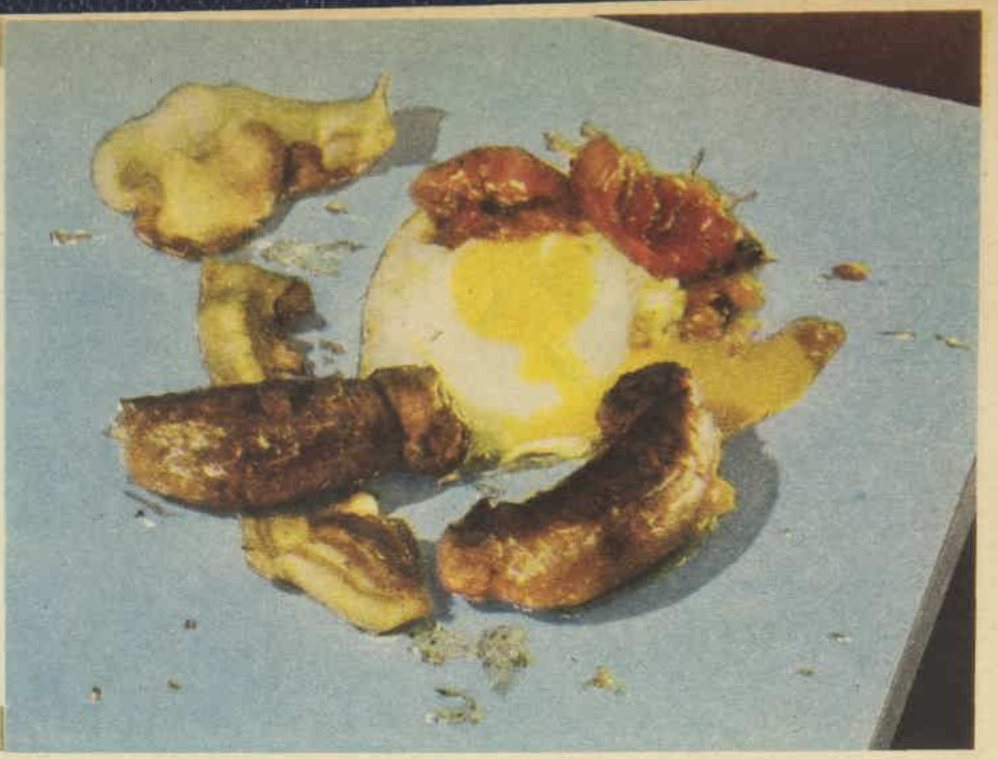
What a mess!

Whoops! There goes Dad's favourite breakfast!



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SEA-LIONS or White-capped Hair Seals. Those above are adult males. Picture at right shows young ones of the same species. They inhabit the southern and west coasts.

These are Australian:

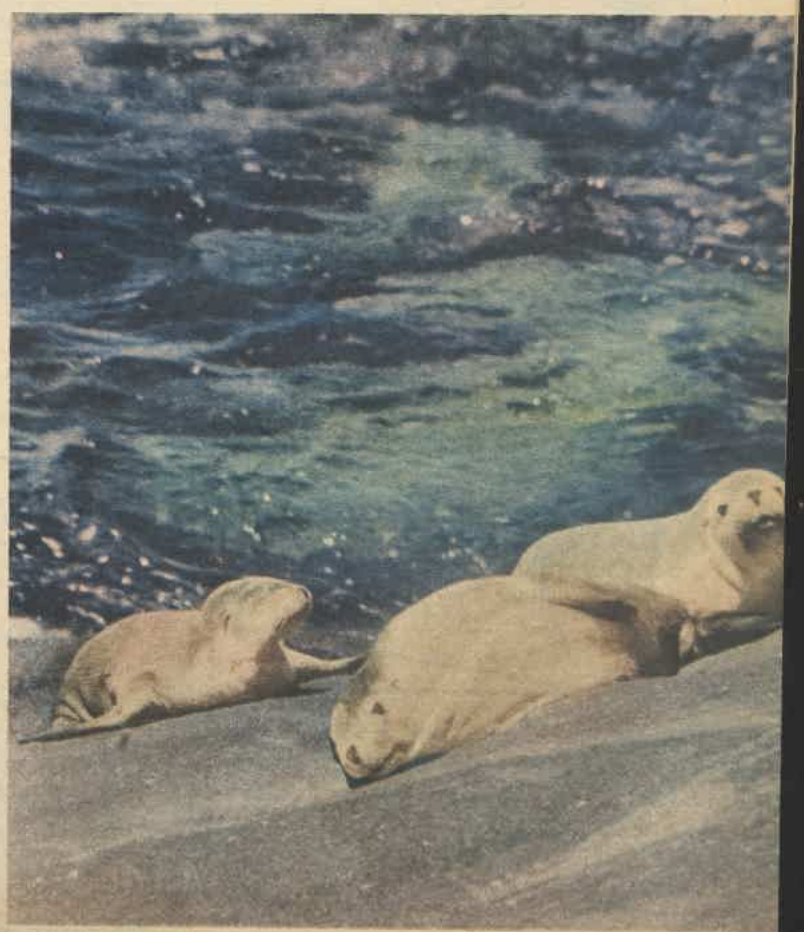
SEALS

● Attractive, harmless animals, seals were slaughtered in thousands on Australian shores in earlier times, but are now protected. Seals are mammals that have developed flippers to suit their semi-aquatic life.

For "The Living Bush" book coupon, see page 28

LEFT: Australian Fur-Seal or Sea-Bear. These seals also belong to the southern shores.

— Pictures (top) by Dr. G. M. Dunnet, Canberra; (left) by Dr. Allen Keast, Sydney, and (right) by Mr. E. Lindgren, Mt. Barker, W.A.



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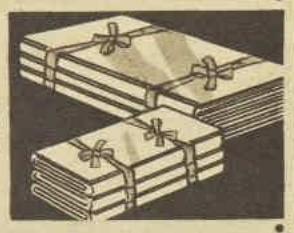
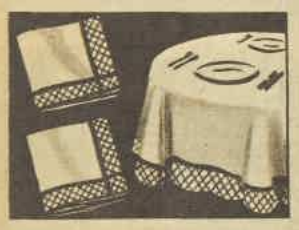


Sheets and Pillowcases
of Irish Linen are so luxurious . . . yet so practical and economical, too—the longest wearing money can buy!



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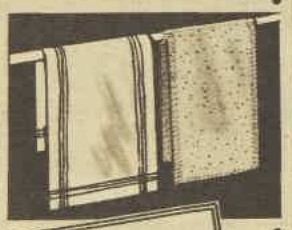
to grace your table with the beauty and incomparable air of quality that is to be found only in Irish Linen.



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of super-absorbent, lint-free Irish Linen are sheer delight in both the bathroom and kitchen. Nothing else will give your glasses, china and silverware such wonderful sparkle.

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Please send free copy of booklet "Irish Linen in the Home."
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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY should the girls endowed at birth with the gift of beauty be further rewarded with prizes and publicity designed to boost a pre-destined rosy future? From the start these girls have an unfair advantage over their run-of-the-mill sisters. Since it has never been proved that beauties are lacking in brains or that old-fashioned quality, virtue, surely their plain sisters more richly deserve the "Queen-for-a-day" prizes and so on, to help make up that leeway imposed on them by remiss fairy godmothers.

£1/1/- to Irene Smith, 187 George St., East Melbourne, Vic.

OFTEN our thoughtlessness robs people of small pleasures. Recently I accompanied friends on a visit to relatives whose home is very humble. Our hostess, setting the table for afternoon tea, brought out a pretty lace cloth with which to grace the old wooden table. Immediately my friends said: "Oh, don't worry about a cloth. The table is all right." This woman probably didn't possess many articles of beauty, but being able to set a dainty cloth before her guests would, no doubt, give her untold pleasure. It's a pity many of us are thoughtless enough to spoil such joys.

10/6 to "Mary Jane" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

MEN really are most illogical creatures. They're not happy unless they're looking for home comforts in a hotel and for hotel service round the house.

10/6 to Mr. John Taylor, 5 Hillcrest Pde., Adamstown Heights, N.S.W.

TEASING adults are often to blame for cheeky children. A young lad I know is a model of good behaviour when he's with me and I could never understand why shop assistants labelled him cheeky. I discovered why when I was waiting in a shop one day. The assistants were teasing him at length and there were tears in his eyes as he "back-answered." If we were in his place we'd be cheeky, too.

10/6 to "Saw Red" (name supplied), Goomeri, Qld.

WHY do adults, particularly elderly people, insist on kissing babies and young children on the mouth? According to doctors, this habit is most unhygienic, but, unless great tact is used, it can be very hurtful to ban this expression of affection. What's the answer to this problem?

10/6 to Mrs. A. York, 27 Spicer St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

DURING the recent school holidays my four children, home from boarding-school, were overheard discussing parents. All agreed they had a dread of parents making fools of themselves in front of other members of the college. The ideal parents, it seemed, were those who realised their offspring were wiser than they, and did not fuss over them too much.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Brentnall, 2 Eric St., North Cottesloe, W.A.

CITY councils should have warning sirens or whistles on all water lorries operating in busy streets. I've often had stockings and clothes splashed with muddy water before I could jump out of the way. Without a warning alarm these water lorries are nothing but a menace to passers-by.

10/6 to "Warning" (name supplied), East Gordon, N.S.W.

Is it a boy—or girl?

AS the young mother of two daughters, I heartily agree with "Tangerine" (28/8/'57), who says we should stop trying to pre-determine the sex of our babies. How dreadful it would be if, by means of modern science, we were deprived of the privilege of asking: "Is it a boy or girl?" Even though often you may wish for the opposite to that which comes along, it's still the most precious bundle in the world.

10/6 to Mrs. Heather Antney, 67 Berner St., Merewether, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY friend was anxious about her widowed mother, who lived alone, an elderly aunt, living in furnished rooms, and her aged father-in-law, who had just been left a widower. She feared they lacked care and proper meals, yet hesitated to bring them into a family of growing children. Eventually she and her husband solved the problem by erecting a three-unit bungalow in their large garden, fitting each unit with a heater capable of cooking light meals on top. The old people join the family for a good, nourishing evening meal, after which they wash the dishes while my friend attends to her children. They have the independence of their own quarters, with ample care and comradeship, and without interference. This scheme has worked for some years now and it would be hard to find a happier or healthier little community.

£1/1/- to "Georgina" (name supplied), Blackburn, Vic.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

KEEPING SPORT CLEAN

AS the football season ends, I want to say a word for some people who get less credit than their due.

I mean the mothers and wives who wash the players' clothes.

I gave no thought to this matter until a recent wet-weather match.

Play had just started. The shorts of the two teams were gleaming white, like advertisements for soap-flakes.

A young player came racing along with the ball. Then a burly fellow of the opposing side grabbed him round the legs and threw him in a pool of mud.

A middle-aged woman sitting next to me groaned aloud.

"What will his mother say?" she said.

"I don't think he's hurt," I replied.

"I mean his pants. Look at them!" she said. "She ironed four pairs last night. I was over at their place borrowing a cup of flour."

I don't do washing myself, but I can guess what footballers' mothers go through.

It is bad enough watching young children eat their dinner.

With every spoonful of gravy you wonder anxiously: Will it reach the target? Or will it spill on their clothes?

At least you can work off your feelings by saying: "Don't spill! Be careful! *Lean over!*"

A footballer's mother or wife is

helpless as she watches the ruin of her laundry work.

She does no good by shouting: "Don't tackle him, Fred! It's too muddy!"

(Please give me credit, by the way, for not calling wives and mothers "womenfolk." I dislike the word. It reminds you of downtrodden female peasants with shawls over their heads. This is a paper for women, not womenfolk.)

Special sympathy is due to the wives and mothers of players whose club colors show dirt easily, like the white of St. George, in Sydney, or the red and white of South Melbourne.

Some of these women, no doubt, would like to move to another district. But that is not easy these days.

Club officials are always saying that players should be smartly turned out. Why don't they give recognition to the women who turn them out?

They might copy a Sydney store's idea of inviting a woman to be their Washday Guest.

The club could send a car to pick up a player's mother, have her football laundry washed, and give her a hair-set.

We should remember, too, that the labor of these back-room women of sport does not end with the football season.

As they toil at the ironing-board next summer, how many cricketers' wives will go bats? How many tennis players' mothers will exclaim: "This is a racket!"

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"Happy birthday!" Richie exclaimed, thrusting a parcel at his mother while the others waited.

The moon for Margaret

BY MAUREEN LUSON

FICTION SECTION

MARGARET awoke with a headache and a sense that something horrible had happened. She sat up and hugged her knees, wondering why she felt stiff, and tired, and—old. And then she knew why she felt old—because she was old.

Steve came in from the bathroom, his old blue dressing-gown bundled round him. He stooped to kiss her and rub his cool, newly shaven cheek against hers.

"Many happy returns of the day, old girl," he said blithely.

Margaret winced. Why did Steve have to call her "old girl" today of all days? "I wish it weren't my birthday," she burst out. "I'm going to hate being forty!"

Steve's arms flapped like windmill sails as he struggled into his shirt. His voice was muffled, but amused. "I suppose a woman would. I've managed to survive more than four years of the awful forties without worrying about them."

He doesn't understand, Margaret thought, resentfully. She dressed hurriedly, holding her breath as she zipped up her skirt — the skirt that had fitted so well when she had bought it last spring. Now it was definitely tight—her figure was awful! And her hair! She brushed it angrily, and the brushing made it appear even more limp and faded. She gave a wry smile at her reflection, whisked powder on her nose, and rushed into the kitchen to start the breakfast.

"You don't look up to much this morning, dear," said Steve, when he came in. "Is anything wrong?"

Margaret said curtly that, of course, nothing was wrong. If he'd been more understanding he would have realised that everything was wrong, and she didn't look up to much because she was forty.

"Many happy returns, Mummy!" It was Joanne, as slim and lithe as a panther cub in her bright sweater and sheath skirt. She was smiling, and her eyes—Steve's eyes—were the dark, velvety-blue of larkspur, her cheeks softly flushed and creamily smooth.

Margaret became more acutely conscious of her own pale, lined face, and crepey eyelids, as she tried to smile back at her daughter.

"Thank you, darling. Did you have a nice time last night?" Margaret asked.

"Dreamy—just dreamy!" Joanne touched her mother's arm. Margaret looked down at the pretty, tapering hand—and at the shining new ring on the third finger.

She dropped the bread-knife and gasped: "Joanne—you're—engaged? Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," said Joanne, blissfully.

Margaret, speechless, collapsed into a chair.

"I don't have to wish you happiness, Jo," said her father. "You're so obviously wallowing in it. I'm—glad, poppet."

"Steve! She can't possibly—" Margaret found her voice. "Joanne, you're much too young!"

"I'm seventeen and a half, Mummy. You were only seventeen when you got engaged to Daddy. Brian and I don't plan to marry for two years. And you like Brian—you've said so a dozen times."

"I do like Brian, darling," she said. "But he's only just started this new job. And, anyway, you're a much younger seventeen than I was."

Margaret saw her daughter's lips straighten into a mutinous line. Joanne had been spoilt—she was so sweet, it had been difficult not to let her have her own way always. But now Steve would just have to be firm—the whole thing was absurd. She appealed again to her husband: "Steve—say something!"

"I didn't have a job of any kind when we got engaged," he said slowly. "And your mother used to say you were a perfect baby for your age. But I can't remember a single second in twenty-three years when either of us has regretted getting engaged, and then married, as young as we did."

"N-no. But we had such a struggle at first—we had to pinch and scrape, and count every penny. I don't want Joanne to have to do that—I want things to be easier for her—"

"You want to go on keeping me under your wing, Mummy," interrupted Joanne. "Don't you see, I've grown up—I've grown wings of my own!"

Margaret looked at her. There was certainly a new maturity about Joanne; there was decision, rather than defiance, in her manner.

"I suppose you have." Margaret gave in, and hugged her daughter. But she felt older than ever. Joanne, her little girl, grown-up—and engaged!

"I was so excited that I forgot your present," laughed Joanne. "Here it is—I thought you'd like it because you feel the cold so much."

It was a woollen bedjacket. Palest shell-pink, and lacy, and pretty, but none the less a woollen bedjacket. And Margaret did feel the cold these days—she was always complaining of it. But, thanking Joanne, and exclaiming over the beauty and usefulness of the gift, she found herself thinking: "Bedjackets, and shawl, spectacle-case, and warm slippers. They're the kind of old-lady presents I'll get from now on. The kind Elizabeth and I used to give to Mother and Aunt Ellen. Today—when the only things that might have made me feel better are nylons and perfume, and frivolous boxes of chocolates!

"This is from me, dear." Steve was putting an envelope into her hand. "You said you liked those flannelette nightgowns you saw in town the other day—and I thought you'd better buy them yourself."

There were ten pound notes in the envelope.

Margaret stared at them through tear-blurred eyes. Steve had never given her money for a birthday present before—he had always bought something unnecessary and extravagant, and hidden the parcel with ostentatious secrecy. For twenty-three years she had looked forward each birthday to those surprise presents, and revelled in their luxury.

True, in town, on that cheerless autumn day, she had seen and admired the warm nightdresses—and she needed winter nightdresses.

She told herself brusquely not to be childish—it was very

To page 28

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The best seats in the house!

Hanes Fig Leaf Briefs

Full cut and roomy Hanes is the underwear alright—for lots of reasons. Fashioned from soft absorbent cotton they're really comfortable. Stretching, stooping or sitting they g-i-v-e easily, never bind. And do they wear well? You just wash and wash them. Sag? Not on your life! The tunnel-top rubber waist band and the elasticised leg bands stay strong through the garments long life. All Hanes underwear keeps its smart athletic shape and stays whiter than white always.

For men and boys

Fig Leaf briefs . Trunks . Athletic Singlets & T-Singlets

GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR—GET HANES OF AMERICA

And La Mode make those wonderful Hanes sport shirts, too!

Also available in grey paper wrap

Kotex* SANITARY NAPKINS So soft, so safe, so very personally yours

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

MURDER WAS HER WELCOME

Third instalment of our mystery serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE day of her arrival home from abroad JULIA WETHERBY finds her husband, EDMUND, dead in his office when she calls for him accompanied by Englishman LINDSAY BARRETT, who has fallen in love with her. Edmund's devoted secretary OLIVE LOCKWOOD is suspected of the murder, for she confesses she hit Edmund because she was angry with him for deceiving his wife with another woman. Julia finds three strange things in her home. A Persian rug is missing, she discovers a revolver in Edmund's coat, and a towel stiff with blood in the bathroom.

When detectives GROGAN and MANNING come to question her further they say that the death was caused by potassium cyanide administered in brandy by someone who came into the office while Julia and Olive were out of the building. Grogan also says he found a torn blank cheque in Edmund's desk but cannot trace it because the serial number is missing.

MRS. DUFFY, the Wetherbys' housekeeper, tells them she saw no signs of visitors in the house while Julia was away, but that she had a message from Mr. Wetherby's club telling her not to go to the house on the day of Julia's arrival. Julia tells Olive, Edmund has left her money and a seaside cottage. Soon Julia's friends, PAMELA HARRISON and TREVOR PEEL whom she loves, IVAN FITZPATRICK, ALEC KELLER, Edmund's cousin, his wife, KATHERINE, and Lindsay come to console her, but Julia and Lindsay quarrel.

Detectives question Pamela later at her flat about a cheque butt for £2000 made out to her, and Pamela explains Edmund was putting up the capital for a shop she was buying. SAM CARROLL and his attractive wife, BABA, are also at the flat. The detectives then go to check at Edmund's club, wondering with which of the women Edmund had been deceiving Julia. NOW READ ON:

IN the three days that followed, Julia thought more than once that Trevor had been right. For all her own fine intentions, having Olive to stay at her own home was doing her more harm than good. How true it was that motive didn't count for much without wisdom. She had thought to shield Olive from the world and its malice during this crisis. That she had accomplished, it was true, but in the doing of it she had helped her to slide down into an emotional wallow.

Surrounded by strangers, Olive would have had to keep her mouth shut, put on a front of reserve which would have forced her to control her feelings as well. Here, day in day out, she could think and talk about Edmund's death without let-up.

A dozen times a day Julia tried to head her off the subject, to interest her in the small doings of the house and housewifely jobs, of which now, with only Mrs. Duffy there, there were plenty.

But in the pantry, washing-up the tea things, the water would drip from the cup and the teacloth hang limp; in the vegetable garden she would stop with the scissors in her hand and gaze blankly down the rows of beans; upstairs, with a duster and mop, dawdling in a dream—it was Edmund.

Edmund. Edmund. Edmund. To think, she would mourn, that their last meeting had been one of anger! The first and only anger between them in all these years . . . Edmund. Even then he had been patient, instead of telling her to mind her own business and leave the room—as how rightly he might've done! Oh, how she hated herself! Why didn't someone kill her? Wasn't anyone going to punish her?

She would stop, lift her head from the table she was dusting, and stare at Julia with haunted eyes.

And yet, with all this, Julia was aware of a curious change that was taking place in Olive, a change in such grotesque contrast with her expressions of grief that Julia, watching, was in continual wonderment. For twelve years Olive had got up early, caught the same bus to work, lunched at the same tea-room, been restrained in dress, make-up, and manner. Now the neat, efficient secretary, the business machine, was beginning to bloom into a soft, glamorous-looking woman.

She breakfasted late—in one of Julia's prettiest housegowns—sat a long time before her own image in the glass doing things to her hair and face and hands, painting her lips more lavishly with a glowing pink lipstick, trying out creams and powders. Her hair was no longer arranged in a sleek set but was combed into a rumple of soft waves.

Her very movements had changed, had become more indolent, less disciplined, the prim expression had melted. She smoked incessantly, she drank more. Though frequently idle for hours with a glass and a cigarette, she was often restless and unaccountable, would walk up and down the room after dinner, staring out of the windows, and then announce that she must get out for a while, and would disappear down the garden towards the harbor. On the evening of Edmund's funeral she didn't come back till late, and went up to her room with hardly a passing word to Julia.

For Julia, the days had a weighted, waiting quality, more like days before a death than after one. The police left them alone. Were they doing anything? she wondered. Had they found the case unsolvable in spite of the fact that on the plea of collecting more evidence they had asked for the coroner's inquiry to be postponed?

For her, each day was a stretch of emptiness, though she couldn't complain that she was left alone. At all hours "kind friends," old and new, came to visit her; Edmund's friends, her own.

Twice the Carrolls looked in at late afternoon. Sam was kind and understanding, but poor Baba, like a child in a mist of events too big for her, sat stiffly on a chair and gazed with sorrowful eyes, and shook her exquisite blond head, and even sipped her drink guiltily as though ashamed to seem to enjoy anything at such a time. In a simple tie-silk frock of cinnamon and brown stripes, she looked like a delicious little piece of sugar candy.

Ivan came in every day, bringing with him the only comforting note of normality. He mixed the drinks and the topics, talking about his own affairs—and what a relief that was!—was ruefully funny about near-bankruptcy and bachelor housekeeping.

The Kellers, too, Katherine and Alec, were daily visitors. Katherine was almost as melancholy, and in need of consolation as Olive. Alec busied himself in numerous tasks, taking on himself to find the right charities to send Edmund's clothes to, interviewing his solicitor, hopping into the car to go errands, bringing up bottles from the cellar, decanting them, and between all these activities sitting down to a snack and a drink with many a "Leave it to me, old girl," and "Don't give a thought to that."

Julia knew, and he and Katherine now learned, that Edmund had left Alec a substantial legacy; and with this knowledge Alec became just a shade less apt to echo Katherine's opinions, less wary of displeasing her, it seemed.

One morning when he was out in the garden, Julia and Katherine were sitting in the morning-room over a cup of coffee. Katherine suddenly said, breaking a brief silence: "Julia, you asked me if there was any little thing, some personal thing of Edmund's, that I'd like to have for a keepsake."

"Yes, have you thought of something?"

"I have . . ." She was gazing down, slowly stirring her coffee. In a yellow cotton dress with her grey-splashed hair and the rather high hot color round her eyes, Katherine looked vividly handsome this morning: "I'd like to have that old photograph of him and me, the one in the silver frame on the bureau in his dressing-room."

"Of course."

"I remember the day so well, the day it was taken. I'd been watching him break in a horse . . . Well, I think he was the handsomest man I ever saw in all my life at that time."

"I was looking at it the other day, Katherine, and think-

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As Julia turned slowly around in her chair to face the open door she saw the stranger there, watching her intently.

ing how attractive you looked, too. I'm sure Edmund thought so."

Katherine flushed. "Oh . . . I don't know about that," she said, and gave a little laugh. "I suppose I always had rather a decent figure and that, but I was never a beauty."

"I sometimes think it was strange you and he didn't marry."

Their chairs drawn close to the low table, the friendly pot and cups between them, the quiet room and hour—all suggested an intimacy that was, in essence, lacking.

Katherine turned her head aside. "What nonsense! What ever gave you that idea?"

"Well . . . you would have suited him so well," Julia said slowly, putting down her cup and lighting a cigarette. Better than I did, her thought ended the sentence. "You and he always seemed to have so much in common."

Katherine murmured something. She looked out the window to where Alec sat in the shade watching the gardener. Her eyes narrowed at him. "I've no regrets," she said evenly. "None . . . And, anyhow, there's Raymond." Then she picked up the tray. "You get on with your letters. I'll take these few things to the pantry and wash them."

Julia sat on for a minute, Raymond. Yes . . . His mother's pet and preoccupation. The one person who hadn't been round to see her all these days since Edmund's death, and this was hurtful to her, especially as Edmund had always shown an unexpected patience and kindness with Raymond's youthful instability.

On leaving school, Raymond had refused all offers of being given a profession, so Edmund had found him a job, and when he threw that up, and the next one, and the next, Edmund was still there to fix him up with yet another. Even as late as a few months ago, when tiring of insurance clerking, Raymond had fancied himself as a jackeroo riding horses over limitless plains, Edmund had got him a place on a friend's sheep station. That, too, came to an end, and Raymond was back in town.

"Well," Edmund had said, "the boy'll settle down some time. He's young."

And no doubt he would when the job Raymond was looking for materialised, one that paid a handsome salary and demanded no work in return.

. . . . . .

It was on Friday afternoon that Lindsay came.

Olive was upstairs in her room, having one of those interminable rests for which she was always disappearing, and Julia was in the garden alone in a long chair under a tree, a book open on her lap, but her mind going round and round the one subject endlessly.

Mrs. Duffy appeared. Would she see Mr. Barrett. Julia said yes, and in a minute Lindsay was coming across the grass to her.

He drew a chair up, sat down, and said without preamble: "If you'd said no, you didn't want to see me, I wouldn't have been surprised."

Julia dropped her book on the iron table and looked across at him. "You would. You'd have been very surprised."

His face brightened. "Well, perhaps I would've been," he conceded, "but at least I would have felt that justice for once in this disorderly world was being done. The way I went on the other night! Stupid and unkind, flinging insults at you, throwing your hand aside like a third-rate actor, and stumping off on a good curtain-line. I didn't know how to face you today."

"Nonsense."

"Anyhow, I'm forgiven, am I?"

"Of course." If he only knew how fully," she thought. "What have you been doing the last few days?" she continued.

He told her the places he had been to, and the people he had met. "And you?" he asked.

Dryly she described the way the days had passed for her and Olive. "We seem to have been shut up here in a sort of trance . . . like a couple of Ladies of Shalott. Olive, anyhow, looks in that mirror of hers a great deal."

"And sees what?" he asked.

Julia got up suddenly. She walked over and snapped off a chilly white rosebud and turned the petals back with nervous fingers, then, coming back, threw it down on the table.

"Don't ask me . . . don't ask me anything," she said, and sank into the chair again, clasping her hands behind her head and gazing up into the tree. "Because I'm just one gigantic question mark myself . . . inside myself . . . from morning till night. Questions without answers. I don't know whether it's my imagination or whether it's so, but nobody seems natural with anyone else any more. I find myself wondering, would they have said or done that—before? Oh, I can't describe the state to you, but it's really—vile."

She brought her eyes back and met his, his greenish-hazel eyes that watched her so intently. Only to him, only to him now could she speak openly. How dare she love him like this!

He looked away, looked down. Not yet, not just yet would he let even his eyes carry his thoughts to her.

She went on: "Olive talks and talks till I think it's going to drive me mad. And yet I feel to hush her up too much will only make her brood in secret more. The worst of it is I've got a revengeful feeling I didn't know I could ever have. I want them to find the monster who killed Edmund . . . and at the same time I dread it, because I know I'm going to hate them. Oh, the tangle of my feelings! The one time when I was questioned by the police I lied to them. But that was only because I felt it would be so miserably unfair for Ivan to be badgered about it simply because he was in the building on Monday night. I felt very badly about that lie; I apologised and a.. that, and yet—" She stopped suddenly, threw her head back against the cushion of her chair. A stillness came over her.

Lindsay said ironically: "Did I interrupt you? . . . No. You interrupted yourself! You were going to say, 'And yet

To page 66

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For making child's play of washing-up

there's no detergent like

ZIPPY SUDS

the instant foaming, super active detergent

HERE'S WHY

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Zippy cuts under and into grease—splits it into tiny particles that disperse immediately. Grease can't settle back on dishes.

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Concentrated Zippy has 100 and 1 household uses. Save money on expensive garage-bought car shampoos. A quick wash using Zippy, a hose down and your car is showroom clean.

By the makers of famous Zippy Liquid Starch.

Gift of sight . . .

ABOVE: "Look at the snowdrops," said six-year-old Noelene Stewart to her grandmother, Mrs. Neil Stewart, of Wagga, N.S.W., when Mrs. Stewart returned home after an operation to enable her to see again after 52 years.

ABOVE: For years Mrs. Stewart has known the time by hearing this clock chime the hour and half-hour, or by feeling the position of its hands. Now she must train herself to see the time.

LEFT: Together again, Mr. Neil Stewart, a farming contractor, lights his pipe, while his wife, Ruby, places her hand affectionately on his head. Mr. Stewart said: "I can't believe she's back."

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Now she must use it

Operation shows life through a "window"

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● A new outlook began for Mrs. Neil Stewart of "Glen Iris," Oak Hill, near Wagga, N.S.W., when she returned home from hospital.

IT is the season of hope, of a different life, because Mrs. Stewart, 66-year-old wife of a farming contractor, is learning to see again after 52 years of almost complete blindness.

The snowdrops and jonquils were blooming, the almond blossom was out when Mrs. Stewart, breathing a sigh of "Lovely to be home," arrived at "Glen Iris" after spending months in Melbourne, where surgeons performed a corneal graft operation on her left eye.

Promptly she became a housewife again, and started her spring-cleaning, but with a big difference.

Where once she trained herself to care for her home and family by touch, hearing, and smell, now she has to train her eye to see what she is doing.

"Don't get the idea that I have flown from darkness into light, or that a blind has suddenly been pulled up in a shaded room," said Mrs. Stewart.

"My eyes aren't 100 per cent. — and I wouldn't ask for that. I will have to train them to see, as for over 50 years I trained myself to feel and to run a home by touch.

"When you've relied on touch all those years, counting on eyesight will be hard. But there's always a way out. I've found it in the past and managed. I hope to do it again.

"They've put a clear window in my eye," Mrs. Stewart continued, "and I must try to use it. People expect me to see them sharply, and to say, 'I recognise you,' but it isn't like that. I can see their faces, but the features aren't clear. I'm learning to read and write again, and I can see the big print in The Australian Women's Weekly."

"I can't believe she's back," said Mr. Stewart from his chair by the big kitchen table.

"Ruby had a little bit of sight before—from the corner of one eye. She'd have to tilt her head and focus on what she wanted to see, as if she were using a pair of those binocular glasses."

Slight Mrs. Stewart, who is wearing her brown hair coiled in a new way, has a personality which conveys poise and courage. There has never been anything helpless about her since she lost her sight when she was 12, following attacks of mumps and sandy blight.

Her husband and sons, Albert, Colin, and Lionel, will tell you that Mrs. Stewart can do more than many women who have been sighted all their lives.

Ruby Stewart had six children. A little girl died at 16 months, the house being called "Glen Iris" after her Christian name, Iris.

Two sons, Lindsay and Arthur, died in the Malayan campaign.

But Mrs. Stewart reared her children through the depression, when times were bitterly hard. To economise, she made her own bread, soap, pickles, jams, and sauces.

How?

"By touch and smell," she explained simply. "I measured ingredients with cups. I could tell when the bread was baked, or when the cake had risen. I taught the boys, too. They could all cook, iron, and sew, but I usually made the beds.

"I used to do their cream trousers for cricket, and I'd mend the holes in their socks. I wouldn't say the darning was perfect, but the gap was filled in, and that was the main thing. If they had badges for their school uniforms, I sewed those on, too.

"We still haven't got electricity. The thought of it frightens me. I know what I'm about when I hear the wood copper boiling, or take the flat irons from the stove.

GRANDPARENTS Mr. and Mrs. Neil Stewart with their six granddaughters and one grandson are intrigued by the antics of the white cockatoo.

"You wouldn't realise how much you depend on the senses of smell and touch.

"In the past, when my washing was out on a windy day, I'd wonder whether the sheets were dragging on the ground. You would just look from the door to see, but I had to walk up, feeling the linen to see that it was clear of the dirt."

Seeing by ear

Mrs. Stewart, with her family, wonders whether her wonderful sense of hearing will continue as her sight is used more and more.

Every sound had its significance; she know her hens by name and could say which was cackling, which was going broody.

As for her sense of smell—ask Colin Stewart.

"We wouldn't put anything over her," he said. "As a kid I'd sneak down behind the shed to puff at a forbidden cigarette. Then I'd hear Mum's voice from the doorway. 'Colin, you're smoking,' she'd call."

Mrs. Stewart said: "It's extra peaceful being home after the noise of Melbourne. Everyone was wonderful to me down there, but back in my own place I can lay my hand on things I want, and walk around without worrying where I'm treading!"

The Stewarts' home has seven acres of land. They've several horses, two cats, and a fowlyard. Mrs. Stewart's stick rests handy at the entrance to the fowlyard.

"I've always been frightened of snakes," she said. "Gathering eggs, I would put the stick in the nest first, just to make sure. Spiders and centipedes you can brush off. Snakes are different.

"I'll never forget the time I was walking in the back garden, near a bamboo clump. There was a noise—a rustling, scratching sound—as if the bamboo was blowing. It stopped me, and I called for the boys.

"When they came a snake was watching me, his head up ready to strike. They killed him before he could get away."

Mrs. Stewart has always loved gardening.

"I did get a bit tangled up between the flowers and weeds," she said. "I used to hold the carnation, or geranium, or chrysanthemum with one hand while I weeded with the other. I managed to transplant lettuces and things like that."

Outdoors she has always worn a shady hat and dark glasses. She is still relying on wide-brimmed hats to protect her from the sun's brightness.

"One day soon, when it's not glary, I'll have a look at the trains over there," she said, indicating the Sydney to Melbourne line at the foot of the Stewarts' property.

Soon, all being well, she'll rely entirely on sight, putting away the senses of feeling and touch. Out of the blur as the months pass will come the faces of her husband, sons, and grandchildren.

"I must be patient," Mrs. Stewart said, "and I must trust in God. In my life He has done everything for me, and I do my best to please Him. You couldn't please man if you tried, but you can, as I know, please God."

GRANDCHILDREN met Grandma, Mrs. Neil Stewart, on her first day home. From left are Lesley (5), Beverley (9), Anne (18 months), Judith (7)—the children of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stewart. Then Noelene (6), Meryll (8), and Wayne (2)—the children of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Stewart.

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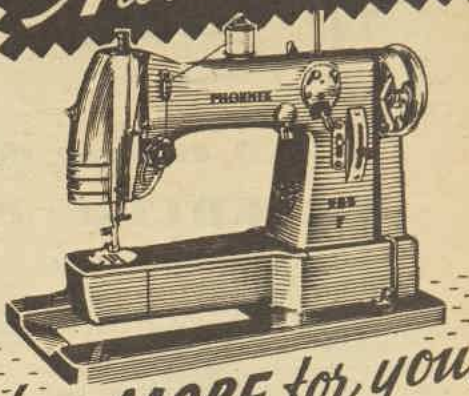

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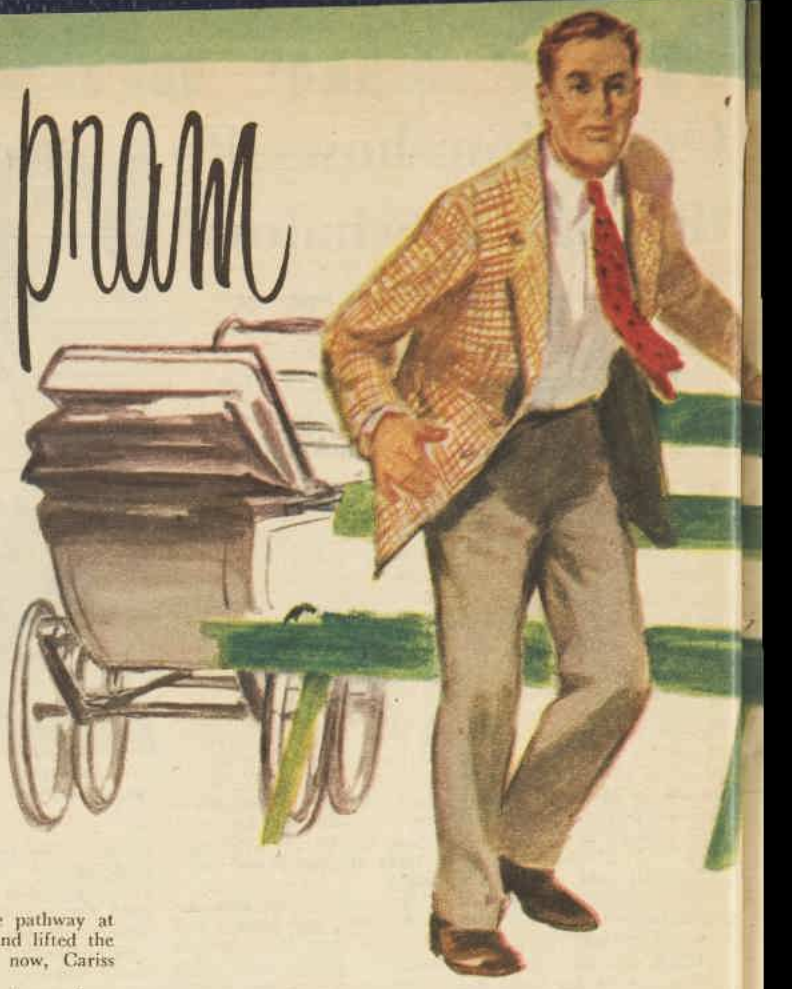
Young man with a pram



A dramatic short story

BY EDITH PARGETER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

SHE would have known him anywhere, without the aid of the photographs Mrs. O'Farrell had supplied. She knew him as soon as he came in sight on the zebra-crossing at the end of Market Street, steering the pram before him with one hand.

Something in the long-legged gait identified him, perhaps; or the set and swing of his large shoulders, or the dark red, chestnut-red, hair that burned so brilliantly in the English spring sunshine; and yet she had seen him only twice in her life until this moment.

The Cinderella man from England had been an inevitable subject of discussion throughout the vast offices of the O'Farrell newspapers in Montreal and the whole chain of the fifty-odd O'Farrell hotels from Nova Scotia to Victoria.

In the two glimpses she had caught of him, he had proved vaguely disappointing. Just a young man very like any other young man, but for the burning hair. What could make him so readily recognisable now? He must, after all, have had something memorable about him.

Nicole went down from the hotel doorway into the street, and walked along to the bookshop window, where she could linger and let him pass by. Finding him had been mere routine work, a matter of discreet inquiries here and there, with no factor of excitement involved; why should meeting him at last have any power to make her hands tremble and her mouth grow dry? She had no feeling of guilt towards him, and none of animosity, either. The hunt had been conducted in a purely business spirit, something she was being paid to do, a job like any other job.

Yet now that she turned deliberately to watch him pass, her heart was thumping like a steam hammer. There was no need to avoid his eyes, he had never really seen her, and would certainly never associate her with the events he had left so many thousands of miles behind him.

But he did not look at her. He wheeled the pram past her and never gave her a glance. Under the grey hood of the pram she saw the baby's round forehead and innocently staring dark eyes, and the deep fire of chestnut hair like his father's.

The young man regarded, somewhat sadly but with complete serenity, a distance somewhere beyond this street. What figures moved and acted in that dimension mere onlookers like Nicole might guess at, but would never know. The contemplation of them caused the corners of his crooked mouth to curl upwards faintly, but not with merriment or disdain, rather in detached bewilderment.

His eyes had the same straight, unwavering stare of the child's eyes, but without the innocence. It was not until the sharp sunlight showed them to her, at this close range, as a clear, deep, hazel-flecked grey that she realised that the baby had inherited these features from Cariss rather than from his father.

She knew already where he was going; and when he had a start of twenty yards or so, she turned from her shop window and followed him into the park.

He did not, she thought, studying the back view, presented to her as he sauntered along the gravel path between flowering trees, look very prosperous. The sleek suitings Cariss had chosen for him still reposed in the wardrobes of the Montreal house; he had left behind every necktie, every handkerchief, he owned to the O'Farrell empire.

Here he went in shabby grey flannels, and an old sports coat repaired with rubbed cuffs and elbows. The elegance with which he contrived to invest these was, in reality, only his own physical elegance.

And his walk was solitary, composed, lonely; she felt that she was spying on a privacy he carried about with him through the sunlit town as inviolably as about the two cluttered rooms of his lodgings; and for the first time she felt, though as yet she did not recognise, a faint distaste for what she was doing.

He drew the pram to the edge of the pathway at one of the seats by the wallflower beds, and lifted the baby out. He must be two years old now, Cariss O'Farrell's son.

He plunged about sturdily on round brown legs, plumped down on his seat to investigate the yellow gravel, and embraced with ardor an elderly terrier which unwisely trotted by him at close range. The dog growled, but more with offended dignity than menace, the child chuckled and patted him heartily until the affronted flanks had scuttled indignantly out of reach.

The young man watched, assessed with a grave smile the potentialities of the encounter, and did not interfere. The sun poured gold over them, dappled with the fragile copper shadows of prunus leaves.

Nicole, approaching at a casual stroll, sat down on the next seat, and spread her lures beside her, gloves, handbag, and brightly colored magazine. Then she lifted her face to the sunlight and waited. She had only to remain aloof, making no advances herself beyond occasionally catching the child's inquisitive eyes. He would do the rest.

He approached gradually and by a roundabout route, circling the flower-bed to come at her from the unexpected side. A fist as pink and rounded and full of plump little folds as a rosebud reached out and grasped the strap of her bag. She turned and looked into the bright eyes, and smiled her nicest smile.

"Hullo!"

The child stared hard at her, not yet smiling, but brilliantly about to smile. The father watched just as unobtrusively, and just as shrewdly, as he had watched the encounter with the dog, ready to rescue either protagonist should it prove necessary, but willing to remain silent and motionless until he was needed.

"What's your name?" Nicole asked, as one man to another.

The child said gruffly: "Nich'las!"

"Isn't that funny, I've got nearly the same name as you. Mine's Nicole."

Nicholas Paule appeared as delighted with this discovery as she was. He came round the end of the seat, and, leaning confidingly against her knee, began to investigate the clasp of her handbag. The experimental motions of his fat hands were already deft, business-like, and unmistakably male. It took him less than thirty seconds to discover the mechanism of the fastening; the bag gaped open under his gratified palms.

He looked up at her happily for approval, and began to rummage gently within. She waited for the young man to utter a first wary protest, but he only watched with that disconcertingly knowing composure, and said nothing.

How much would he stand before he intervened? Probably he was used to being pursued by baby-worshippers, for his son was well worth admiring. Probably he considered that they ought to be able to defend their own property from an enterprising child of two. All the same, he would not be able to stand aloof forever.

She let the baby spread out her compact and mirror and purse upon the seat, unwind her lipstick, present her with her own keys to hold, and still the young man sat watching with his faint, assessing smile. Aware of quite unjustified feelings of annoyance, Nicole thrust a finger furtively under one corner of the open handbag, and tipped its contents helter-skelter over the gravel and into the wallflowers.

"Hey, Nicky!" The young man rose with a resigned sigh, and swooped upon the scattered treasure in swift, nervous movements, gathering her belongings out of the flower-bed and piling them back into her hands. He paused in the operation only to reassure his somewhat shaken son with a quick, brief hug and a companionable word.

"It's all right, old man! You pick up that pretty little bottle for the lady—see, there!—she'll be awfully pleased with you." He looked up into her face with those grey eyes as clear and deep and unrevealing as water, and said calmly: "I'm sorry, but you did rather ask for it, didn't you?"

"I'm not complaining," said Nicole, and smiled. "He's nice!" she said, and that verdict at least was delivered without duplicity.

"I think so," said Edric Paule simply, and turned away again to retrieve a small wrapped block of chocolate which had been flung to the edge of the path. He fished among the wallflowers without further result. "Is that all, do you think?"

"Yes, I think it is. Thank you so much. It was entirely my own fault," she said truthfully, and looked from the chocolate to the child. "May I? I don't know what your particular parental regulations are. Fathers are usually stricter than mothers."

He grinned then for the first time, though the slightly

To page 61

"Hey, Nicky!" the young man said as he came towards the bench to help gather the scattered contents of the girl's handbag.

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A short story complete on this page

The New Owner

By OLGA A. ROSMANITH

"I NEVER knew how much I loved this place," said Amy mournfully.

"Cheer up. If Jake gets it he'll let us go on renting it. He's the human one." Dick went on pruning a rosebush.

"But he'll raise the rent, won't he?"

"Sure. It's under the minimum. You have to expect them to be practical."

Amy sat cross-legged on the warm grass, looking beyond Dick to the timbered English-style cottage in the background. They would have bought it with Dick's service gratuity, but the old man had been obstinate in his refusal to sell it to them.

He made it clear without saying so that he expected to die before long, and he had carefully portioned out his real estate to his niece and nephews. No dispute about who got what. If they wanted to part with it they could sell it afterwards.

"It's foolish to stay in it when we could have a place of our own and pay less. But I do love it so, and all the things we've done in it."

"And this garden, Amy. Remember? When we came it had gone back to wilderness."

She discouraged a tear with the back of her slim brown hand, but Dick noticed. "Maybe he won't die. Maybe we'll see him come back from the hospital."

"He will die," said Amy. "I haven't been nurse without learning some things they never teach you. There's a certain something. You know—you just know. All the other times I've gone in and helped him I knew he'd come through. But this time was different. It's for keeps." She added quickly, "Don't look like that, Dick. He counts on meeting his wife. He's happy about it."

There was no sound for a long time but the clippers, and the birds chirping, and now and again in the trees a soft rustle as the balmy wind loitered through them, enjoying their gaiety.

"They're happy about it, too," Dick commented grimly. "If George gets it he's going to sell it pronto. I know because he said so. He wants the money, and he doesn't want the problems that go with renting real estate."

"The new owner might rent it to us." Amy knew she was being childish as she spoke. People didn't buy a little gem of a home like Tudor Cottage to rent it to somebody. The old man had built it for his daughter, who had died in childbirth soon after her husband was killed in the second war. "No wonder he wants to go and join his family," she thought in passing. "The ones he has left are no comfort to anyone."

Dick's only answer was a sarcastic laugh. "George has three buyers bidding against each other, and all want to live in it. We wouldn't get a chance having to have it financed."

Amy sighed. "We've paid so much in rent already. We really were foolish."

"No use thinking of that now. Suppose Caroline gets it. She might be the logical one. She admires it and appreciates the things his daughter planned. It was built for a woman."

"Caroline! She wants to pull it down and build an apartment house. I heard her telling her husband she could make eight apartments and make a court of your lovely garden. He can invest and she's money-crazy."

Dick sat back on his heels and groaned. It might have been his stiff knee from his wound, and it might have been his anguish at losing the lily pond he had made with the stone Pan playing his pipes on the edge of it.

The sun glittered on it with ribbons of fire coming through the lace of the willow tree. The cool shade of the tree and the moisture from the pool made a lush living for his beds of violets, lily of the valley, and variegated ferns.

"Any ex-serviceman who can get a house of his own and doesn't is a dope, Amy, and should have his head examined. It's a bit of the country he sweated to save, and he earned it, and if he doesn't want to feel tied to a house he doesn't have to go on living in it. But he's got something."

"Dear dope," said Amy, "I'm another. We know we were stupid. We could have made this paradise with some other house. Our own. So we don't need our heads examined."

"Apartments!" said Dick as if it were a bad word. "That soundly built, logically planned, beautiful little gem of architecture. How could she? I don't believe it."

"I do. She was counting the rents. Eight instead of one and all more than we're paying. I think she was counting on us being one of the tenants. She even said if Jake got it they ought to buy it from him."

"We've forgotten something," said Dick with sudden hope. "Alvin! His old brother. A gentle old boy like himself. He's got no lust for more money."

"He'd want to live here himself. He gloats over this place. He asked the old man why he would live in that stucco job when he could have ours for the asking—pardon me telling."

"You heard that?" Dick got up and went for the lawn-mower.

Amy followed him. "Yes. I was giving the old man's back an alcohol rub to try and help the pain the day his brother was there. The old man winked at me and laughed at him. He said: 'If I did that I'd lose my nice neighbors. That could be lonesome.' You know, Dick, it might be good anyway to have to leave here when he dies. We could be lonesome for him, too."

"We haven't a chance of buying it if the house goes up for sale," Dick told Amy, who was close to tears.

"That's a good whistle in the dark. This is his lawn-mower, the power one. He told me to use it instead of breaking my back. That makes me feel bad. You know, Amy, I joked over it and told him to leave it to me in his will."

"Put it away, Dick. Let's go for a drive. Might as well start looking. Besides, do you want to cut the grass and do the weeding for Caroline?"

Dick put the mower away again and closed the garden shed. "No. Nor for Jake, George, nor Alvin." He put his arm round her shoulders and they went up the brick path into the kitchen door of the friendly little house.

Amy made sandwiches while Dick went through the real estate ads with a red pencil. They could live farther out now if they liked and there was more choice for them. He marked some building developments.

"Don't be so sad," she told Dick as they drove out of the suburbs. "You've no idea how the old man was suffering. When I hear it's over I'm going to feel happy for him."

"So will I if that's the situation. Look, there's a house half built that looks like the one we're living in."

"That's his, too. I know about it. You know, those relatives are going to come into quite a lot of nice property. Interesting to see what they do with it."

"Gruesome, you mean. That idle George that sits in bars and talks to strangers. That Jake that lets the roof fall down before he'd fix a tile on it. That Caroline with her voice like a buzz-saw and her mouth like a rat-trap."

Dick and Amy were not fooling each other when they said they could be perfectly happy with a house on the Samoa Lake building development. Decision was nearer than they guessed. The blinds were drawn in the landlord's stucco cottage next door when they got home.

Caroline came across the back lawn to them in a new dead black dress. She turned from Dick and addressed Amy. "My uncle died this morning, Mrs. Murray. The lawyer says you are to go to the funeral and to the reading of the will. It seems he left some little things to you."

Amy swallowed and choked back tears. She had expected it, but it was a shock to hear it. Dick reached for her hand and squeezed it. "We'll be there," he answered for her. "Thank you for telling us."

Caroline hovered as if waiting for the usual cliches of sorrow and sympathy. Dick spoke none, and Amy could not. "That's all," Caroline said brusquely, and moved away from them.

Dick spent the evening making a wreath for the old man of violets, ferns, and lilies of the valley, completely denuding the harvest of the garden. Amy wrote a simple card that would reveal nothing to the relatives. "From Dick and Amy."

She said to Dick: "I wish now I had told him things. He was such a good old man. And always so kind to us. I wish he could have known we loved him."

"That's a thing you seldom get round to telling anybody—even sometimes your wife."

"I guessed it," said Amy.

She was not alone in her guess work. After the imposing and expensive funeral, Dick and Amy went with the relatives into the living-room of the little stucco house. It was full of old books, old ship models in bottles, and old maple furniture. Amy saw Caroline looking it over while the lawyer read the will. It was long and tedious in its carefully detailed precision. Finally it came to the reason for their presence.

"And to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Murray, of Tudor Cottage, Willow Street, I leave the property known as Tudor Cottage and adjoining property known as 1838 Willow Street with all contents and the freehold land bounded by——"

Amy listened in a daze to the technical descriptions and instructions which made clear their title to the land. Then the lawyer read: "This is a small token of my gratitude, for I could never thank these two young people enough for their friendship and all they have done for me. They saved me from loneliness. They sincerely loved me."

Caroline interrupted and began to talk. Amy looked at Dick. He looked as dazed as she felt. The lawyer was saying—"No. There is no possible grounds for contest. The old man was in his sound mind and the will is legal. Mr. and Mrs. Murray are the new owners."

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110 E

Continuing . . . . **The Moon for Margaret**

from page 19

sweet and thoughtful of Steve. She would go to town this very afternoon and buy two beautiful flowered flannelette nightdresses.

"Thank you very much, darling!" she said meekly.

When Steve and Joanne had departed for their offices, she washed the dishes, made the beds, and swept and dusted the rooms. Normally, she took a pride in the chores, rejoicing in the shining furniture and gleaming china. Today they seemed endless, dreary, and unrewarding.

She was forty and putting on weight. There was no longer any romance in her marriage. Her daughter was engaged and would soon leave home. Her son had left already — he was at the University, studying to be a textile chemist. She wondered if Richie would remember her birthday — she didn't suppose he would — he was always so busy.

The telephone rang as she was getting ready to go out.

"Mother?" came Richie's young, eager voice.

He had remembered! Margaret, glowing with delight, held the receiver close, as though to bring him nearer. "Oh, Richie — I was hoping you'd ring!"

"I — thought of coming over tonight, Mother. Can we have apple-pie and ice-cream for dinner?"

Richie, ever since he had been knee-high to a grasshopper, had adored hot apple-pie topped with a huge helping of ice-cream; Margaret, laughing, said she thought it could be arranged.

"That's fine. And — could I bring a friend?"

"Why — yes, of course."

Margaret was puzzled at the sudden diffidence in Richie's tone.

"A — rather special friend, Mother. Her name's Linda Morrison."

"Oh." Margaret's heart sank. Not Richie, too! Surely she wasn't going to lose Richie to a girl, as well as Joanne to a man?

"She's a fresher in Arts. Pretty, you know. And — well — there's something about her — you'll love her, Mother." He talked about Linda Morrison for an extra three minutes, mentioned that he'd reversed the charges, said he'd be seeing her, and hung up.

He hadn't remembered her birthday.

Margaret put on an apron and made the apple-pie.

Her sister, Elizabeth, telephoned just as she had put the pie to bake.

"Many happy returns, Margaret. Isn't it awful — you're forty! I know how depressed you must be feeling. Forty's the beginning of the end, of course. Thank heaven I've two more years of grace. Not that you really look your age," said Elizabeth kindly, "except for the middle-aged spread. You'll be as bad as Aunt Ellen if you don't take care. By the way, I saw Aunt Ellen the other day — she's just the same funny old thing. And, Margaret, do you remember how, when we were kids at school, we used to laugh about the boy-friend who didn't marry her after all? Poor old Aunt Ellen — she must have been about forty then — and we looked on her as being as ancient as an Egyptian mummy!"

Margaret didn't even have the heart to tell her sister about Joanne — or about Richie. When the conversation ended at last she went and took two aspirins.

It was small comfort to find the pie baked to golden perfection; she dumped it on top of the refrigerator and put on her hat and coat.

In town the shops were temptingly arrayed with winter fashions. Margaret gazed at window after window and finally paused before one displaying evening sweaters. There was one that lured her gaze and seemed to whisper: "I was made for you!" It was the color of mink and the texture of downy peachskin; the neckline and front were embroidered with glittering golden and amber beads. The price ticket announced discreetly: "£9/19/6."

Margaret imagined it teamed with her beige velvet skirt; then she turned her back on the window and marched into the store.

She needed winter nightdresses and she didn't need an evening sweater. She made for the underwear department.

"I do advise you to take the XW fitting," said the assistant, running a practised eye over Margaret.

"But—I used to take SW—I've only been wearing W for about a year," Margaret was horrified; she measured the nightgowns against herself, and knew the assistant was right. "I'll take the XW," she said faintly.

She didn't want to shop-gaze any more. She didn't even want to have tea in a cafe — there would be luscious cream-cakes, and she would have to give up cream-cakes. And potatoes, and new, white bread, and thick white sauces, and all the other fattening foods she loved.

Life stretched before her as dismally as a grey, prison wall, she thought grimly.

She arrived home to find Aunt Ellen sitting patiently on the verandah.

Aunt Ellen was a large, placid woman, with twinkling brown eyes, and wispy white hair that stuck out like a rakish halo under her out-dated hat. She beamed at Margaret. "Many, many happy returns of the day, Megsie dear."

The childish pet-name was balm to Margaret's lacerated feelings. No one but Aunt Ellen ever called her "Megsie."

She opened the door, smiling, and invited her aunt inside.

"I took a chance on finding you in, Megsie," said Aunt Ellen, beaming. "I wanted to bring my little gift—as it's such a special birthday."

Margaret remembered Christmases and birthdays back through the years, and how Aunt Ellen had always had a present for her. Aunt Ellen loved giving presents, loved hearing thrilled, breathless thanks. Now she pressed the tiny parcel into Margaret's hands, patting them, just as she used to do when Margaret was a child. "Something pretty for a pretty girl," said Aunt Ellen.

It was a pair of real pearl earrings.

Margaret didn't have to simulate the pleasure that brought happy tears to her eyes. "Oh, Aunt Ellen! How kind of you! They're—beautiful!"

Aunt Ellen leant back, well satisfied.

"They aren't new, of course. They were my mother's, and I used to wear them when I was young. But they're wasted on me now. And you've always loved pretty things, Megsie. And you're young."

"I'm forty," said Margaret. "I feel a hundred, and I've been miserable all day."

AUNT ELLEN peered at her. "You always were one to sigh for the moon. I suppose we all do sometimes. Once I thought I had it—but it sailed away behind a cloud, and I didn't find it for a long time."

"But—you did find it, Aunt Ellen? You always seem so content."

"Yes—in spite of the fact that I'm an old maid. You see, Megsie, gradually I came to realise that the moon hasn't any light of its own. It relies on the sunshine for its lovely silver glow." She polished her spectacles, still beaming.

Margaret was suddenly stabbed with shame. She hadn't shed enough sunshine to cause even a miniature star to shine today. She hadn't caught the smallest sunbeam from Steve's thoughtfulness, or Joanne's and Richie's happiness.

Putting on the kettle, and buttering scones, she wondered what gremlin had invaded her mind so that she had treated just one more birthday as a major catastrophe.

When Aunt Ellen got up to go, Margaret said: "I'll come to town with you. There's something I have to get before the shops shut."

She saw Aunt Ellen on to her train, then went boldly into the store and returned the nightdresses; the surprised assistant gave her a credit-note, which she bore in triumph to the knitwear department.

Joanne and Steve arrived home together; Margaret tweaked off her apron and rushed to meet them.

"Margaret!" Steve kissed her and then held her at arms' length. "You look lovely. And I like—that jumper thing—"

"It's my birthday-present from you, darling. I decided, after all, that I needed it more than nightdresses."

"Good. I didn't like them much," admitted Steve. "But I thought they'd be useful—"

"Steve," she put her arms round his neck, "promise me something. Never, never give me anything useful for my birthday."

"Suits me." He held her very tightly.

"Hey," put in Joanne. "Now it's my turn. Mummy, it's a dreamy sweater—and those earrings—they're cool!"

"From Aunt Ellen, bless her. Listen, Steve, Joanne — we're going to have a real birthday party. Richie's coming — and he's bringing a girl — Linda Morrison."

"Oh-oh!" murmured Joanne. "I thought Richie had been most particularly solemn lately. I thought he must be in love!"

"I hope," said Steve, grinning, "that his taste will be as excellent as mine was."

Richie appeared anything but solemn when he came bouncing into the lounge half-an-hour later; he thrust a parcel at his mother, chanting: "Happy birthday to you—happy birthday, young mother! I remembered on the way. Linda made me forget it—she's been terribly on my mind. But she helped to choose the stockings, and they're guaranteed snazzy—the very, very latest in sheer, sheer sheers! Here she is, Mother—the girl who made me forget your birthday!"

The small, slim girl in the doorway hesitated, obviously overcome at Richie's unconventional introduction.

Margaret went to her quickly, and took her hand. She found herself looking down into a pair of wide, grey eyes.

"Why," said Linda, "you're so exactly like Richie. Only you don't look nearly old enough to be his mother——"

Over their belated dinner Margaret caught Steve's eye and smiled at him. Joanne was holding Brian's hand under the tablecloth, and Richie was gazing at Linda, the ice-cream melting unheeded on the steaming apple-pie.

Margaret sighed—but not for the moon. She sighed for joy in having it, round and brilliant and beautiful, for her very own.

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They're on top of the world "Down Under"

● A hobo came into a Sydney cafe, ate a plate of steak and eggs with chips, paid for the meal, and went out.

A NEW Australian couple who had only just arrived in this country, and had been watching the tattered character intently, looked in amazement at each other. At last the husband spoke:

"If he can afford a meal like that, then we'll survive in Australia."

The incident was in 1948, and the New Australians are Mr. and Mrs. Maximilian Rath, of Alan Street, Cammeray, Sydney.

And in the years between lies a story of adjustment and assimilation so complete that the couple are not only accepted as Australians by their community but feel Australian, too.

Max Rath, small, balding, and bespectacled, and Lucille Flink, blond, attractive, and vivacious, were school sweethearts in the small German town of Plauen, in Saxony. His father was a merchant. Her father was a lacemaker.

Around the time Hitler came to power in 1932 Max was studying law at Freiburg University, in the Black Forest, but gave it up to become an agent for textiles so that he could marry Lucille, who was studying singing and acting at Dresden.

But by 1935 they could already see the future pattern of Nazi Germany and decided to get out.

They studied English with an Englishwoman, Madelaine Kent, who later wrote the best-seller "I Married a German," and carefully they made their plans.

One day Max, who had been given permission to leave Germany on business, flew to London. Lucille, who had not been allowed to go with him, crossed one night into Czechoslovakia with her baby boy, Steffen, and flew from Prague to London.

For the next 12 years, and right through the war, when

By
RONALD McKIE,
staff reporter

Max's father was killed in the gas chambers of Auschwitz, they lived in London.

While Max set himself up as a manufacturers' agent, Lucille continued her studies and managed to break into radio, prewar television, stage work, and films.

Then, in 1948, these two essentially European people abandoned Europe.

"When we reached Sydney in July, 1948," Lucille said, "we were naturalised British subjects, we knew English, and we had a little money over after paying our fares. But that was all.

"We knew nobody. We were lonely. We were regarded as foreigners."

But little things helped them.

Food, after hungry England, was one. The manager of their hotel let them stay when their second boy, David, developed German measles. And a new friend helped them later get half a house at Cammeray.

While Max was looking round, Lucille tried, and failed, to earn a living from singing. Then they opened what was to be the first of three lingerie shops in Sydney, Auburn, and Penrith, and after that never looked back.

Then one day:

"We went for a walk and stopped to talk to a man outside the Cammeray Community Centre's hall," said Mrs. Rath.

"He told us he was Ray Ormes, president of the Centre, which the North Sydney Council was helping to establish as a meeting hall and children's library. When I told him I sang and suggested concerts he invited us to come to their next meeting.

"That turned out to be the most wonderful day in our life in Australia.

"It opened up a new world. It gave us wonderful friends for the first time here. It helped us enter our community and become part of it."

She also found time, while helping Max run their shops, to sing over the A.B.C., to produce a "Cavalcade of International Music" for the 1955 United Nations Ball, and to be a member of a committee organising a "Cavalcade of Music" for the Chair of Australian Literature Fund.

I asked them both for their advice to New Australians and Old.

"Both sides should stretch out their hands to each other," Max said immediately. "Old and New are often too shy to offer a hand."

"Australians are a warm people," said Lucille, "who seem attracted by the helplessness of New Australians. But how I hate that term New Australian."

"It's better than reffo," Max said quietly, "and it's intention is not unkind."

Lucille thought for a moment, and then said: "The New Australian will never feel at home if he tries to live the old life. He cannot live here in a little European shell. He must learn the language as quickly as possible. He must try to mix and live the Australian life."

RECENT picture of David, younger son of the Maximilian Raths, happy in his life as an Australian schoolboy. David, born in England, is now 12.

SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS on the Polish frontier were the setting for a holiday Mr. and Mrs. Rath had during their happier days in Europe, before they left Germany in 1935.

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Worth Reporting

IT doesn't matter whether your favorite gemstones are jasper, agate, chalcedony, topaz, garnets, opals, or even diamonds and sapphires, you can have them by the bucketful for no charge at all.

According to members of the 400-strong Lapidary Club of N.S.W., this is no idle dream of Arabian Nights splendor, but a typical selection of gems that can be collected from beaches, river-beds, and quarries in Australia.

Mr. Barry O'Leary, a member, tells us that the club makes excursions each month to districts where these gemstones can be found.

"Of course, the odd diamond or sapphire is small and rare, but we find hundreds of semi-precious stones on our field trips," he said.

Following their finds, the women, who number about half the club membership, have declared unofficial war on glittering costume jewellery. They cut and polish their stones and put them in individual settings, often mounting them in hand-made silver filigree.

On November 14 the club will hold its annual exhibition of cut and polished gemstones, representing the best finds of the year, in the C.E.N.E.F. building, Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

It's a club without age limit, and members range from 12 years to 80-plus.

"You see, all you need to collect gemstones is a good eye and two fingers," said Mr. O'Leary.

A face-lift for old-world lace

COLOR has now invaded the lace furnishing-fabric industry.

In the past few months manufacturers have begun dyeing their lace in four primary colorfast shades of apple-green, lemon, sky-blue, and candy-pink.

We heard all about the current trends in lace furnishings at a cocktail party in honor of Mr. S. W. McInnes, visiting chairman of the National Council of Scottish and Nottingham Lace Furnishing Manufacturers' Association.

Australian representative Mr. Freddie Booth is enthusiastic about the future of lace furnishing fabric.

"It suffered a bit of a setback when the contemporary designs came in a few years ago, but it is very popular in England again now," he said.

Mr. Booth added that British makers are trying to get away from conventional flower patterns.

He showed us samples with spots, stripes, and checks.

"And we're going to try a design of gardening tools — garden rollers, watering-cans, and so on — for sunroom or kitchen curtains," he said.

★ ★ ★

THE time might be coming when it will be accurate to call any nice girl a "siren." Sidney Delpier, a tool-and-die maker, of Detroit, Canada, has invented a secret weapon for women, the "molest-defier." The press of a button showers an assailant with indelible ink and sets off a small siren to summon help.

"It hurts when I laugh."

OCCUPATIONAL fashion for a Canadian lass we noticed working at a Melbourne camera store. Her unusual drop earrings were camera filters.

★ ★ ★

They're experts at keeping in step

IF you think marching is simple, requiring a good ear for beat but little knowledge or skill, you obviously haven't seen the 112-page "Marching Handbook" recently produced by the Australian Girls' Marching Association.

It contains details of everything from marking time to display marching, and while it mightn't mean much to most of us it's a valued possession for the large brigades of girls in all States who are on the march in earnest.

Mr. Colin Knight, chief judge of the association, says membership of a marching team is a wonderful, healthy interest for all girls, "except the glamor-seekers, who want all the fun of parading in uniform without any of the hard practice necessary."

Aces in making speeches, too

TENNIS trophies aren't all that Mal Anderson and Ashley Cooper won for Australia at Forest Hills recently, for they hit an all-time high in speech-making.

The public and officials said the speeches Mal and Ashley made after Vice-President Richard Nixon handed them their American singles and runner-up trophies were the best they'd heard from Australian tennis players.

Mal, the champion, won the hearts of all by saying that since Ashley had beaten him so many times, he hoped his team-mate wouldn't mind his winning just once.

In Brisbane on October 5, after just a week at home, Mal, who was born on his parents' cattle station near Rockhampton, Queensland, will marry Daphne Emerson, 23-year-old sister of his team-mate Roy.

Oddly enough, Mal and Roy resemble each other so closely that galleries and umpires have difficulty in telling them apart.

★ ★ ★

FROM America comes the news that bald-headed Pennsylvanians are irate over a local Revenue Department ruling that toupees are cosmetics and liable to three per cent. sales tax.

A well-thatched department official said the ruling was made after a "bashful Yul Brynner" appealed that a wig was an essential article of clothing, and thereby exempt from tax.

Mid-ocean meeting

● A wartime story wins for Eric Crosswell, M.S. 1792, Mackay, Qld., this week's prize of £20 in our "Strange but True" contest.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

IT happened in the dark days of 1943, when marauding packs of U-boats went about their sinister missions in the North Atlantic.

After home leave I returned to my ship, the corvette H.M.S. Clover, vaguely remembering a remark my father made about a friend's son who was also serving in the Navy.

The words were soon forgotten as H.M.S. Clover escorted the convoy bound for Nova Scotia, together with the destroyer H.M.S. Beverly.

Soon we received the warning of U-boats. The night was black as pitch, and for all we knew torpedoes were finding their mark. Then we made contact and went in to attack.

As our first pattern of depth charges went over we saw, too late, men in the water, and realised H.M.S. Beverly must have been "fished." Moments of horror followed as our charges exploded. Then it was all hands to rescue stations.

We picked up the only four members of Beverly's crew who survived that ordeal, one being Bob D., whose father worked with my father and who was the very person Dad hoped I would meet some day.

A prize of £5 was awarded for:

Well caught

I WAS one of a party instructed by the Fisheries and Game Department to put nets in upper reaches of rivers, catch trout in the spawning season, strip the eggs from them, weigh the fish, and put them back in the stream.

Before freeing a 6lb. trout I took a little bronze pin from my tie and placed it in the fin, saying, "We may hear of some angler catching it one day."

Two years later, and miles away, the trout was caught by a man who had been in the party with me. When cleaning the fish he found the pin, remembered its owner, and returned it to me. Once more I wear the bronze pin in my tie.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, "The Hermitage," Barkers Creek, via Castlemaine, Vic.

HOW TO ENTER

● Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.

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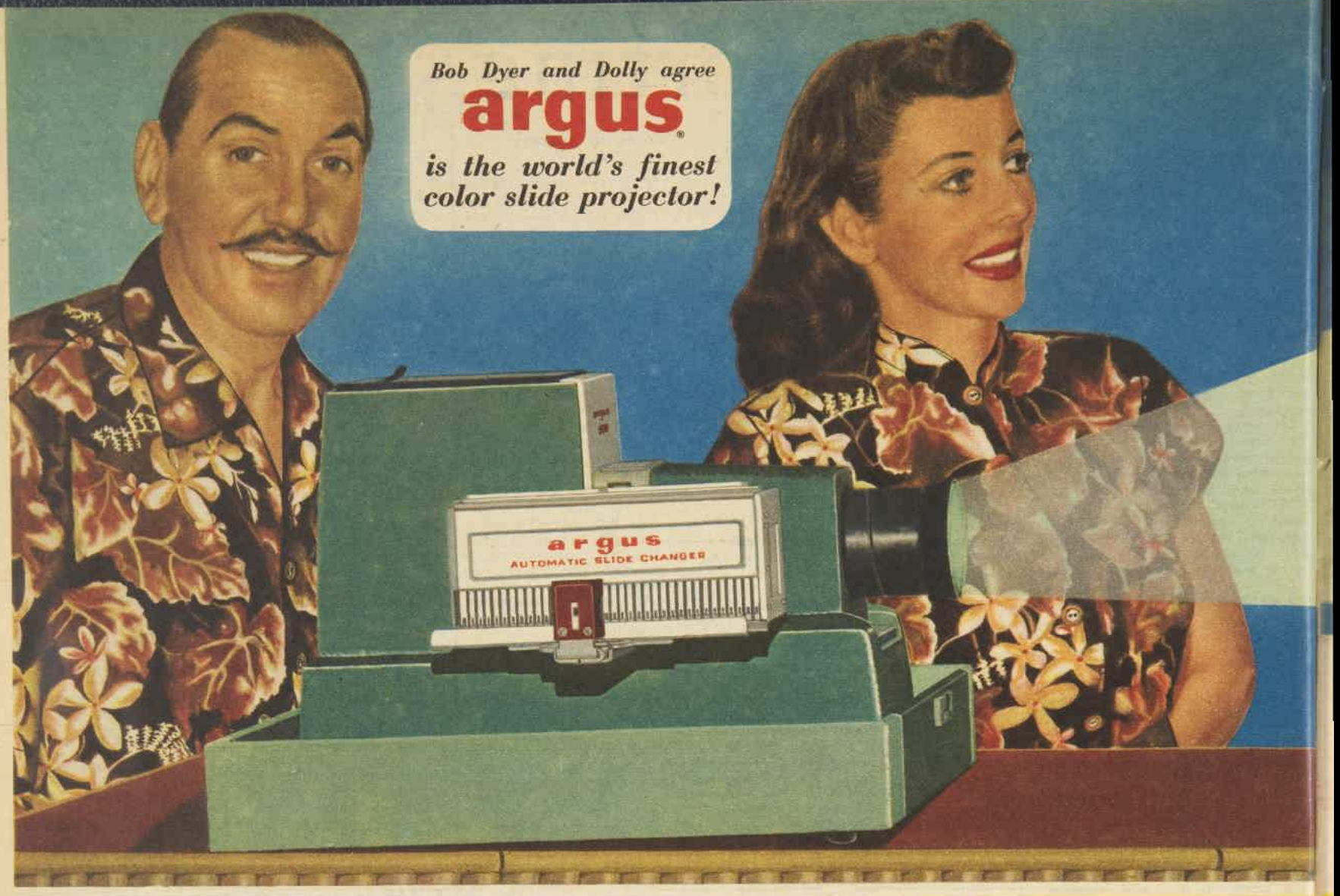

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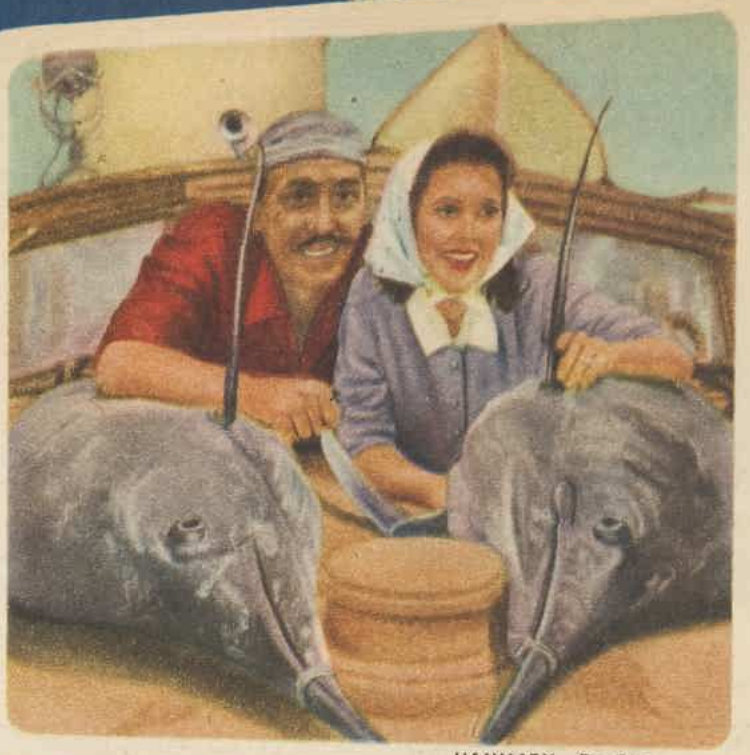

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16785

Going steady?

Continued from page 5

Friday night and there would probably be an informal dance.

"On Saturday you'd meet your date for lunch and go to a football game in the afternoon, and at night there would be a 'formal'.

"Sunday you'd go to chapel with your date, have lunch, and then probably talk in the common-room until you left.

"You'd meet his friends, but you wouldn't talk to them, except to say, 'How do you do'.

"You wouldn't dance with them, or with anyone except your date.

"It was strangely isolating.

"All that is said and known about American men being dominated by women is correct. You just order them around, tell them to do this and that, and they do it.

"I got a shock when I came back and tried these tactics with Australian boys. I didn't get anywhere. I think Australian boys are wonderful. They are so masculine, and have so much respect for girls.

"There is no teenage problem here. Sex life among teenagers here is clean.

"I think American teenagers miss a tremendous lot of good fun in their lives. They are solemn from the age of 10.

"In Australia I think going steady is more the exception than the rule. Of all the girls I know, only one is going steady."

You may think that Jean's picture of the courting customs of American adolescents is exaggerated. There is strong proof that it is not.

Church authorities in America take a very strong stand on the situation.

Roman Catholic theologians there classify going steady as a "proximate occasion of sin" (a situation from which sin will almost inevitably result) and condemn it from the pulpit and confessional booth.

They believe that going steady, as practised in America, places too much strain on any individual's moral fibre and is, therefore, intolerable.

Most of the interviewing I did to get this story was with girls, because many more girls than boys write to me.

But I did interview a number of boys, too.

Bill, who is 18, and planning a professional career, agreed strongly with Jim, who has just started work in a big city store. They are typical of the boys I talked to.

"You go steady for convenience," they said. "And it's a sign you've made the grade with the girls if you have someone who shows she prefers you.

"Marriage? Going steady doesn't mean marriage; it's never entered my head."

Nell's opinions are typical of the girls whom I talked to from the country. Nell is engaged and said she "supposed" you could say she went steady with her fiance for two months before they became engaged.

"I had known him for five years," she said. "During that time we went out together frequently, but I went out with many other boys, too—Gordon had no claim on me and I had no claim on him.

"I can't understand some city girls; they are really 'engaged to become engaged' from the time they're 16."

A word from Debbie . . .

NOTHING is more cheering to the young hostess than the words of praise her guests pronounce on the food she has prepared.

Next time your friends call to watch TV, listen to records, or for just a good gossip session, serve:

- **Vegetable sausage sandwiches. Cover buttered bread or toast with tinned or home-made vegetable or potato salad. Cut cooked sausages into strips and place on top. Add a dab of chutney, and heat in the oven. Garnish with parsley.**
- **Egg-salad rolls. Scoop the insides out of bread-rolls. Spread lightly with butter and fill with savory scrambled egg or curried hard-boiled eggs, shredded lettuce, chopped tomato, and cucumber.**

To go with them, a pineapple cup made thus: Boil 1 cup sugar and 1 pint water for 10 minutes. Add 1 tin grated pineapple and the juice of three lemons. Cool, then chill. Add 2 bottles ginger ale before serving.

DISC DIGEST

HAMPERED by an uninspired cover and an absence of description, "Raymond Legrand et son Orchestre" is the kind of LP you could easily pass by, but, if you enjoy French music, you'll be tempted to add it to your collection.

Legrand has a subtle and Gallic sense of humor, and throughout the disc (HAA. 7500) his orchestra, soloists, and vocal chorus gently parody those "cabaret-style" records that have become so popular in recent years.

Every now and then he directs his musicians into an off-key beat, which often happens unintentionally in French bands, and the result is most amusing. In nearly all of the 12 bands he parodies a famous artist, but it is so restrained that it never becomes a caricature.

Some of these are "Swedish Rhapsody" (Eartha Kitt), "Loup Blanc," which is "Wild Horses" in disguise (The Companions of Song), "Poor People of Paris" (Edith Piaf), "Corrida Pampa" (Rosita Serrano), "La Fete du Tabac" (Katharine Dunham), "Co-Co-Coconut" (Charles Trenet), "Tout Ca Parce" (Jean Sablon), and "Music Box Tango" (Tino Rossi).

Someone once said that most French feminine cabaret artists sound as if they are singing through a tiny hole in the top of their head, which is more or less true when you come to think of it, and Legrand has not overlooked even this characteristic.

Apart from the satirical angle, the whole disc is diverting, especially the bands for "Poor People" (a stunning version) and "That Girl," which seems to be the very essence of the Folies Bergere.

It's a shame that credit isn't given on the envelope to the soloists who contribute so much to this delightfully unusual and sophisticated platter.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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Crest **FOAM** *Neutralizer thoroughly penetrates each curl*

So simple . . . you just dab it on and it's absorbed immediately. Crest's delicately perfumed Foam Neutralizer bursts into thousands of little bubbles that penetrate right through the wound-up curls, ensuring a fully processed lovelier wave . . . cuts finishing time to 5 minutes. No mess, dripping or fuss!

Crest **FOAM** *Neutralizer has special Vitalizing Action*

Enriched, creamy bubbles frothing through your hair . . . and a miracle is taking place! Why, you can almost *feel* it happening . . . life and strength flowing through every strand, revitalizing and improving your hair, leaving it luxuriously lustrous and so healthy.

YOU'LL feel like singing when you try Crest with the new foam neutralizer. This revolutionary process is the result of months of laboratory tests and extensive research. What does a foam neutralizer mean to you? It floats on to your curls, then penetrates each curl more thoroughly and quickly than any neutralizing process ever known before. Your wave lasts longest, looks its loveliest day after day.

So wherever you go, whatever you do, the soft sheen of your Crest wave will always be admired. Crest's exclusive vitalizing action gives your hair deep, rippling waves and curls so beautifully glossy and obedient. You'll find Crest the easiest wave in the world to comb into all the pretty new styles you've been longing to try.

Look for the new Crest with FOAM Neutralizer in all Chemists and Department Stores

REFILL 13/6 JUNIOR 9/-

CREST HOME PERMANENT—the choice of lovely Air Hostesses

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

• *The full-skirted dress with low-cut bodice-top is a prominent summer fashion for late afternoon*

I CHOSE one in coin-spotted silk in answer to the reader's query below.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"I AM to be a guest at an afternoon wedding in December, and would like your advice on a style for my frock. The material is pink silk rayon with a white spot. I also have white accessories, including a wide-brimmed straw hat, short white gloves, and white court shoes. Could I have a paper pattern for the design you choose in size 36in. bust?"

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen in answer to your query. The bodice, above a fitted midriff section, is sleeveless and has a wide, open neckline. The skirt has softly gathered fullness. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Under the picture are further details.

"IS the floor-length sheath dress for formal occasions still in fashion? I would also like to know what bright colors would be correct for evening."

The sheath dress is still in fashion. The newest version is softened by drapery or panels, front or back, and its narrow skirt is slashed for walking ease. Necklines are high in front, but plunge low at the back. Vivid red and glowing blue are two currently popular after-dark colors you might consider.

"I WOULD like a striking new style for a short evening-dress to be made in warp-printed ottoman silk. I would also like to know if a short-skirted dress is correct on formal occasions."

A short evening-dress, if the material and design are "dressy," can be worn for quite formal occasions. One of the new rounded barrel-shaped skirts, plus a simple top with deep oval neckline and tiny sleeves, would be attractive for the design choice. A "barrel" skirt can be shaped and rounded by way of deep box pleats. The pleats start from the natural waistline and narrow in at the hemline.

DS262. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/- Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088 G.P.O., Sydney.

"PLEASE suggest a simple style for 5½yds. of beige cotton lace and 2yds. matching silk organdie. Also would you tell me what colored hat and accessories to wear with the frock?"

Your beige lace would look very smart made with a slim skirt and fitted bodice finished with narrow, three-quarter sleeves, and a shallow V-neckline. Have the dress finished with an organdie sash tied in a large bow on one hip. For the accessories I suggest a wide-brimmed hat in black milan straw, and gloves, shoes, and handbag in beige.

"COULD you give me a suggestion for a teenage outfit that could be changed about for various occasions?"

A cropped jacket (ending about 3in. above the normal waist) over a matching, slender-line pinafore (square-neck, no sleeves) is news in teenage fashion. The ensemble could be worn three ways—dress minus blouse for late day; dress with shirt-blouse minus jacket for sporty occasions; and dress with jacket for a city ensemble. With the latter, extra chic could be given by a sou'wester or hat turned back from the face.

Beauty in brief:

PRETTY FEET FOR SUMMER

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Pretty feet will add to your general grooming. Exposed so much in summer, they need care to keep them in top shape.

ALWAYS allow yourself plenty of time for a pedicure. It will pay dividends.

First of all, soak your feet in warm, soapy water. Pep up the circulation and rub off any dry old skin by a brisk scrubbing with a nailbrush.

Then dry your feet well, pushing the cuticles back gently at the same time.

Massaging a little oil well into the feet is a good idea, too. It will soften and smooth the skin. Always cut your toenails straight across. File away any rough edges with an emery board.

When applying nail-polish, put small wads of cotton-wool between the toes to stop the polish smudging.

Cover the nails completely with two coats of polish. Don't leave a "moon"—the polish will look better and last longer.

Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day

all year round

as no ordinary soap can . . .

New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-free

☆ **PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS**
to wash away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as *hexachlorophene*.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on *everybody's* skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you *can't* offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. *G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.*

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . *and SAVE MONEY!*

REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

S09

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You've never seen Softees like these before

Now in brocade, velveteen, denim, bamboo and other exciting new materials with the indoor-outdoor sole.

Chinese Brocade in Burgundy, Royal and Black, with matching soles.

Oriental Brocade in Blue or Red with matching soles.

Bamboo material in combinations of Black and White, Red and White, Blue and White with matching soles.

Denim in Charcoal, Blue and Red, with *elasticised* insert for perfect comfort and accurate fitting. With matching soles.

Plain velvet in Red or Royal with gold cornelli work.

The five models on this page are representative of the new "best-ever" "Softees" summer range.

"Softees" Super Grade slippers, made by the pioneers of vulcanised footwear in Australia, come in the latest styles and materials, created to give you the best quality at the lowest price. Research and experience have combined to produce soles of the finest appearance with wearing qualities and comfort unsurpassed in the field of footwear.

Millions of pairs sold over the past few years prove "Softees" Australia's greatest footwear value. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the low prices prevailing for such long-wearing, quality indoor-outdoor footwear

See yourself in the "Softees" newsreel

for the beach . . .

for walking out . . .

for entertaining . . .

for about the house . . .

FELT & TEXTILES TV FEATURES

"Professor Browne's Study"
GTV Channel 9, Tuesday and Thursday, 6.52 p.m. and Sunday, 9.52 p.m.
ATN Channel 7, Tuesday and Thursday, 6.40 p.m. and Sunday, 6.10 p.m.

"Felt and Textiles Home Decorator"
HSV Channel 7, Wednesday, 5 p.m.

For trade enquiries concerning your State Distributor, please contact
Goodchild Shoes, Box 100, P.O., Abbotsford, N.9, Victoria.

"SOFTEES" ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve [illegible]

For week beginning Sept. 30

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in true love.	★ Consult the marriage partner before making important investments. Good advice may be obtained from relatives. Buying and selling might benefit you.	★ Those of you who set out to acquire a high level of skill in some one department of homemaking will certainly please Friend Husband and gain family applause.	★ For many an offer of marriage is on the cards. Younger folk glowing with their first romance may be invited by the one-and-only to an important social event.	★ Active sociability rather than passive. You lead a group, organise a programme, take a part in some project rather than sit back as a spectator.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in vitality.	★ Financial favors might be bestowed on you, but you may be expected to perform miracles with them and wonder later if it was worth the trouble.	★ Are you too serious a homemaker? The house-proud matron is not very comfortable to live with; walking around picking up ash-trays becomes a painful habit.	★ Should your beloved feel off-color and ask you to postpone a date, don't grizzle. A fellow with a bad cold is no happy partner. Be sympathetic and considerate.	★ Successful completion of a stunt which may have involved you as a voluntary worker should be cause for congratulations. Look around for fresh possibilities.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in speculation.	★ Feeling extravagant? All very enjoyable, but you could wake up with a few headaches later and be obliged to pare the budget. Try to keep on an even keel at present.	★ While your interest is aroused you can work wonders, but once the novelty wears off you become bored. Seek out discarded toys and pass them on to others.	★ Love is wonderful, but don't go into a spin and sit daydreaming while you should be on the job. You'll need to fill the hours before your next meeting, anyway!	★ Dashing from one appointment to the next, always running late through no fault of your own, but eagerly sought after, you'll have all the fun of the fair.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in a happy ending.	★ Anything you would like for your home should be considered carefully. Compare prices and qualities. You may discover a treasure in your own neighborhood.	★ The present of a cherished heirloom or an unexpected gift might find a happy niche in your home. Otherwise, you study home plans or color harmony.	★ Try something original for your next date. If you want to return hospitality, ask him to the theatre with tickets that have been "given" you. He'll enjoy it.	★ Quiet interlude in the next few days that enables some to catch up with private affairs. You may make excuses to escape social occasions which you would not like.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck on a short journey.	★ A business arrangement involving a relative could be satisfactory to both. You might exchange baby-sittings, or help each other through dressmaking or millinery.	★ Unless you are tied at home through the presence of small children you need to get out more among people. Your sign does not like solitude. Join a group.	★ If he's a fascinating stranger and a great talker, become a good listener and he'll think you a very intelligent girl. Show interest by asking an occasional question.	★ All plans may go sky high because a chance to do something you've long wanted comes suddenly. You discard previous arrangements and make a wild dash to get away.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in the afternoon.	★ The job-hunter has a field day. Some find an ideal niche with hours and conditions which suit you, others find a better market for their services than previously.	★ You rush to town, discover a bargain, rush home again and start work on it. Your home or wardrobe will benefit and best of all you will be creating an asset.	★ Even if you're crazy about him, use a little commonsense. Romance can wear thin if you are always together. Have a night out with your girl-friend once in a while.	★ A bit of self-indulgence doesn't often come up. You are inclined to put aside sternly what you regard as a luxury, but a small windfall could justify extravagance.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in your own quick wits.	★ Good judgment is needed if you are to take advantage of excellent aspects. Any new work you undertake, whether paid or voluntary should be personally attractive.	★ No well-dressed woman can be miserable. A new hairdo, a new lipstick can change not only your appearance but your outlook. Consider going on a diet.	★ Love which endures must be earned. It isn't enough to look pretty. Develop character, consideration for the beloved and a sympathetic understanding of his aims.	★ You may be asked to steer a newcomer into local circles of friends, or welcome back a former resident. In either case it provides a reason for gatherings.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in watchful waiting.	★ This is a period of building up rather than reaching the top, but you can gain new heights in about two months if you study to improve performances in your field.	★ There might be a little secret in your home — a surprise birthday gift, or a bit of good news not to be announced just yet. It's fun to be in the know first.	★ If there's a new star on your horizon and your thoughts are occupied with ways of keeping him interested, don't attempt to do all the courting.	★ When inviting guests, allow a reasonable amount of time so that they will not be tied up with previous engagements. Be sure that you answer invitations promptly.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in competitions.	★ You could walk into a friendly trap set by associates. You might be embarrassed by their faith in you, but touched at the same time. Get on the job. They'll support you.	★ A new pet may be coming into your life and your whole domestic programme may be turned upside down while you play with it and attend to it. Otherwise sociability.	★ Please his vanity and he'll adore you, but never place him at a disadvantage among your friends. You may raise a laugh at his expense, but he'll never forgive you.	★ Club work is favored. You may provide several novel ideas which will be most acceptable. Do not hesitate to carry out plans. They'll succeed and win applause.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in high places.	★ You carry responsibility better than most signs. This week you might act as spokesman for a group or be chairman of a committee. Dignity and clear thinking are tops.	★ Since heavy demands are sure to be made on your time, try to plan ahead. Decide what can be postponed at a pinch, but make sure that essentials are in order.	★ If your elders are lukewarm in their liking for your best beloved, an attempt may be made to pair you off with another boy. This could be awkward for you.	★ Older subjects who may be called upon to shine in social, cultural, or welfare activities should make sure that grooming is perfect, and that clothes are suitable.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck through an announcement.	★ If extending your career qualifications, examinations may be looming up. Don't rely on last-minute cramming. Others studying for pleasure find fresh inspiration.	★ Children studying for examinations need quiet. If you are pursuing tasks which require concentration, keep interruptions to a minimum.	★ A casual attitude might give the impression that your beloved is just a useful escort to parties. He may need to be reassured that he is more important than that.	★ You are possibly going on a day-long outing with a group of your own sex, for participation in sports, or just for fun. Comradeship will be at an all-time high.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in increasing assets.	★ Should your work be the kind which brings you in contact with few people, it might be possible, while on the job, to make future and financial plans.	★ If anxious to save money, you can become a self-helper. Beware of starting too many enterprises at once. Extra time must be alloted if you are starting new work.	★ This could be a bare patch in your emotional life, but don't brood over it. If the old love has flown out of the window, there may be a new one waiting on the doorstep.	★ Just sit back and let the rest go roaring on; you may have other schemes in view which are not yet ripe. Practise of new skills should be enjoyable.

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Hold it fellows! Don't run. It's perfectly natural that a line-up like this should attract admiring glances. To make your Summer the brightest ever, Speedo has captured the very spirit of the leisure-loving South Sea isles in this mightiest beachwear collection ever seen west of the international date line. Fabrics as cool and comfortable as the trade winds; tailored as only Speedo knows how. Ready for you now at your favourite men's wear store.

SPEEDO KNITTING MILLS PTY. LTD., ARTARMON, N.S.W.

Speedo "CABANA" coat, "EASTERN" pattern Terry lined or unlined. Speedo boxer swim shorts, "ROPE" pattern.

Speedo "CABANA" coat, "W RA" Speedo boxer swim shor ain or nylon.

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F THE SOUTH PACIFIC
eedo
WIN A FREE AIR CRUISE TO TAHITI
—for two—all expenses paid, by TEAL airliner, via New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Cook Islands
Ask your nearest men's wear store about the Speedo "Search for a Slogan" contest that gives you the opportunity to win this fabulous holiday. Many other prizes including "Speedo" and "Scamp" leisure wear, "Argus" automatic slide projectors, "Motorola" portable radios, "Duro" travel cases, "Shelta" beach umbrellas, "Festival" L.P. records of "South Pacific" songs.

"W...RA" pattern. ...lain poplin ...on.

Speedo "CABANA" set, "SQUARES" pattern. Matching boxer shorts and cabana coat (obtainable as separate items).

Speedo "CABANA" set, "INCA" pattern. Matching boxer shorts and cabana coat with Terry lining or unlined (obtainable as separate items.).

Speedo "CABANA" set, "TORY GATE" pattern. Matching boxer shorts and cabana coat (obtainable as separate items).

Speedo "ANCHORS", brief style swim shorts of famous Helanca stretch nylon.

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Jeanne Crain teaches her little daughter Jeanine the secret of a flawless complexion — daily care with pure, mild Lux Toilet Soap. You'll see radiant Jeanne in Universal-International's "The Tattered Dress", in CinemaScope

"Mild, gentle LUX TOILET SOAP beautifies as it cleanses..." SAYS **JEANNE CRAIN**

Like 9 out of every 10 film stars, lovely Jeanne Crain insists on pure mild Lux Toilet Soap for her complexion — and for her young daughter's. Says Jeanne, "At our house, we always keep plenty of Lux handy." So should you. Lux Toilet Soap is so mild, so gentle. Its great purity makes Lux safe even for baby's tender skin. All your family will love the rich, creamy lather, and the fresh perfume of Lux — the perfect soap to use in the shower, in the bath, and every time they wash.

Your skin will glow with beauty just like Jeanne Crain's . . . that's the promise of pure white LUX TOILET SOAP— beauty care of 9 out of every 10 film stars

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Planned for "happy living"

● Famous artist Henri Margo and his wife, former musical-comedy star Violet Carlson, have designed a home "for happy living" in Sherman Oaks, California, overlooking the San Fernando Valley.

HERE, with typical Californian informality, guests may be served at the poolside; in the spacious living-room with its picture windows providing a panoramic view of the valley; or on the front flagstone terrace, which has a barbecue pit and fireplace of native stone.

This terrace is backed by a hillside of native holly trees, the red berry-laden tree from which neighboring Hollywood got its name.

Two waterfalls tumble from the fern-covered cliffs, and make watering-holes for birds and deer.

Many of the furnishings were designed by Mr. Margo. The pastel scheme which complements his wife's blond beauty has been carried out in every room, including the kitchen, where even utility items are pale pink enamel. These are set off by a floor of grey slate.

One side of the kitchen consists entirely of glass panels, and looks over a flagstone terrace surrounding a heated swimming-pool.

Built into the kitchen is a floor-to-ceiling aviary where rare finches and canaries nest in homes fashioned from ornamental gourds.

WEST END of the living-room in the Margos' Californian home features a pale blue flagstone fireplace accented with a burnished brass hood, above which hangs an antique French gilt chandelier. The florals above and at either side of the mantel are watercolors by Mr. Margo, a muralist and portrait artist, who also painted the delicate designs on the two antique Italian buhl cabinets on which exquisite French bisque statuettes are displayed. Setting these off to perfection is the floor-covering of bone-white shaggy cotton carpeting.

THIS DINING TABLE would be a conversation piece in any home. Its base is one solid piece of driftwood, painted white and hung with various-sized bunches of Italian alabaster grapes in shades of pink, mauve, purple, amber, and green. The top is four-by-six-foot solid transparent plastic. In dramatic contrast is the floor of native stone lacquered orange, and waxed over 10 times.

IN THEIR LIVING-ROOM are Henri Margo and his wife, formerly musical-comedy star Violet Carlson. They often entertain Australian friends made by Violet when she toured in "Balalaika," "Desert Song," and "Rose Marie" revivals. The couple hope to visit Australia soon.

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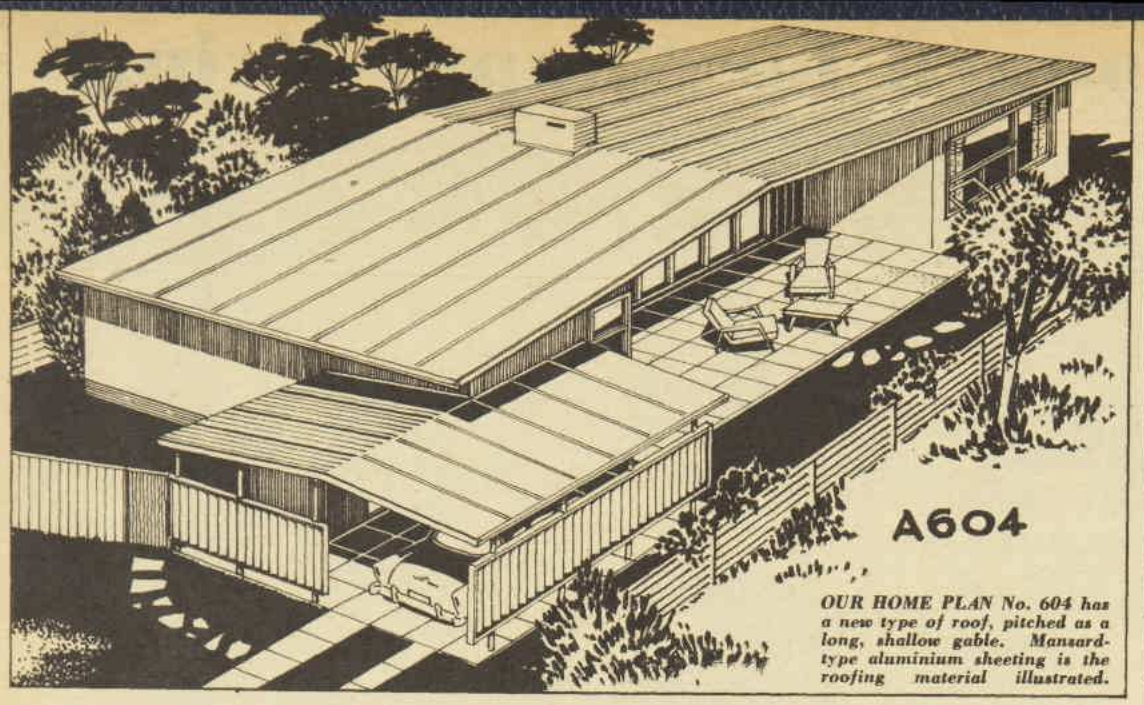
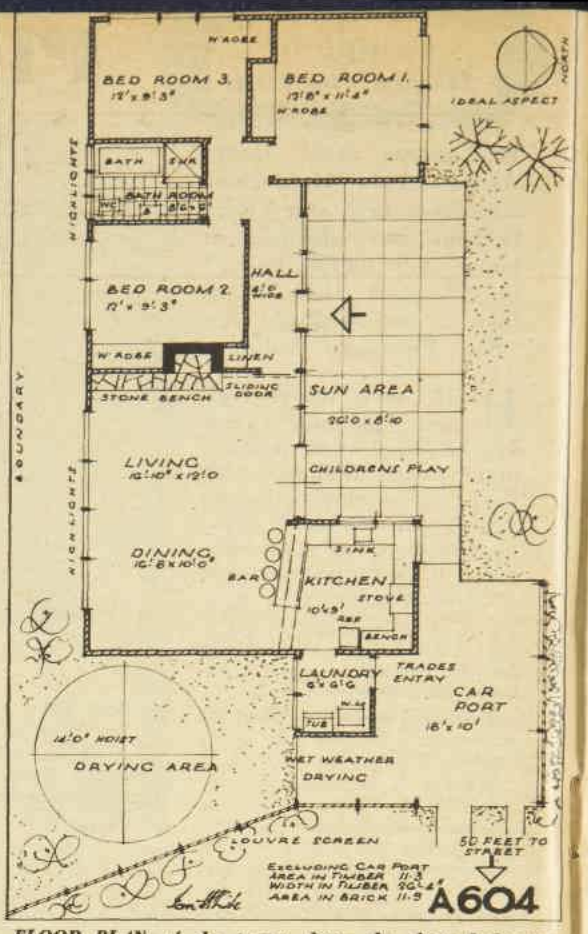


OUR HOME PLAN No. 604 has a new type of roof, pitched as a long, shallow gable. Mansard-type aluminium sheeting is the roofing material illustrated.



FLOOR PLAN of the house shows the three bedrooms grouped together at the rear, away from street noises. Dining and living rooms are also grouped together.

MODERN HOME DESIGN

● Interesting new building techniques and a modern stylised appearance are features of our Home Plan No. 604, illustrated this week.

THE design is one of our series of signature plans, and is the work of Sydney architect Ian White.

It is suitable for a comparatively long and narrow site, and the house is set back about 50ft. from the street. The plan follows the contour of the block, ensuring that a valuable site is not split into inconvenient areas.

The floor is a concrete raft surfaced with economical cork or composition-type tiles. This not only looks well but saves the expense of floor coverings of the more conventional type, and also has a noise-deadening effect.

The timber frame is shaped to provide the fall of the roof.

Hopper windows are suggested for economy and excellent ventilation. Other types of windows could be used.

An outstanding feature of the plan is the roof, pitched as a long shallow gable. This method has proved most economical, and consists of simple timber beams across the building, with the ceiling laid on top of the beams.

They can be oiled or painted and create a very pleasing atmosphere in the rooms.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5100; timber, £3700; fibro, £3500.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £4150; timber, £3500.

In South Australia: Asbestos, £3150.

In Queensland: Timber, £3400.

Readers can buy the plan, or order it by mail, from our Home Planning Centres, where a comprehensive service is offered to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Addresses of our Home Planning Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale Street. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Thursday to advise readers on selection of plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's store (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's store (second floor). Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

American styled

SANFORISED

MATCHED OUTFITS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

. . . cost no more but look smarter

FOR WORK - SCHOOL - PLAY

It doesn't cost a penny more to buy any of these hard-wearing matched outfits — but you'll look smarter whether at work or play. All the features that make Cant-Tear-Em men's work shirts and pants famous have been incorporated in their new matching shirts and shorts for men and boys. On sale at all leading stores in a full range of well fitting sizes.

- **Sanforised Shrunk. Fast colours.**
- **3 months' wear or a free pair — or money back if not satisfied.**
- **Khaki, Grey, Fawn, Navy and Jungle Green matching outfits.**

GM-6.6

CANT-TEAR-EM

Makers of Cant-Tear-Em Rodeo Twist and Tweed Work Pants

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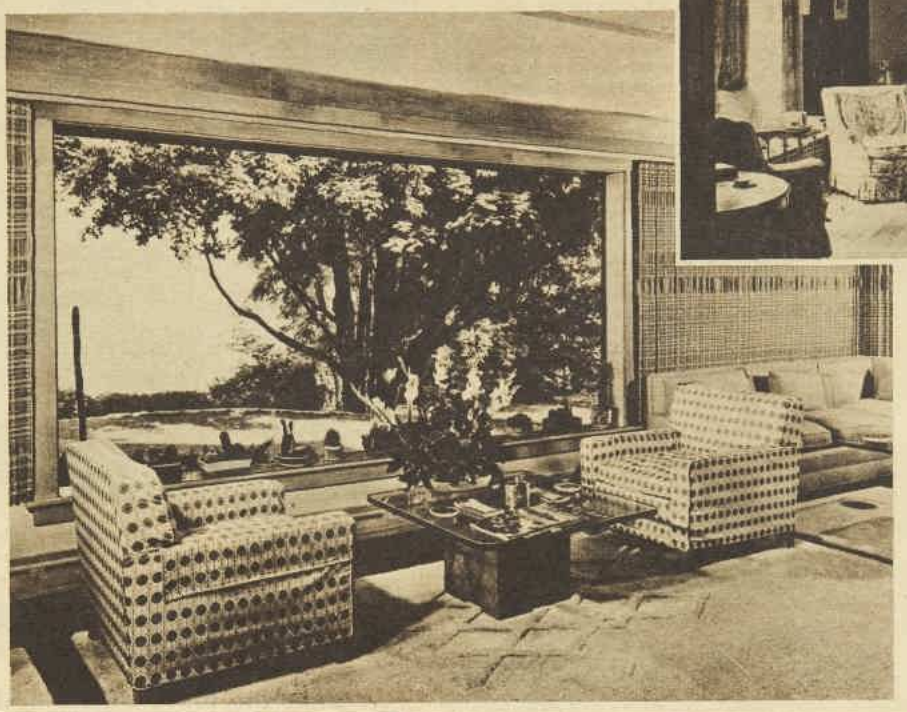
SPRING FACE-LIFT FOR FADED LIVING-ROOM

● When you decide to bring an outmoded living-room in an older home up to date, where to start the transformation is often a problem.

HERE are five suggestions that will make a big difference in the room. (1) Decorative built-ins. (2) Simplified backgrounds. (3) Up-to-date lighting ideas. (4) Clever window treatments. (5) New furniture arrangements.

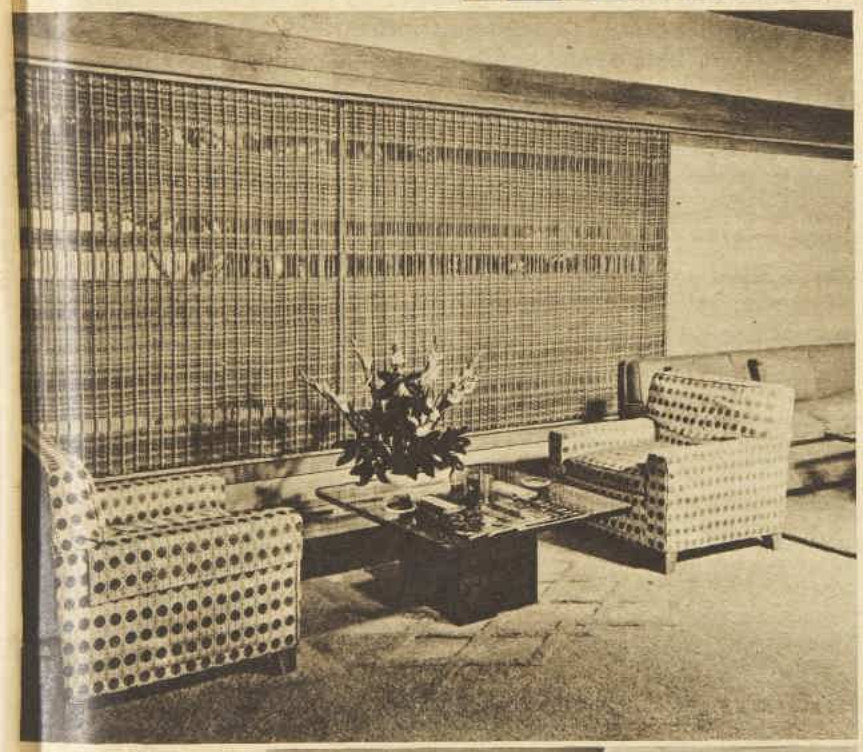
Before the contemporary decorating ideas were introduced in the room pictured on this page, it was comfortable enough, but completely lacking in personality and color. Nor did the arrangement of the furniture take advantage of the scope and freedom a room of this size offers.

The series of four pictures shows what was done to transform the room with a brand-new and more attractive appearance and added comfort.



BEFORE (above). As it was before the transformation, the room was agreeable enough in a dowdy, well-lived-in kind of way. However, three narrow, unattractive windows ignored altogether the beautiful view at the back of the house.

AFTER (left). One large, scenic glass window replaced the three narrow ones. This gives the room a light, airy feeling, and opens up the lovely view, ignored until now, at this side of the house.



HANDSOME textured blinds (above) slide on a track over the picture window. As shown in the "transformation" picture on this page, these slide quite free of the new window area, and even turn the corner behind the sofa.

MORE CHANGES (right) show the simple new mantel. Fluorescent light tubes are concealed behind a wood valance. Light reflects against the oyster-white ceiling. There are built-ins in the far corner.

CONTEMPORARY SHADE IS EASY TO MAKE

● You need not be especially clever with needle and thread to make this attractive, modern lampshade of fabric and braid.

JUST gather together all the materials needed and follow the simple directions below.

MATERIALS: A semi-drum lampshade frame (8½ inches deep, top diameter 10 inches, lower diameter 12 inches); ¼ or ½yd. of 48in. fabric; bias tape for covering wires (allow 2½ times length of wires); narrow lampshade braid, 6yds. in brown, 1½yds. in yellow; a tube of adhesive.

Note: The amount of fabric required (¼ or ½yd.) will depend on its pattern, because all six sections of the shade should be covered with the same motif. If desired, wider lampshade braid could be used, in which case about 4yds. would be sufficient.

Choose bias binding to match a color in your fabric; also use a matching sewing thread. If possible, choose reversible fabric.

LIGHTEN a room with this attractive, easy-to-make lampshade in the contemporary manner. Easy directions for making the shade are on this page.

HOW TO MAKE

First, bind all wires with bias binding, doing the vertical wires first, then top and lower ones. Bind firmly.

For each section of frame cut a piece of fabric (on the straight) which is ½in. longer than section and 1in. wider than widest part across. Pin to top, stretch to lower edge, and also pin. Stretch simultaneously to both sides and pin. Then sew firmly to bias binding on wires.

Using a sharp pair of scissors, cut only surplus material on left-hand side of section, leaving the rest hanging for the time being (handling will only fray the material), then repeat procedure on section to left, and on all sections until completed. Then cut off all surplus material.

If you have narrow braid, cut a vertical strip in yellow and one in brown for each six joins. Spread adhesive thinly on to the wrong side and glue in place, one yellow and one brown, side by side, over each join.

For top and lower edges, glue braid in place so that one strip is on top of join, one slightly under it. If wider braid is used, just fold braid slightly under when sticking in place. Allow to dry before using shade.

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DAHLIAS AND ROSES, two firm garden favorites, need attention this month. As there are many varieties of each, it's wise for beginners to see the flowers in bloom either at nurseries or friends' gardens before making a final choice.

OCTOBER is the time to . . .

. . . make the first dahlia plantings . . . set out rooted cuttings of chrysanthemums . . . feed and water roses regularly . . . sow seeds of half-hardy summer annuals and vegetables.

THIS is a busy month, but it's all work that will add up to a colorful garden in the months ahead.

Dahlia-lovers should remember not to plant complete dahlia clumps, which carry many tubers, for the resultant growth will be dense and the flowers small.

Instead, cut up the clump with a sharp knife or secateurs. If the tubers have not developed shoots, place them under a heap of moist sand. Before splitting them up, keep them wet until half-inch shoots are reproduced.

Close to stakes, plant the single, shoot-bearing tubers on their sides in rich, well-drained soil. The shoots should point upwards.

After covering the tubers with fertile loam and adding a little bonedust to the soil, firm lightly and water well.

When the growths are about 10 inches high, pluck out the top, leaving just two pairs of good leaves. This induces strong stems and good lateral growths. If they are pinched back again later, good-sized flowers should develop.

Also this month you should:

- **Set out rooted cuttings of chrysanthemums in good-quality soil and full sunlight.**

Give these cuttings plenty of room, particularly if you choose the varieties which are known to spread widely.

If the clumps were left standing during winter, lose no time in dividing them, for the season for setting them out is under way.

For all chrysanthemums, manure the ground well, using well-rotted organic material or compost. Before transplanting, the plants also require lime, but don't give it until about a month after the manure.

If any plants have developed strong growth during spring, strip off dead leaves and pinch out the tops. The chrysanthemums will then develop strong stems and lateral growth to carry the crop successfully during autumn.

- **Lose no time in giving a dose of rose fertiliser to bushes with buds of about a quarter-inch diameter.**

The fertiliser should be raked or forked in with a small handfork, and then watered well.

On early roses, spent blooms should be removed regularly. If you cut the stems back to an outward-pointed node or bud, they will flower again during the next month.

Spray with DDT or nicotine sulphate if aphids appear in clusters round the buds. This chemical will also control thrips.

- **Clean up winter and early spring flower-buds, removing spent plants, such as poppies, nemesias, calendulas, cinerarias, stocks, pansies, and others that make the garden seem shabby and unkempt.**

The next step is to manure these beds with old stable manure, or compost that has rotted well and is brown and friable. New manure should not be used for seedlings of summer annuals or vegetables; it can burn the baby plants below ground level.

- **Prepare the ground for half-hardy annuals, such as asters, zinnias, phlox, globe amaranths, celosia, petunia, African marigolds, portulaca, scabious, snapdragons, dianthus, sweet sultan, salvia, and salpiglossis.**

When transplanting, give the seedlings plenty of elbow-room, for overcrowding is one of the greatest mistakes made by novices. As a result, sturdy plants, such as dahlia-flowered zinnias, which grow to 4ft., and often spread 3ft. wide, never have enough room.

Asters should have 12 inches of space each, and they should be sprayed regularly with DDT to control small green grubs which eat out the central leaves as they appear.

- **Sow seeds of cucumbers, rock melons and watermelons, marrows, squashes, pumpkins, radishes, carrots, parsnips, white turnips, beets, silver beet, spring onions, and lettuce.**

GARDENING

Plant out tomato seedlings, or sow more seeds of early fruiting varieties, which usually escape fruit-fly attack.

Mid-season and late varieties of tomatoes can also be sown, and all should be sprayed regularly with DDT to control thrips, grubs, and green shield beetles.

- **Continue hilling-up early sown potatoes.**

If 28-spot ladybird beetles appear on the foliage, spray with DDT emulsion.

- **Sow couchgrass-seed, or plant out runners of couch or buffalo in well-dug soil.**

Water the runners well and regularly, and the lawn will be ready to mow within about four months in warm districts.

- **Control broadleaved weeds in lawns or vacant ground with 2.4-D.**

Woody weeds must be sprayed with stronger preparations such as 2.4.5-T. Unwanted grass can be killed outright with T.C.A., but this chemical will sterilise the soil for three months.

- **If you have a glasshouse or well-covered bushhouse, plant corms of gloxinias, and tuberous-rooted and basket begonias, or sow seed of foliage plants such as coleus. All need good, fibrous soil and well-drained pots.**

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AI-6

Scandinavian chef gives his smorgasbord recipes

● Many Australian hostesses and housewives are adopting the Scandinavian fashion of serving the traditional smorgasbord as a delicious variation of the buffet-style meal.

SMORGASBORD consists of a collation of many hors d'oeuvres, hot and cold meats, smoked and pickled fish, sausages, cheese, salads, and relishes. As many as 50 different dishes may be served at one meal.

However, when serving smorgasbord for luncheon or supper or for parties in the home, the hostess need prepare only the requisite number of dishes to cater for her guests.

It is interesting to note that some smorgasbord dishes have already been adapted to suit local conditions and ingredients, and that the recipes often carry local names instead of the Scandinavian originals.

Illustrated on this page are several dishes prepared by chef Willi Koeppen (pictured above) at a demonstration to introduce a new smorgasbord section in a Melbourne city store.

Chef Koeppen suggests the dishes be used as either hors d'oeuvres or as the main dinner course.

Here are his recipes:

KOTTBULLAR (Meatballs)

To serve six people: ½lb. minced beef, ½lb. minced veal, 2oz. minced pork, 2 or 3 cups milk, 1 or 2 eggs, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 4 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper.

Put the meat three times through the mincer. Beat the eggs with the milk, add the breadcrumbs, and let them soak until they swell. Fry the chopped onions to a golden brown. Mix the meat with the breadcrumbs, work well together, and add the onion, seasoning with salt and pepper. Shape into small balls and fry in butter. When brown, add 1 cupful of boiling water and simmer for 15 minutes.

Serve with sour cream sauce (see recipe below) or garnish with grated cheese, parsley, and cayenne pepper. Serve either hot or cold.

SOUR CREAM SAUCE

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg-yolk, salt and pepper, ½ pint sour cream.

Melt the butter in a small saucepan, stir in flour without browning. Add the sour cream gradually, stirring continuously. Season with salt and pepper, add the yolk of egg previously mixed with a few tablespoons of warm sauce. Simmer for a few minutes without allowing to boil.

KALSOPPA MED FRIKADELLER

One cabbage, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 3 quarts good stock, 8 to 10 peppercorns.

Remove the outer and coarse leaves of the cabbage and the ribs. Chop the cabbage and cook in butter until a light brown. Add the syrup and stir continuously until thoroughly brown, being careful not to let it get too dark. Add the stock and peppercorns, cover, and simmer for about 2½ to 3 hours.

FRIKADELLER (Meat Croquettes)

One-quarter pound minced beef, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Put the beef three times through the mincer. Mix with the butter, breadcrumbs, flour, and milk. Season with salt and pepper. The mixture should be quite smooth. Shape into very small balls and boil in salted water for about 10 minutes.

CHEF WILLI KOEPPEN, pictured with some of his finished smorgasbord dishes, for which he gives the recipes on this page.

FRIED FILLETS OF SNAPPER

Quantity of snapper required, beer, 1 egg, flour, breadcrumbs, butter.

Cut the fillets of snapper into strips and soak in beer for two hours. Then rub in flour, egg, and breadcrumbs. Fry in butter for five minutes until cooked to a golden crust. Garnish and serve either hot or cold.

SILVER WHITING

To serve five people: 2½lb. silver whiting, sauterne wine, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, flour, olive oil.

Clean the whiting and soak overnight in sauterne. Rub the whiting in flour, egg, and breadcrumbs. Fry in olive oil for five minutes. Serve either hot or cold, preferably cold, garnished with lemon and parsley.

SNAPPER FILLETS (with sour cream sauce)

Quantity of snapper required, chablis wine, 1 lemon, 4 bay leaves, 1 tablespoon sugar, salt.

Put the fillets of snapper in saucepan with equal parts of water and chablis, a lemon cut in four parts, pinch of salt, 4 bay leaves, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cook for 4 to 5 minutes, cool, then dress with sour cream sauce.

INLAGT SILL (Herrings in Vinegar)

Two salt herrings, 3 to 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon white pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onions.

Soak the herrings in cold water for 12 hours, dry, and remove skin and bones. Cut into narrow strips and arrange in a dish. Mix the vinegar with the sugar and pepper and pour over the fish. Garnish with the chopped onion. Serves 6.

KOTTBULLAR (above), garnished with grated cheese, parsley, and cayenne, and surrounded with fresh, crisp lettuce leaves. Kottbullar can be served with sour cream sauce if required.

BELOW: Fillets of snapper are used in this delicious recipe, and are served with sour cream sauce. Garnishes are parsley, lemon, tomato.

SILVER WHITING (above) on a platter. After soaking overnight in sauterne, the fish is covered with flour, egg, and breadcrumbs, then fried in olive oil.

RIGHT: Fried fillets of snapper are garnished with parsley, lemon, and cucumber. As shown here the dish is ready to be served cold. It may also double as a hot dish.

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WHEN THEY SAY "WHAT'S FOR SWEETS"... SERVE

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Mother of the famous Sara Quads
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RECIPES

CARNATION JELLY WHIP

1 packet of jelly crystals or tablet (any flavour you like); 1 cup boiling water; 1 cup Carnation Milk, icy-cold.

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, allow to cool until thick and syrupy. Whip icy-cold Carnation Milk in a chilled bowl until thick, and blend in jelly mixture. Set in ice-chest or refrigerator.

Variations: 1. Add pulp of 3 passionfruit to dissolved jelly. **2.** Just before setting, fold in one cup of diced tinned fruit, well-drained.

Serve Jelly Whip with whipped Carnation or Carnation straight from the can.

QUICK SALAD DRESSING

½ teaspoon mustard; Pinch salt and cayenne pepper; 1 teaspoon sugar; 3 tablespoons Carnation Milk; 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Mix the mustard, salt, pepper and sugar with a small amount of Carnation Milk until smooth. Then stir in balance of milk and the vinegar.

VANILLA ONE WHIP ICE-CREAM

1 large can Carnation Milk; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice-cream. Pour undiluted Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice-cream tray. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and while still hot stir into milk mixture. Place in refrigerator and chill until ice crystals form. Pour into chilled mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

For variations: 1. Add 1 cup tinned pineapple, apricots or peaches, well drained and finely chopped. **2.** For delicious chocolate ice-cream, add 4 heaped teaspoons of drinking chocolate.

WRITE FOR THIS NEW FREE BOOKLET. It's the new Carnation Summer Recipe Booklet, containing over 25 tempting summer dishes. For your free copy write to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

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Carnation is a better cooking milk, because it is top quality, country-fresh milk evaporated to double richness — so rich it whips, so creamy it blends perfectly with all other ingredients. If the recipe calls for milk or cream—use Carnation!

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HOME-MADE CAKES AND BISCUITS

ATTRACTIVE enough to grace the daintiest of afternoon-tea tables are these homely sherried almond biscuits, spicy fruit slices, Sally Lunn bread, orange-date cake, and coconut loaves.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

● When they are oven-fresh and gossamer-light, home-made cakes, bread, and biscuits are wonderful food to serve at afternoon tea and supper. They also make a welcome addition to school and office luncheon packages.

ON this page there is a selection of tested recipes for home-made cakes, bread, and biscuits that you will want to make time and time again.

To help the housewife cater for varying tastes, each basic recipe is provided with an alternative either in flavor or in the method of finishing.

All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.

SHERRIED ALMOND BISCUITS

Three-quarters pound plain flour, 5oz. butter or margarine, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. ground almonds, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry, 1 egg, strawberry jam, icing sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Sift flour and salt into a basin, mix in sugar and ground almonds. Make a well in the centre and add shortening chopped into small pieces, sherry, and the egg. Stir gently until all flour is absorbed, knead lightly, and set aside for 1 hour. Roll out dough into rectangle and cut into halves, fit each half into 2 greased, lined, shallow baking-tins. Mark into oblong pieces 2 x 1½in., and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool, then sandwich pieces together with strawberry jam. Dust with icing sugar and store in airtight tin.

Alternatively the uncooked mixture can be cut into rounds, baked on greased trays, and, when cooked and cooled, joined and topped with lemon or strawberry flavored icing and a piece of angelica.

SPICY FRUIT LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1½ tablespoons golden syrup, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 cup flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½lb. mixed fruit.

Cream shortening and sugar with orange rind. Add eggs one at a time; beat well. Add half the milk mixed with golden syrup, then fruit and flour sifted with baking powder, salt, spice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Lastly fold in sifted wholemeal flour and balance of milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin lined with one layer of paper. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Allow to stand in tin for 15 minutes, turn on to cake-cooler.

An unusual flavor can be given to loaf by omitting golden syrup, adding an extra ¼ cup brown sugar and replacing milk with tomato juice.

COCONUT LOAF CAKE

Half cup shortening, ¾ cup sugar, grated rind of 1 small orange, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup orange juice, ½ cup desiccated coconut.

Cream shortening, sugar, and orange rind. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with orange juice and coconut. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to stand in the tin 10 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

To save mixing and baking time, make double quantity of this mixture. Cook one loaf cake as above, and for the second cake fold ½ cup currants and ¼ cup sliced cherries into the mixture. Sprinkle top with blanched shredded almonds before cooking.

TEA-TIME MACAROONS

Two egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup peanut butter.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff; add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition. Fold in softened peanut butter. Drop by rounded teaspoons 1 inch apart on greased biscuit-trays. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool slightly before removing from pan.

Extra flavorings can be given to these crunchy biscuits by sprinkling them with desiccated coconut, finely chopped nuts, crushed cornflakes, or pieces of candied fruits.

ORANGE-DATE CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, 2 or 3oz. glace or crystallised cherries, ¾ cup chopped dates, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, orange marmalade, icing sugar.

Cream shortening, sugar, and orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add halved cherries and dates. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and baking powder. Fill into two greased 7in. round tins. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Allow to cool, sandwich together with a thin layer of marmalade, and dust top with icing sugar.

This cake mixture is equally nice if spooned into gem or patty tins and baked in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Use sultanas or currants in place of dates if preferred.

SALLY LUNNS

Three-quarter pound flour, ½oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, a good ¼ pint tepid milk, 2oz. butter or margarine, 1 egg-yolk.

Warm flour, place in warm bowl. Cream yeast and sugar, add half the milk, pour into well in flour; sprinkle with a little flour from sides of bowl and leave to prove 10 to 15 minutes. Melt butter, add to remaining milk, salt, and beaten egg. Mix flour and yeast to smooth dough with this mixture, kneading well. Divide into two equal portions, shape into rounds and put each into a well-greased round tin to half fill the tin. Leave to rise to top of tins. Brush with egg-yolk. Bake in hot oven ½ to ¾ hour.

Sally Lunn bread can also be broken into small pieces instead of two, placed side by side on greased trays, and made into individual buns. Ice and serve while hot.

POWDER PUFFS

Two eggs, ½ cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, whipped cream, raspberry jam.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy. Gradually add sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Drop ½ teaspoon at a time on to hot, greased oven-trays. Bake in hot oven 5 to 6 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Join in pairs with cream or jam. Dust on both sides with sifted icing sugar.

To make lady fingers, spoon mixture into greased sponge finger-tins and bake 10 to 12 minutes.

Back-to-back recipes for your file

ORANGE VELVET CAKE

PRAWNS AND RICE

● Quarter cup chopped green pepper, 3 dessertspoons chopped onion, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2½ cups chopped tomatoes, 1½ cups grated cheese, 1lb. prawns, 1 cup rice.

Heat butter or substitute in frying-pan, add green pepper and onion, cook gently until soft but not brown. Stir in flour, salt, and pepper; mix well. Add tomatoes, continue cooking, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in cheese and shelled prawns, stir until cheese is melted and prawns thoroughly reheated. Cook rice in large quantity of boiling salted water until tender (approximately 20 minutes), drain. Serve prawn mixture on large platter, pile cooked rice around edge. Garnish with parsley and lemon. If desired, crab or scallops could replace the prawns used in this recipe.

ONION RELISH

● COOKED: Combine 3½ cups coarsely chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, and ¼ cup chopped red pepper. Cover with hot water; allow to stand 5 minutes. Drain well, add 1 cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, and 1 cup white vinegar. Place in saucepan, stir over low heat 25 to 30 minutes. (Do not allow to boil.) Fill into hot, sterilised jars. Seal.

● UNCOOKED: Peel and core 2 large cooking-apples, peel 1 large onion, halve and remove seeds from 1 red pepper. Combine prepared ingredients with 1 cup seeded raisins, pass through mincer. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon sugar to the minced vegetable mixture; mix well. Fill into sterilised jars, cover tightly, allow to stand 24 hours before using.

To ensure correct rotation in use and in identification of home-made jams, pickles, chutneys, and relishes, be sure to label and date all jars clearly.

CHOC-MALLOW RING

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Everyone knows!

that washing alone cannot make white clothes a dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

. . . only

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ROBIN *Starch*

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! **Reckitt's Blue** and **Robin Starch** —*your perfect washday companions*

TWO RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● An appetising corn and tomato tart topped with a savory meringue wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

THE prizewinning tart is a satisfying and attractive luncheon dish; the filling can be varied to include leftover meats or vegetables if desired.

Nutmilk cookies, a delightful, crunchy biscuit, wins the £1 consolation prize. This recipe contains no eggs or sugar and is simple to prepare.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

SAVORY MERINGUE TART

Pastry-case: Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Filling: One tin creamed corn, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 2 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Sift flour and salt, cut in shortening. Add lemon juice and sufficient water to make a firm dough. Roll out on floured board to ¼in. thickness, line an 8in. tart-plate. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, remove from oven, fill with prepared filling.

To Make Filling: Spread pastry base with corn, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with half the onion and parsley mixed together. Saute sliced tomatoes in a little butter until soft, arrange in pastry-case, dust with salt and pepper. Add balance of onion and parsley and sliced eggs. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in cornflour. Pile on top of tart, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Vernon, 32 Robert Street, Collie, W.A.

NUTMILK COOKIES

Half-cup condensed milk, ½ cup crushed cornflakes, ½ cup soft butter or margarine, ¾ cup coconut, ¾ cup finely chopped dates, ½ cup walnuts (chopped), 3 tablespoons plain flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Place in a large bowl crushed cornflakes, coconut, dates, walnuts, flour, vanilla, and shortening. Add condensed milk and mix well. Form teaspoonfuls of mixture into round balls. Place on to a greased oven-tray and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes or until golden-brown. Loosen with a broad-bladed knife or spatula and leave on tray until cool. Store in an airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Light, 89 The Bulwark, Castlecrag, N.S.W.

FLAVORED with cream cheese and decorated with whipped cream, these pineapple tartlets are just as delicious as they look. See recipe below.

PINEAPPLE TARTLETS

THE fresh, tangy flavor of pineapple combines with the blandness of cream cheese in these tasty tartlets.

PINEAPPLE TARTLETS

Eight ounces sweet short pastry, 1 tin pineapple pieces, ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. cream cheese, whipped cream.

Line small pie or patty tins with short pastry. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Remove from oven, cool. Drain pineapple, add sufficient water to pineapple syrup to make up to ¾ cup. Blend cornflour with a little of the syrup, place in saucepan, add sugar, lemon rind, and balance of syrup. Bring to boil, stirring constantly, cook further 3 minutes. Fold in pineapple; cool. Soften cream cheese, spread over base of each tartlet-case, fill with pineapple mixture. Chill, decorate with cream before serving.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is specially suitable for week-end meals. It costs approximately 7/- and serves five or six.

SAUSAGE TASTIES

One pound thin sausages (about 12), 2 cups mashed potato, 1½ cups mashed pumpkin, 3 tablespoons finely chopped shallots or onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, egg and milk glazing, dry breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Parboil sausages 10 minutes, drain, remove skins. Combine potato, pumpkin, onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Coat sausages with potato-pumpkin mixture, dip in egg and milk glazing, and roll in dry breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden-brown. Serve with tomatoes filled with green peas or corn, and garnish with parsley.

More back-to-back recipes to file

PRAWNS AND RICE

ORANGE VELVET CAKE

● Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 2¼ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, soft butter icing, extra grated orange rind.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add eggs, one at a time, then orange juice; beat well. Fold in sifted flour and baking powder alternately with milk. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Turn out on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, cover top with butter icing, made by beating sufficient icing-sugar into 2oz. butter until of a spreading consistency. Sprinkle with extra orange rind.

Alternatively, this mixture could be filled in an 8in. ring-tin or two 7in. sandwich-tins. Double the quantity of soft butter icing for covering the ring-cake and for both filling and topping of the sandwich-cakes.

CHOC-MALLOW RING

● Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons drinking chocolate (dry powder), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ cup milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, extra 2 tablespoons milk, 3oz. or 4oz. chopped marshmallows, warm chocolate icing or melted chocolate.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add drinking chocolate and brown sugar mixed to a thin paste with milk. Mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with extra milk. Fill into greased 8in. ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When quite cold, arrange chopped marshmallows on top of cake, spoon chocolate icing (made by mixing together 4oz. icing sugar, 1oz. cocoa, and 1½ tablespoons boiling water) or chocolate over. Allow to set before cutting into slices.

ONION RELISH

"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

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"You'll make a cake this good with PUFFIN Cake Mix,"

says **Betty King,** *Home Economist of World Brands*

The kind of cake that wins prizes at the show — rich-tasting as the best butter cake and light as the finest sponge — that's the kind of cake you'll make with Puffin Cake Mix!

Four Minutes from Packet to Oven
It takes just four effortless minutes to work this kind of cake-making magic. You merely add eggs and milk to the Puffin Cake Mix. No creaming or tiring beating, and only *one* bowl needed.

Special Ingredients in Puffin
You just can't buy the fine American-type flour that's in Puffin Cake Mix. Every single pound of this special flour is reserved for Puffin. It's blended with pure, sweet shortening, cane sugar, top-quality raising ingredients and flavourings, all in *exact* proportions. You add the fresh eggs and milk yourself, so you know your cake has home-made goodness.

Lots of tempting cake variations
You'll be proud to serve your Puffin cake and you'll have fun varying the flavourings. See the recipes on the Puffin packet.

Chocolate Frosting

1 lb. icing sugar, 4 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa, 2 oz. butter or margarine, 5 tablespoons milk.

Sift icing sugar and cocoa into basin. *Add* melted butter and milk. *Mix* till smooth and sufficiently thick to spread on cake.

Today! Make this perfect Puffin Cake crowned with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa Icing

For supper with the family or your friends, or for that mid-morning break, enjoy a slice of tender melt-in-the-mouth Puffin Cake with your cup of hot, satisfying cocoa.

Bournville Cocoa is delicious and nourishing — easily digested, too, which makes it the perfect drink from first drink in the morning to last drink at night. It's made by Cadbury's in the ideal factory by mountain and sea.

Try adding some to your Puffin Cake Mix for a delicious chocolate cake.

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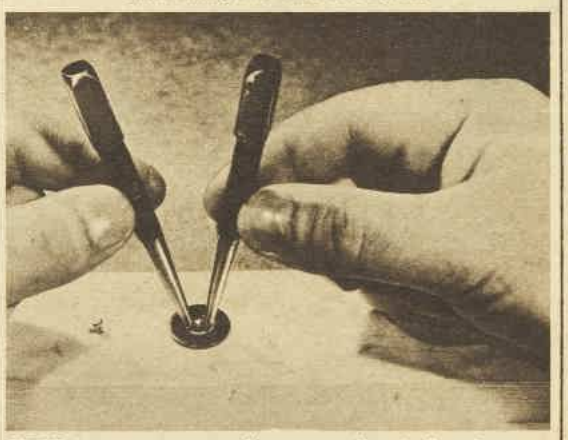
TIPS TO HELP THE HANDYMAN

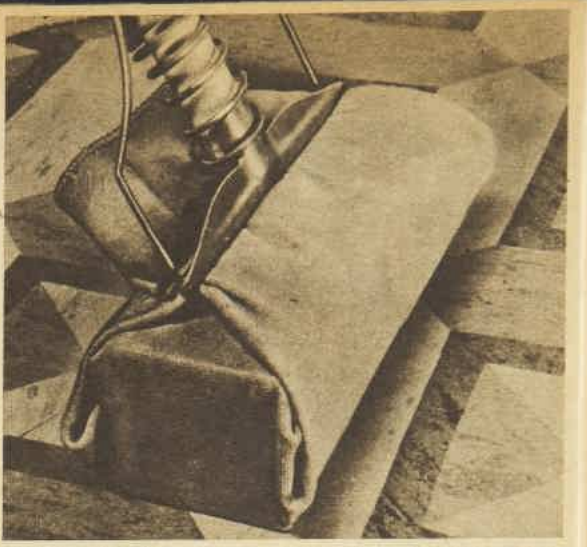
● **In every household, tasks can often be made easier and quicker for the handyman. Here are four worth-while hints that will simplify everyday jobs that must be done around the house.**

PLUMBER'S FRIEND. Regular use of a plunger of the suction-and-pressure type helps avoid clogged drainpipes. Your plunger will work better (because there is a tighter seal) if you first rub a thick coating of petroleum jelly along the flat lower edge of the rubber suction-cup.

USE A WOODEN PADDLE (above) in which several holes have been bored for stirring paint that has become lumpy. The lumps will be forced through these holes and broken up. In this way the paint becomes smooth more quickly, and mixing will take less effort.



HERE is an easy way to lift out a nail so it doesn't gouge out a piece of wood. Drop a small washer over the nail-head. Place two nail sets on opposite sides of the nailhead within the washer and drive them in about 1-8th in. Then pry the nail sets outward and they will lift the nail, leaving a small, clean hole. This can easily be filled afterwards.



FINER SHINER. You can improvise a workable floor-polisher from a brick, a mop handle, and a piece of soft, sturdy cloth. Wrap the brick snugly in the cloth, fold the ends neatly, and slip through the attachment at the end of an ordinary floor-mop handle.

Miss Precious Minutes

● **Below are more suggestions for saving time and money in the home.**

PIECES of fine sandpaper kept in an envelope in your sewing basket are handy for cleaning rusty needles. A blunted needle can be sharpened by running it carefully through a fine piece of pumice.

★ ★ ★

IF your kitchen linoleum splits, try applying melted sealing wax. This comes in various shades, so you should be able to match the color of the floor covering.

★ ★ ★

WHEN lengthening curtains that are too short, always add the extra material at the top instead of the bottom. In this way the seams can be concealed by trimming and you avoid a patched look.

★ ★ ★

COUNTING a large number of stitches when knitting is a tiresome job. Simplify the task by knitting in a long colored thread with every tenth stitch. These threads can be pulled out later.

★ ★ ★

HOT liquid will cool much quicker if you place a saucer of ice on top of the container, because hot air rises and cold air falls.

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AS-MO-LETS

Cotton lace handknit

● The lovely knitted lace evening blouse shown at right is made of fine cotton and features a feminine open-work pattern. The directions given below are for a size 34in. bust.

Materials: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; 6 balls selected color; 1 pr. Milwards "disc" knitting needles No. 12.

Tension: 9 sts. and 14 rows to 1in. over pattern.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length from shoulder, 20½in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); y.fwd., yarn forward; tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loop; st-st., stocking-stitch.

Note: It is most important to knit a tension sample first, as on it will depend the accuracy of the final measurements. Work a tension sample 2in. square, following the pattern. Dip the sample in water or a slight starch solution, roll in a towel to remove the surplus moisture, then pin it out, wrong side upwards, on a piece of graph paper, matching the straight of the knitting to the vertical and horizontal lines of the graph paper. Press firmly with a medium hot iron on a dry cloth until the sample is dry. Count out and mark with pins 2in. vertically and horizontally in the centre of the sample. If the number of stitches and rows is different from that quoted as the correct tension of the garment, the tension of the knitting must be altered and a new sample produced.

KNITTED LACE in fine cotton makes this lovely scoop-necked blouse for evening wear. The yoke is worked in an open pattern and is finished with a picot edge.

FRONT

Cast on 162 sts. Starting with a p row, work 5 rows in st-st.

6th Row: K 2, * y.fwd., k 2 tog.; rep. from * to end of row.

7th Row: Purl.

Work 6 more rows in st-st., ending with a p row.

Now work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * k 1, p 3, k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 3, p 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., p 2; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: P 2, * k 2, p 3; rep. from * to end of row.

5th Row: K 2, * y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2 tog., y.fwd., k 1; rep. from * to end of row.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: * P 3, k 2; rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

8th Row: K 2, * p 2, k 3; rep. from * to end of row.

9th Row: K 1, p 1, * k 2 tog., y.fwd., k 1, p 2; rep. from * to end of row.

10th Row: * K 2, p 3; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

11th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., y.fwd., k 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l.; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

12th Row: Purl.

Cont. working in patt., dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every following 3rd row until there are 122 sts. on needle. Work 14 rows without shaping, when the 7th rep. of patt. should be completed. Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of the next and every following 4th row until there are 160 sts. on needle. (The new sts. are to be worked in patt. in the row following the increases.)

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of next 9 rows (142 sts.). Work 4 rows without shaping.

Next Row: Work 62 sts. in patt., cast off 18 sts., work 62 sts. in patt. Turn, keeping the armhole edge straight, cont. on this set of 62 sts. as follows:

1st Row: Work in patt.

2nd Row: Cast off 8 sts. (neck edge), work in patt. to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

5th Row: Work in patt.

6th Row: Cast off 6 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

7th Row: Work in patt.

8th Row: Cast off 4 sts., work in patt. to end of row. Rep. 7th and 8th rows until all sts. are cast off. Join thread and work rem. 62 sts. to correspond.

BACK

Work as for front until there are 160 sts. on needle.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every alt. row until there are 146 sts. left.

Next Row: Work 64 sts. in patt., cast off 18 sts., work 64 sts. in patt.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., work in patt. to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

Cont. as given for front (the next row to be knitted being the 5th row of neck-edge shaping).

Join thread and work other 64 sts. to correspond.

NECK EDGING (Back)

Cast on 135 sts., work 2 rows in st-st.

3rd Row: K 2 tog. at beg. and end of row.

4th to 6th Row: Work in st-st.

7th Row: K 2, * y.fwd., k 2 tog.; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: Purl.

Work 6 rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of last row.

Now work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: * K 3 (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 5 times, k 1 (y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l.) 5 times, k 3; rep. from * 4 times more.

2nd and Every Alt. Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 4, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 4 times, k 3, (y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l.) 4 times, k 4; rep. from * 4 times more.

4th Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of row.

Rep. last 4 rows twice more, working the inc. sts. at beg. and end of every 4th row in st-st.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more.

15th Row: K 3, * k 4, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 4 times, (k 1, y.fwd.) 3 times, (k 2 tog t.b.l, y.fwd.) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 4; rep. from * 4 times more, k 3.

16th Row: Purl.

17th Row: K 3, * k 3, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 5 times, k 3 (y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l.) 5 times, k 3; rep. from * 4 times more, k 3.

18th Row: Purl.

19th Row: K 3, * k 4, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 5 times, k 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l.) 5 times, k 4; rep. from * 4 times more, k 3.

20th Row: P, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of row.

21st Row: K 4, * k 3, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 5 times, k 3, (y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l.) 5 times, k 3; rep. from * 4 times more, k 4.

22nd Row: Purl.

23rd Row: K 4, * k 4, (k 2 tog., y.fwd.) 5 times, k 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l) 5 times, k 4; rep. from * 4 times more, k 4.

Rep. last 4 rows once more, working the inc. sts. in st-st.

28th Row: Purl.

29th Row: K 7, inc. 1 st. in next st., * k 9, inc. 1 st. in next st.; rep. from *, ending with k 7.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

37th Row: K 25, cast off loosely to last 25 sts. Place 2 sets of 25 sts. on a spare needle.

NECK EDGING (Front)

Work same as back neck edging, but k 28 sts. at beg. and end of 36th row instead of 25 sts.

TO MAKE UP

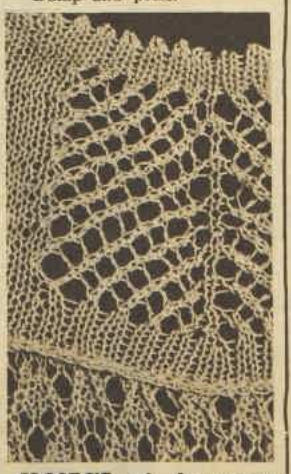
Join shoulder seams of front and back neck edgings. Slip 25 and 28 sts. on to one needle and work one row of K 2 tog., y.fwd., finishing hem with 6 rows of st-st. Cast off.

Work other 53 sts. in same manner.

Press front and back.

Join side seams. Turn in ¼in. at the armhole edges and hemstitch. Now turn under all hems and slip-stitch.

Damp and press.



CLOSE-UP of the pattern shows the fine knitted lace of the yoke and bodice.

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FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

CHAPLIN STILL HAS MAGIC

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

● Charles Chaplin is possibly the only film-maker in the world whose picture could create its own blackmarket.

TYPICAL Chaplinesque gag. King Shahdov entertains Dawn Addams at dinner party by filling his hostess' mouth with cutlery to demonstrate what it is like in a dentist's chair.

BEFORE the London world premiere of "A King In New York" a flourishing blackmarket existed for its officially unavailable stills.

French and Italian papers were specially active in outbidding one another to get their hands on advance material from the film that had been four years in the making.

Charlie was by turns furious and resigned about this. His attitude about letting the Press in has always been strict.

Says he, "I don't want people in my hair while I am concentrating on making a film. Anyway, the world has a mental image of me as a little man with cane, a bowler, and a moustache.

"In spite of my latest films that is how they insist on picturing me. Whereas, in fact, I am a white-haired old man and I cannot pretend to be anything else for them."

"A King In New York" has taken four years to reach the screen. That is the average time Chaplin takes to see a picture through. He insisted, as always, on doing everything himself.

One of his assistants told me, "He will not delegate a thing. Personally, I think he does too much and that it becomes a fault. But, then, if he didn't have that instinct for perfection behind it as the reason, we wouldn't have a Chaplin."

The only real reason why Chaplin remains inscrutable to the public lies in his shyness of interviewers. But quite capriciously he will suddenly lower the barrier and agree, on an impulse, to a particular interview.

On these occasions he is almost astonishingly frank and cuts almost brutally through to the truth.

One of the most astounding examples of his frankness — admittedly not in a newspaper interview—came when he reflected and turned to an aide: "You know," he murmured, "I am better known throughout the world than the Lord."

He was neither blaspheming nor boasting. He meant it. The Christian Bible has not penetrated to as many corners of the world as the great array of famous Chaplin films—the celebrated silents which required no language, no missionaries to captivate instantly with their rollicking message.

"A King In New York" takes its expected crack at America and the established institutions of today — television, juke-boxes, witch-hunting.

It is Chaplin's "Modern Times" brought up to date, the story of a king who is deposed from his European throne and seeks exile in America.

It tells of the awesome impact of that country on a Continental monarch who till then had led a relatively sheltered life.

The biggest surprise of the film is the emergence of another of Chaplin's sons—Michael, aged 10—as an able young actor, obviously operating under father's careful eye.

Chaplin was looking round for a boy to play the part of the son of a couple accused in the United States of Communist activities by the un-American Activities Committee.

The ex-king discovers the boy reading a book by Karl Marx, befriends him, argues politics with him, and in his turn is himself accused of Communist affiliations.

"I can play it, Dad," said young Michael. He had already made a brief appearance as a child extra in "Limelight."

"Try it," Chaplin said.

The reading was first-class. Michael Chaplin had his first big speaking part.

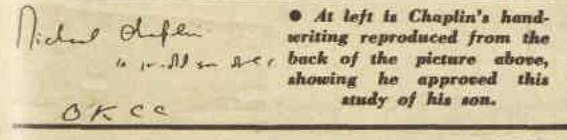
Where everybody expected Chaplin to be bitter, to use the plot of "A King In New York" to lash the America which had attacked him for his political views, his new film lets off his witch-hunting enemies lightly.

He is not so very sore at America. Before he left for exile it is believed he had placed large sums abroad. But, in addition, when he actually left the United States the authorities let him transfer a vast sum.

"They let me take 5,000,000 dollars with me," he once confided, wagging his head in wonder.

Maybe that's why his latest film is a gentle joke without too much sting.

"After all," Chaplin says, "remember this. If I'd made it in Russia it would be a sight worse. They'd have packed me off to Siberia."



● At left is Chaplin's handwriting reproduced from the back of the picture above, showing he approved this study of his son.

Vilene INTERLINING

The secret of professional dressmaking success as easy as ABC for you to use at home

VILENE MAKES AND KEEPS THE SHAPE IN NEW NECKLINES
You can sew professional dressmaker shape into even the most complicated of necklines with magic Vilene interlining. New neckline illustrated here is shaped with Mediumweight Vilene.

Now YOU can sew that professional dressmaker' shape into the clothes you make at home with wonder interlining Vilene. Vilene is washable, dry-cleans, easy to use — and, most important, holds the shape so well that you don't need to use starch!

VILENE INTERLINES 'MY FAIR LADY' EVENING GOWN
Bodice is interlined with Heavyweight, top of skirt with Lightweight, the full flaring lower skirt with Mediumweight.

VILENE INTERLINES DRESSING GOWN
The prettiest new dressing gown you ever saw is completely interlined with Lightweight Vilene, belt and all.

PIN THIS UP OVER YOUR MACHINE

What Weight to Use Chart

FEATHERWEIGHT	Vilene 40	Combine with fine silks, nylons, soft woollens.
LIGHTWEIGHT	Vilene 50	For collars, cuffs, facings, and as a complete interlining for the Princess and Empire lines.
MEDIUMWEIGHT	Vilene 65 Grey 70	Summer frocks, stand-up collars, flaring half slips, and collars of heavy woollen topcoats.
HEAVYWEIGHT	Vilene 80	Strapless bodices, belts, waistbands, Wedding Gown petticoats, hats, beachbags, cummerbunds.

VILENE, THE NON-WOVEN MIRACLE INTERLINING, IS NOW AVAILABLE AT YOUR STORE

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all the coolness and colour of spring!

ACTIL-SHRUNK
FASCO
THE ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

• GUARANTEED ACTIL-SHRUNK
• GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS
• CRISP COTTON SMARTNESS

AN ACTIL PRODUCT

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

Springtime's refreshing coolness and enchanting colours are found in fashionable Fasco, the all-purpose fabric that wears and wears. Cotton crisp Fasco is for males and females of all ages . . . for smart sports shirts and dance skirts, slacks and playtogs, tunics and blouses . . . for town, hills and beach.

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED
Makers of ACTIL SHEETS • PILLOW CASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

Kay Kendall in new musical

SHOWGIRL Kay Kendall listens pensively as Gene Kelly, the boss with whom she is secretly in love, tries to reason with her in this scene from the Metrocolor CinemaScope musical of theatrical life, "Les Girls."

ABOVE. Sinking their differences, Taina, Kay, and Mitsi decide to have a birthday party for Kelly in their apartment.

BELOW. Backstage, the showgirl smiles vanish from the faces of Taina, Kay, and Mitsi, whose love affairs have become entangled.

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FILM FAN-FARE

● Kay Kendall's first Hollywood film, "Les Girls," casts her as the English member of an international song-and-dance act.

She marries a title, writes her autobiography, and becomes the central figure of a headline libel suit brought by another member of the troupe.

Defending herself in court, Kay recalls the madcap days when she, Taina Elg, and Mitzi Gaynor travelled Europe in Gene Kelly's touring musical act, "Barry Nelson and Les Girls."

Peppy little Mitzi, since cast in the lead role of the film version of "South Pacific," plays the American member of the troupe, Joy.

Finnish-born Taina Elg has the part of the French girl, Angele, whose claim to have been slandered in the autobiography sets off the M.G.M. film's flashback story.

Cole Porter wrote eight new songs for this musical.

ABOVE. Wearing an Orry Kelly flowerbasket costume, Taina Elg, the latest recruit to the troupe, rehearses for one of the show's numbers.

BELOW. Barry Nelson (Gene Kelly) and Les Girls (Taina Elg, Kay Kendall, and Mitzi Gaynor). Love finally breaks up the show.

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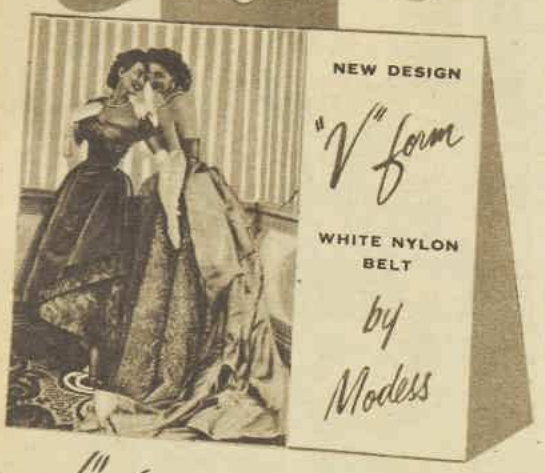
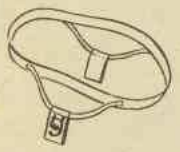
Now BRAND NEW comfort and security with this completely new ALL WHITE NYLON Belt



"V" form BY Modess

New in design and materials, it provides Australian women with the most comfortable belt ever! This revolutionary belt, all nylon, adjusts comfortably to every change of position. Stand, sit or walk, it remains firmly in place! Completely washable, this wide, all nylon, elastic belt dries in a jiffy. Fitting waists 22-34", the special "V" Form shape holds napkin ends securely.



Another

Modess *first!*

Choose now from this Modess Belt range

V-FORM—ALL NYLON
5/11

ADJUSTA-FORM
3/6

FINE-FORM
1/11

Product of Johnson & Johnson—the most trusted name in surgical dressings

JM78/12.2

1 WAITING for a stagecoach at a frontier hotel, dance-hall girl Linda pulls a gun when she suspects Robertson, bank robber on the run, of having cheated at a card game with John Lund.

2 CONFRONTING his brother (Homeier), Robertson accuses him of double-crossing for the loot, and, after a gun-fight, forces Homeier to leave town unarmed and without any companion.

DAKOTA INCIDENT

3 DISREGARDING DANGER, Linda, Robertson, and Lund set out in the coach after it arrives in town blood-stained and empty. Robertson drives, with Lund sitting beside him on guard.

★ A story of frontier violence and romance in the early untamed West, "Dakota Incident" tells of a small group of people who, for their own reasons, are prepared to chance a risky stagecoach journey together during a Cheyenne uprising. They are a dance-hall girl, a bandit, a Senator, and a man wrongly accused of crime.

Stars of this Republic picture, filmed in Trucolor, are Linda Darnell, one-time boxer Dale Robertson, John Lund, Ward Bond, and former child star Skip Homeier, now a six-footer with a new acting career well under way.

4 FINDING the body of Homeier at a waterhole, the coach passengers, having seen the gun-fight at the hotel, blame Robertson for the death, and agree they'll lay charges against him at the first outpost reached.

5 DRIVING ON, the coach is attacked by Indians, and during the mad rush to safety it overturns and is wrecked, leaving the occupants stranded in hostile territory.

6 AFTER making a desperate stand in a protective gully, only Linda and Robertson survive the continued torture of thirst, hunger, and constant attack by Cheyennes.

7 IN GRATITUDE, a young Indian whose life Robertson had spared returns with horses and water, assuring the two survivors a safe passage through Indian territory on their way to a new life together.

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For Outdoor (or indoor) Entertaining

TRY THIS

Mother's Choice "Cheddarnut Loaf"

...with the baked-on cheese and mustard topping!

Here's a wonderful tangy, barbecue loaf to win compliments next time you entertain outdoor-style or go picnicking. It goes just as well with tasty indoor suppers, too, or as a family treat for Sunday nights. It's "MOTHER'S CHOICE" Cheddarnut Loaf with a baked-on cheese and mustard topping—just the thing to go with sizzling hamburgers, barbecue steak, chops, sausages, cold meats or salad! Baked with superfine, harvest-fresh "MOTHER'S CHOICE" Flour, it will rise light and high . . . with the addition of chopped walnuts giving it extra texture surprise . . .

contains AEROPHOS
ENTOLETED for Purity
date-stamped
for FRESHNESS
VITAMIN-ENRICHED
for good wholesome nourishment

Barbecue-style entertaining

. . . Any entertaining . . . is always happier, more friendly, when set off by KINKARA tea. There's such good Australian hospitality in KINKARA – see how your guests enjoy the first fragrant, flavour-filled cup and come back for more! You'll find there's no other tea that gives more lift, more full-flavoured drinking pleasure or more cups per pound than KINKARA.

KINKARA TEA *-it's the most!*

CLIP OUT THIS RECIPE

"Mother's Choice" Cheddarnut Loaf

Rub . . . . 3 level dessertspoons shortening and 1½ oz. very finely chopped walnuts into 3 cups "Mother's Choice" Self-Raising Flour sifted with 1 level teaspoon salt.

Mix . . . . to a soft dough with 1¼ cups milk.

Knead . . into a loaf shape on well-floured board, and then place in previously greased 10" x 4½" loaf pan.

Stir . . . . 6 ozs. grated cheese, 2 level tablespoons butter, 1 level teaspoon mustard over low heat until just melted, then spread over dough.

Cook . . . in hot oven 25-30 min. (test with a straw).

Serve . . . sliced and buttered with cold meats, salads, pickles, etc., or with hamburgers, barbecue steak, sausages, chops, bacon . . .

Best made the day before use.

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Now...a bandage you spray on!

Amazing New

ANTISEPTIC **HEALEX**

It's the bandage and antiseptic in one!

A COMPLETE FIRST-AID FOR all MINOR INJURIES

ISN'T IT JUST WHAT YOU WANTED? *"Here, at last,"* you'll say, *"is the complete answer to my home first-aid needs. A bandage I can actually SPRAY on that CONTAINS ITS OWN ANTISEPTIC . . . it not only SEALS OUT dust, dirt and germs but helps prevent infection and promotes rapid healing all at the one time and all through the one simple action."*

Yet, even realising the wonder of this remarkable new kind of bandage application, you won't *fully* appreciate just how much it is going to mean to you until you actually have antiseptic HEALEX *in your home.*

For then, from the moment you have HEALEX, the treatment of cuts, scratches, "skinned" knees and elbows, "cracked" skin and ALL minor injuries will become a simple, automatic, FOOL-PROOF thing!

Psssssst! You spray ANTISEPTIC HEALEX on! In less than a second you've completely protected the wound under a comfortable, flexible, almost invisible covering that doesn't restrict movement, will never fall off — even formerly impossible to bandage places — won't rub off or wash off — even in the bath or while washing-up, yet just peels off when desired.

Psssssst! Just like that. The bandage is on and the wound is completely protected. No need for iodine or other antiseptics, no messing with old-fashioned bulky fabric bandaging, no searching for ointments, adhesives, no redressing of the same wound, because HEALEX will never get soiled or dirty, never fail in its antiseptic, healing action.

Just think of how easy it's going to be to treat those minor wounds now! Every day you're going to be glad you've got Antiseptic HEALEX SPRAY BANDAGE — the complete first-aid home treatment.

DAD!

HEALEX is ideal for those shaving nicks, too! No more soiled collars. No more obvious adhesives. No risk of infection.

- **HEALEX IS COMFORTABLE, FLEXIBLE** — ideal for elbows, knuckles, knees, ankles because it gives with the movement of joints — won't fall off!
- **HEALEX IS WASHABLE, WATERPROOF, DURABLE** — won't wash or rub off, is not affected by swimming, washing, household chores, YET PEELS OFF WHEN DESIRED.
- **HEALEX IS TRANSPARENT** — lets you see the wound heal.
- **HEALEX CONTAINS ITS OWN ANTISEPTIC** — No other ointments or antiseptics necessary.
- **HEALEX effectively keeps out germs, dust, dirt — YET LETS THE WOUND BREATHE.**

Each can contains nearly 200 applications — your year's supply of bandages and antiseptics!

COSTS LESS THAN ONE PENNY PER BANDAGE

YOU MUST HAVE HEALEX IN YOUR HOME. GET HEALEX SPRAY BANDAGE NOW, BEFORE THE ACCIDENT HAPPENS.

Your Chemist has HEALEX —a Peter Barry Product

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Continuing .... **Young Man With a Pram**

from page 25

disturbing gravity of his eyes did not change. After that it was easy.

They sat together on the same seat, the child trotting back between expeditions to embrace the knees of either of them indiscriminately. They talked about children in general, and Nicholas in particular.

True, it was still Nicole who did nine-tenths of the talking, but it would not always be like that. Two or three such casual meetings in the park and the coolness of his silence would begin to thaw. She thought she could feel already the pressure of words building up like flood-water behind the ice, as though he had not really talked to anyone for a long time, and the spate, when it came, might be of a kind to wash them both away bodily.

She judged it best to go away this time without confidences, yet at the last moment, when she had already taken a respectful leave of Nicky, she suddenly found herself saying: "His mother must be very proud of him." She felt cold with dismay at the ease with which her own voice uttered this disingenuous sentiment; Nicky's mother was in the O'Farrell vault in a cemetery in Ottawa, and she knew it.

"His mother's dead," said the young man with the pram, flatly and simply.

She stammered regrets, gratefully thinking that at least her painful blush could pass for a sign of embarrassment at a faux pas rather than shame for an act of treachery. But she was still trembling as she said, with labored calm, "It's difficult and sad for you bringing up a baby alone."

He was just tucking Nicky back into the pram, and he looked up at her over the hood for a moment with a face suddenly open and vulnerable as a child's, and said, "Yes——" as though the ice would break then, and the words would pour out of him into her receptive heart.

But, after all, nothing happened; he fastened the strap, and said goodbye to her, and wheeled his son away out of the park, back to the dingy lodgings and the elderly and censorious landlady, back to the difficulties and discomforts she had made it her business to discover before she commented on them.

It was a pity, she thought, as she walked slowly back to her hotel, to do one's work as well as that, and then to have to feel ashamed of it. By this time she had recognised the feeling, and she did not like it at all.

She put through a call on the transatlantic telephone that evening. All the miles of ocean recoiled and fled from between her and her employer when she heard the voice of fine brass, high, imperious, and sharply defined even at that distance, demanding: "Well, Miss Seldon? I expected a progress report from you earlier than this."

Nicole could see her very vividly at that moment, rigidly erect behind her desk in the innermost and holiest shrine of the O'Farrell magazine empire; sophisticated to the point where sophistication came round again into the purely barbaric, with her lacquered, silver-mauve hair, and her enamelled face, and her ageing, ageless body, the matriarchal goddess of a vast dynasty.

"I wanted to be able to report fully when I called you, Mrs. O'Farrell. Yes, I've found them. I'm ringing from a small Midland town—I'll write you the full details. Mr. Paule is working here as a building inspector. He's had rather a hard time trying to find a job that would allow him to keep the boy with him. There were plenty of appointments he could have had if he would have considered parting with his son, but he wouldn't hear of it.

> **Those who live for the future must always appear selfish to those who live for the present.**
> —*R. W. Emerson*

"The salary he's getting isn't fat, but it keeps them—but he was on his beam-ends when he took it, and there can't be anything in reserve. He's living in lodgings in Cameron Street, not far from here, with a widow—"

Mrs. O'Farrell inquired alertly, "Young?"

"Over sixty. No, there's nothing there, his proceedings are blameless. I've seen her—not a very pleasant woman, as a matter of fact. She gets extra for baby-minding for him, but she resents having to do it.

"He's taken to carting the baby round with him on his journeys whenever it's at all possible, and leaving him with her only when he must. But I don't suppose his employers particularly like his hauling a child round with him during working hours—or taking most of his office work home with him, as he does, for the same reason. I made contact with them in the park today," she said.

"Them? You've seen my grandson?" Her grandson, that was precisely what Nicky was to her; the father was an unfortunate and almost irrelevant circumstance, best ignored.

"Yes. He looks fine. He broke the ice for us."

"Do you think there's any likelihood of that man seeing reason now, and acting in the child's interests?"

Nicole said flatly, "If you mean, will he give him up, either in consideration of a thumping down-payment for himself, or in order to make Nicholas rich—no, he won't. You may as well give up the idea of buying him out. He's got what he wants."

"Then we must get at him by other means," said Mrs. O'Farrell grimly. "I shall file suit there for custody of my daughter's boy. Find me some irregularity in his private life—anything that will make a basis for a case that he's no fit and proper person to bring up a child.

"That's no suitable life the boy's leading—dragged around in a car all day or left behind with strangers. A good lawyer could make a lot out of that. And the mere threat of expensive proceedings at law might be enough to frighten him into coming to terms, if he's as poor as you say."

"It might," said Nicole. "But my impression is he'll fight you to the last ditch."

"All the more reason why we should have as much material against him as we can. Find it, Miss Seldon! If necessary, make it!"

MAKE it, thought Nicole, replacing the receiver slowly. Get to know him better; use your undoubted charms. Surely you can find ways and means of making a man neglect his usual precautions against entanglements?

Long enough, for instance, to stay out late a night or two, and leave that rather formidable landlady of his fuming about fathers who shirk their responsibilities. She might make a very strong witness, especially if she suspected any goings-on with a woman. Nicole made a face of disgust at the whole distasteful conception. But the next day she took care to encounter the Paule perambulator in the park on its midday airing.

It took four days for Edric Paule's ice to give way. It happened quite gently, while they were sitting under the prunus tree, watching Nicholas roll a large colored ball about the grass.

Almost abruptly, but in a quiet tone, Edric said: "Nicky's mother was Canadian. I've been wanting to tell you—if you care to hear about our troubles?"

And the ice began to melt slowly and gratefully, and speech flowed in little gathering rivulets. She sat silent, listening, her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon his face.

"She was over here with another girl on a long holiday, and at the time I happened to be filling in on courier jobs while I was waiting to take up a new appointment. I acted as guide on one of those luxury coach tours of Britain—laid on mainly for overseas tourists. That's how I met her.

"Cariss was the prettiest thing you ever saw. We both took it badly. When the time came for them to go home—well, Cariss stayed. We got married in London. Will you believe me, it wasn't until some newspaper got hold of her name and we hit the headlines that I knew what being Cariss O'Farrell really meant? I'd known she was fairly well off, of course; she didn't have to count it—but I'm not up in financial information.

"I never realised she was heiress to millions of dollars, nor that from her mother's point of view I was nothing short of a disaster. She'd been thinking in terms of dukes and princes, you see. Still, Cariss had no actual money of her own when she married me, and I didn't see why I shouldn't support a wife reasonably well without accepting any pension from her mother. There was a considerable row, but it blew over. Seemed to blow over," he corrected sombrely, frowning into his linked hands as if he saw the past there.

"We got an imperial summons — you know, come home, darling, all forgiven. And after all, Cariss naturally wanted to go and show me to her family and have me charm them into putting down their shotguns. It was only going to be a visit, just for the purpose of reconciliation and to work out civilised terms between us."

He laughed. "Unfortunately that wasn't Mrs. O'Farrell's plan at all. It was a disaster, but not an irretrievable one. She set out to retrieve me. She didn't waste a moment in going to work on Cariss. Inside a week it was taken for granted that we stayed. I was to have a job in one of the family firms, and, of course, we should move in with mother.

"I was pretty dumb myself, it took me just a little too long to realise how far the undermining process had gone; and by the time I made up my mind to get out and go home it was already too late. I should have had to go without my wife. And I wanted my wife. I went on wanting her for a very long time after she'd given up wanting me.

"I expect," he said simply, "my charms would have worn pretty thin in the end, in any case. But what really broke the thing to pieces was Nicky."

The boy was trotting after his ball along the edge of the grass. He heard his name and turned to look back at them with a flashing grin.

"When she found out he was coming, she went into screaming hysterics: she could do it at will. After that I knew it was over, she couldn't bear the sight of me, I only reminded her what a fool she'd been, how she'd saddled herself with months of discomfort and a baby she didn't want. That was all that was left.

"She'd have divorced me then, as her mother wanted her to do, only I wouldn't come in on the deal, and she couldn't find any real grounds, though she had detectives on my heels all the past eight months. And

To page 62

SWEET and SOUR

● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I WILL be 40 next birthday and am the mother of five children aged from 18 years down to three. I recently escorted Jon, my three-year-old, to a party. During the afternoon my hostess made some remark about my eldest, whereupon another guest, a new acquaintance, said: "I can hardly believe it. I was just about to ask if Jon was your first and only child."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. L. M. Fitzgerald, 18 Station View Street, Mitchelton, Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

I WAS complaining to my uncle one day about being small.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "all the best things come in small parcels, even poison."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. South, 11 Macquarie Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

● *Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander." The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

"Ticatina" to the fore—the dressy Bruck crepe-like material that's going to be so much admired this Spring. Here you see this soft-draping fabric in a perfect Susan styling. The slim-fitting gathered bodice will appeal to the smarter woman. You'll love *"Ticatina's"* Paris inspired shades.

Adelyn

SUSAN FITTING SSW-OS
STYLE 397

ALL LEADING STORES STOCK ADELYN

1957 GOLD MEDAL FASHION AWARD BEAUTEE-FIT

America's highest bra fashion award again won by

Beautee-Fit

ADJUSTABAND

Made under licence in Australia by LA MODE

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES

THE LIVING BUSH

All-color picture book of nature, with 64 pages of best quality art paper shows you Australia's strange animals, colorful birds, and beautiful flowers. See order coupon in this issue. Price 7/6.

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Can you wash your hair . . .

and go straight out?

A new and revolutionary shampoo. This is the magic of Sunsilk — it washes beautifully but it can't *overwash*. The secret is simple. Sunsilk is so rich, so thorough that it washes your hair gloriously, fragrantly clean with just *one* gentle lather.

Really clean—without overwashing. With Sunsilk there's no need for a second lather, as with ordinary shampoos . . . no risk of washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair silky and easy to do.

Your one rich Sunsilk lather does all the work of two . . . polishing every single strand . . . washing thoroughly, but so gently that your hair is smooth and gleaming, easy to manage the moment it's dry. Try one-lather Sunsilk for your next shampoo — your hair will never look lovelier.

Gleaming more manageable hair with only one lather

Bubble 1/3; big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9.

PEARS **Sunsilk** SHAMPOO

FROM THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS PEARS SOAP

SK.7.WW144g

Continuing . . . . Young Man With a Pram

from page 61

I, who could have found plenty of grounds — but never mind that.

"Anyhow, I wanted more than anything on earth not to be divorced, because of Nicky. Maybe I'd have let her have her own way, because by that time I was rather as completely washed-up as she was — but I wasn't going to let go of Nicky. I nearly killed myself avoiding all the little pits they dug for me. But it was Cariss who killed herself, driving back from a party to which I pointedly hadn't been invited. She was tight at the time," he said dispassionately, and sat quiet for a moment, gazing at Nicole with a melancholy smile.

Nicole remembered the night of that crash, Mrs. O'Farrell's frozen, ravaged calm, her strident voice laying this and every other crime at the door of her son-in-law.

"The day after the funeral," said Edric Paule with deliberation, "Mrs. O'Farrell offered me a hundred thousand dollars to hand over all my rights in Nicky to her. It wasn't that I minded her trying, so much—I could understand how she might want him, even if Cariss hadn't—what made me mad was that she took it so completely for granted that I should accept.

"No other possibility existed. Everything had a price on it: she had only to go high enough. She raised her offer three times before she could even begin to realise that no meant no. And after that I knew I should never be safe there. I couldn't fight all that money, not on its own ground. I knew that if I stayed there she'd get him sooner or later, and, anyhow, I wanted to get out and come home. So I took Nicky and beat it back to England by air. I shouldn't even have felt safe waiting for a ship to sail."

He raised his head and smiled very gently at Nicole's pale, still face. "Even here I don't always feel completely safe. That much money reaches an awfully long way, you know."

Nicole said: "I'm glad you told me." There was nothing else she could yet trust herself to say . . .

She was called to the telephone very early that evening. Without preamble her employer's voice demanded in her ear: "Have you nothing to tell me yet? I want results, Miss Seldon!"

"I was about to write to you," said Nicole. "But there aren't any results to report, except negative ones. I've been seeing Mr. Paule every day, and made very full inquiries about him. There's nothing irregular in his life—nothing at all you could bring up against him in court."

"The man doesn't exist," said Mrs. O'Farrell inflexibly, "against whom nothing could be brought up in court. All I ask of you is a few trifles to work on—I will provide the talent to turn them into a case. The least compromising circumstance——"

"There are no compromising circumstances. He lives like a hermit, and he loves his boy."

"Then make them! You seem to have wormed your way into his confidence—make use of your advantage."

Nicole stood staring into the glass above the receiver, astonished at the serenity of her own face, and the calm of her voice as she asked quietly: "What do you suggest?"

"Must I be the one to make the suggestions? This landlady you mentioned—I assume she could be relied upon to make trouble if he let the case of the child slip too much upon her shoulders? And to talk, if he gave her any occasion? Lead him on. Get him to take you out some evening, and make sure that he doesn't get back. You can be ill, I suppose? Cars can break down—buses can be missed. Get him drunk. Visit him at his lodgings, stay late, leave something feminine to be found there in his rooms—— Anything that will shake his reputation will serve my purpose."

"And my reputation?" asked Nicole.

It was a silly question, she realised that at once, even before the inevitable reply came: "You shall be compensated handsomely for any sacrifices you may be called upon to make in my service. After all, the unpleasantness will be local and temporary — your future is here. The post in Ottawa is waiting for you — and if you make a success of that you can be sure of further advancement. I never forget loyal service, Miss Seldon."

Of course! Edric would have recognised that lofty note. Everything has its price, you have only to bid high enough. Reputations and consciences are merchandise like any other merchandise, only perhaps rather more expensive.

"Thank you, Mrs. O'Farrell. I think I know what to do now."

"You won't regret it," said the matriarch cordially.

"No — no, I'm sure I shan't regret it."

NICOLE laid the receiver in its cradle gently. It was hardly past six, an hour innocent enough even for visiting young widowers in their lodgings.

It was Edric Paule himself who came down to answer the door, swerving with practised agility round the pram which almost filled the narrow hall. He was in his shirt-sleeves, flushed and smiling, his chestnut hair still a little damp from the steam of Nicky's bath. His eyebrows went up gaily when he saw that it was Nicole who stood on the doorstep.

"Hullo, nice of you to come and see us! Nicky's asleep already — do you mind treading softly on the stairs, he wakes up easily for the first hour or so. After that you can dance the can-can next door to him and he won't budge. It's all right, Mrs. Farmer's out."

Nicole followed him up the stairs to his congested little living-room, where he pushed aside politely the papers he had spread out over the table, and offered the most comfortable chair. She refused it in a constrained undertone, mindful of the sleeping child in the next room. It was curiously embarrassing to have to conduct this difficult and critical interview in whispers.

"I won't interrupt you for long. There's something I've got to tell you, but it won't take long."

He waited, his face tranquil, the grey eyes untroubled, almost, she thought for one puzzled moment, expectant.

"Mr. Paule," she said, "It wasn't by accident that I scraped acquaintance with you and Nicky in the park. I've been studying your movements for a couple of days before that. I came here purposely to find you. I'm one of the secretarial staff in the Montreal offices of the O'Farrell chain and I came over here on Mrs. O' Farrell's orders. She sent me here to locate you and Nicky and to try to get hold

To page 63

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4826588

Continuing .... Young Man With a Pram

from page 62

of some means of getting him away from you.

"I was chosen because I was English by origin. She was going to give me the editorship I wanted, if I could lay the foundation of a good legal case against you. Her idea is to file suit for the custody of Nicky, on the grounds that you're not a fit and proper person to be in charge of him.

"I've told her there's nothing at all she could allege against you, and she says then we must manufacture something. I warn you, she means to go ahead, even if she has to buy evidence word by word. She's just suggested that I should set about trapping you into a compromising situation for Mrs. Farmer's benefit——"

The extraordinary young man glanced mildly at the clock, and raised his eyebrows a little. "A bit early for that sort of thing, isn't it?"

"Go ahead, you owe me more than that, I know. Well, I've told you now. Now I'm going to write her my last report, and my resignation. Not that that makes any difference to what I've done. I know that. But I wanted you to know what to expect. Because she's never going to let up, you know. Don't underestimate her!"

"I'm not likely to do that," he said peacefully.

"No—you know it all better than I do. When you told me your side of it, this afternoon, I wanted to repay the confidence then. Only somehow I couldn't, not until I'd made the break with her final. So that's that!" she said, turning resolutely towards the door. "And now I'll go."

But she halted again in an instant, and said without turning her head: "You won't mind, will you, if I give you a piece of advice? In your position, there's only one way I can think of that will make your possession of Nicky so secure that it won't even be worth her while to file suit. Marry again. Marry some nice, respectable girl who'll adore Nicky and make him a good mother. Even Mrs. O'Farrell may have the sense to give up trying then."

"It's funny you should say that," said Edric pensively, "because that's just what I was thinking of doing."

His warm acquiescence in the idea filled her mind suddenly with visions of his future domestic bliss with some unknown woman, and her heart lurched and ached with jealousy.

She reached for the handle of the door hastily, averting her face from him.

"I'll say good-bye, then—I shall be going to London tomorrow. Then I have to look for a job."

"Wait a minute!" he said, darting suddenly and silently across the room to reach over her shoulder and hold the door closed. "Don't be in such a hurry! Confession's in the air—I've got something to tell you, too. That first day in the park I stole something from you."

He opened beneath her eyes a hand in which reposed a small folder of book-matches. "I pinched them when I picked up the things that fell out of your bag. I knew you'd never miss them—women never know what they're supposed to have in their handbags. Recognise it?"

She stood staring helplessly at the gay printing:

Belvedere — an O'Farrell hotel. Very slowly she turned, raising her eyes to his face. "You mean you knew? You've known all along?"

"Ever since then. What else could it mean? And don't you think I'd been expecting you—you or someone else? Nobody knows my mother-in-law better than I do."

"You knew, and yet you let me—— But of course," she said wryly, "you were keeping an eye on me while I thought I was keeping an eye on you."

"It began like that," he acknowledged with a sudden wild smile. "Only it wouldn't stay like that. I got to like you. And then I started betting myself that you'd throw up the job inside a week, without any prompting from me. And you have, haven't you? I didn't make any mistake about you."

She could have borne his angry contempt, but she couldn't look him in the eyes now that he was so magnanimously returning to her at least the tattered remnants of her self-respect. She wasn't the crying kind, but if she was to spare him a scene now she had better get out, and quickly.

She took the first panicky step towards the door, and had no recollection of having offered him her hand in farewell, but he was certainly holding it quite firmly.

But at least he was going to marry again. He'd be safe, and the boy would be safe.

"I'm going now. You've been unreasonably kind about it. I hope the second venture will more than make up for the first. I'd like to wish you—all three——"

He could move very quickly when he liked; suddenly there he was between her and the door, his shoulders flattened squarely against the panels.

"Wait a minute, you can't go like that. Aren't you going to ask me who I'm thinking of marrying?" he asked in a hurt tone. "I thought you'd want to see me into safe hands before you quit. After all, you did get me into this—you picked up my trail for her. You've jolly well got to get me out of it again!"

He was looking at her in a very odd way, the small, incalculable smile widening on his lips.

The incredulous stare she had lifted to his face dissolved without warning into a dazzle of overwrought tears. "Oh! You can't mean, you want—After what I've told you? Are you crazy?"

His arms reached out and drew her comfortably into the hollow of his shoulder. "Well," he said reasonably, against her ear, "you're looking for a job, aren't you? And I badly need a respectable wife, as you've pointed out. I don't know any other respectable women well enough to ask them — except Mrs. Farmer," he conceded dubiously, encouraged by the tremor of unmistakable laughter which shook his cradling shoulder.

"And between the two—" He lost track of the argument for a moment while he kissed, slowly and appreciatively, the pale crescent of cheek which alone presented itself to his immediate attention; but the interlude only confirmed his conclusion, and he delivered it with conviction: "—yes, honestly, I'd rather have you!"

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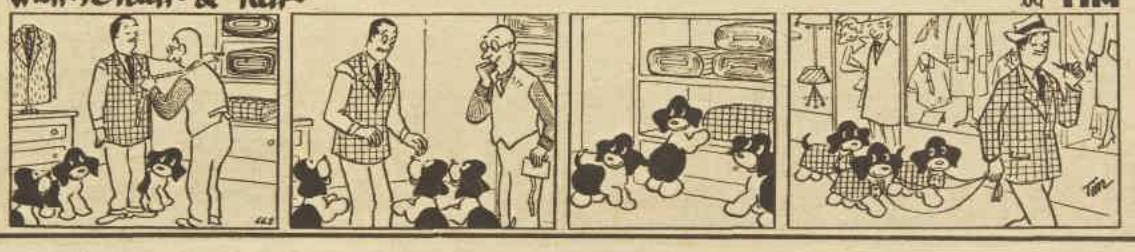
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



IF YOU TAKE LAXATIVES

Doctors' own Magazine ISSUES A WARNING

"HIDDEN CAUSE" OF MANY ILLS Doctors know that constipation is the cause of a great deal of needless human suffering . . . Countless people are less well, less efficient and less happy than they could be. But the medical profession knows that the get-well-quick solution of taking a harsh laxative may *make the condition even worse than it was before.*

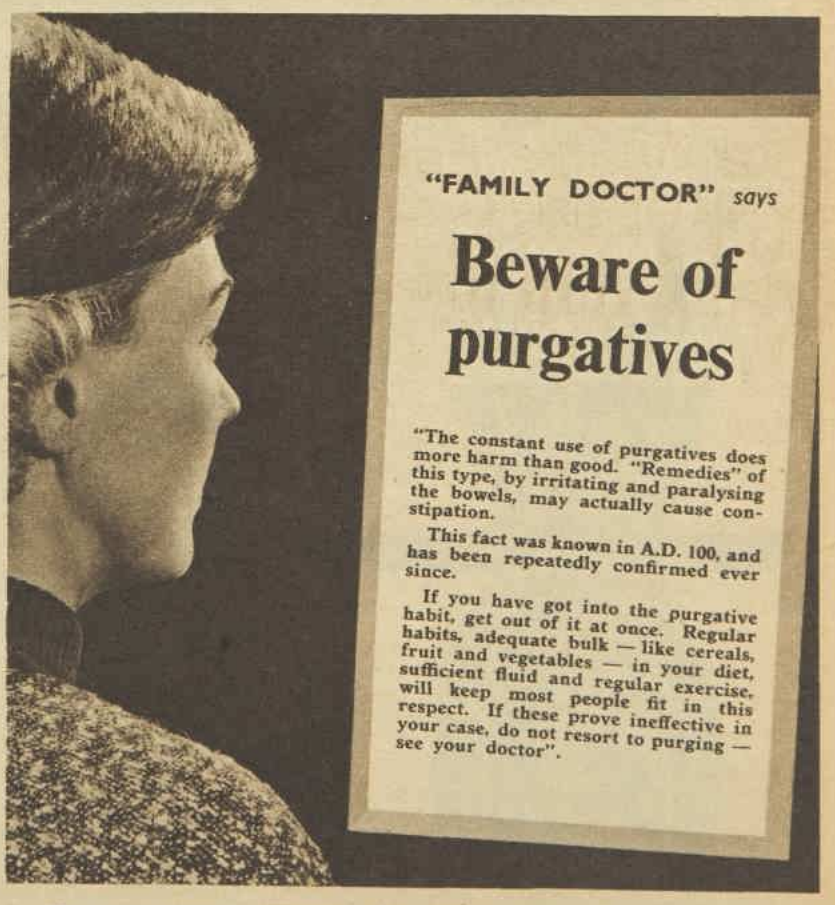
HOW THE TROUBLE STARTS The over-refined foods we eat must take the blame for constipation and the ills it brings with it. Refined foods are almost totally lacking in natural roughage, or bulk. Without this bulk the human intestine cannot perform its important daily task of clearing waste products from the system. The result is constipation.

PURGATIVES TEND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE
Laxatives are not the answer to constipation because they work by "shock tactics" which disturb the natural rhythm of digestion and elimination, without reaching the real cause of the trouble. People who start taking laxatives soon find that they become dependent on them, and have to take stronger and stronger doses. Upset digestion, lowered vitality, loss of energy and increased susceptibility to colds and infections are common symptoms of the laxative habit.

NATURE'S ANSWER IS A FOOD
The only way to relieve constipation naturally and successfully is to put bulk back into your daily diet. Most people find that the easiest and most effective way to do this is to eat a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal called All-Bran, made by Kellogg's. Enjoyed with hot or cold milk every morning, All-Bran supplies the bulk your intestine must have to function naturally and completely, without medicines.

TONES UP THE SYSTEM AT THE SAME TIME
All-Bran is prepared from the outer layer of the wheat grain, so it is rich in Vitamin B_1, B_2, phosphorous, niacin and iron. That is why it builds up your energy and general health while it is ensuring daily regularity the natural way and freeing you from the laxative drug habit.

MAKE THIS TEN-DAY TEST
What All-Bran has done for others it can do for you. Get a packet from your grocer, enjoy it every morning for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you will receive *double* the purchase price.



The British Medical Association's own magazine, "Family Doctor", considers the question of constipation so important that it has issued this grave warning as a poster for use by doctors and clinics.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. K265

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18 countries throughout the world pour their sun-fashion ideas into the studios of Jantzen International. Choose the type of beauty you want to be this season — every Jantzen garment makes the glamorous best of your figure.

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SPECIAL BUYING OFFER

These budget-priced dresses can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew.

HOW TO ORDER: The dresses may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

JANET

JANET: Front-buttoned, one-piece dress (left) in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes spring-lilac, white, bolero-blue, Kelly-green, lemon, and grey.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 82/3.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

MICHELLE. — Front-buttoned tennis dress (below) in sanforised white poplin and white pique.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/6.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

LOUISE

MANDY

LOUISE AND MANDY.—Mother-and-daughter dresses in no-iron, flower-striped cotton. The color choice includes green and white, blue and white, grey and white, and rose-pink and white.
LOUISE.—Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 78/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 79/9.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 56/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 58/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

MANDY.—Ready to Wear: Lengths 20, 23, and 24in., 38/6; 26 and 28in., 44/3.
Cut Out Only: Lengths 20, 23, and 24in., 21/3; 26 and 28in., 27/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

MICHELLE

SANDRA

ROSANNE

SANDRA. — Full-skirted, one-piece dress (left) in flower-printed poplin. The color choice includes aqua and white, coffee and white, avocado and white, and grey and white.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 72/9.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39/9; 36 and 38 in. bust, 42/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

ROSANNE. — Empire-line dress (right) in flower-printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes blue on pink; rose-pink on blue; lemon on pale green; blue and lemon on white; and rose-pink and grey on white.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 67/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/3.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

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Continuing . . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 21

I'm up to the same trick again—lying, or concealing something'."

She drew in a deep breath and nodded slowly. "Yes . . . I do know something; I am concealing it. I haven't the faintest idea if these — these objects—are in any way connected with the crime or—— But that's just nonsense. Of course, they must be. It's simply that I'm afraid to say anything about them till I know."

"And how can you know?"

"Yes, how can I? Unless I bring them to light and let them be investigated."

"Objects, you say? What are they?"

"Two that have no right to be in the house and one that is missing from it. A Persian rug—that's the missing thing—from my bedroom, a revolver in the pocket of an overcoat of Edmund's, and a towel with blood on it . . . a lot of blood . . . somebody must have bled quite a lot. Was it from a bullet wound? I don't know. I don't know if the thing had been fired. I put it back in the pocket as quickly as I could. I found them the morning after I got home. What will I do?"

"What will you do?" he repeated slowly. "You're asking me! And I'm only too glad you did. But—but—good heavens! . . ." He leant forward, arms on knees, gazing down at the grass between his feet. She waited . . . the pause lengthened.

"Oh, Lindsay," she cried impatiently, "do tell me. You can deliver a learned lecture on the 'Duchess of Malfi' when the stage is strewn with corpses, but now——"

"I know, Julia. But now, when something I advise may cause a living man—or woman—to hang——"

"They don't hang in this State."

"Good! Then rot slowly to death in gaol for the rest of their lives . . ."

"I thought you'd be more objective than I could be."

"I should be. I must be, of course. Yes, of course you've got to come completely clean with the police."

"They haven't been here for days."

"Then ring them."

There was a long silence. Then Julia said: "I will."

An hour later, after Mrs. Duffy had brought out tea and they had drunk it, and the afternoon around them had gone on its untroubled way, mellowing and cooling, Lindsay was leaving and Julia took him in through the house.

In the hall he said: "Was it a service revolver you found?"

"I don't know. Would you?"

"I think I would."

"It's in here." She opened the door of the cloakroom and pointed to the light gabardine overcoat. "It's in the pocket there."

Lindsay stepped across and took down the coat. "Julia," he began.

But she wasn't listening. With an exclamation she had darted in after him, was pulling forward a rolled-up rug that lay close to the wall. She threw back a corner of it, displaying the glowing colors of deep crimson and old gold. "Lindsay—look at this! Look! Look!"

Arrested, he turned and looked down at her, the coat still in his hand. "The rug from your bedroom?" he said slowly.

"Yes. Here it is. This is it. How on earth——?" The face she lifted to him was open-mouthed in surprise.

He stared for an instant, and then: "That's only the half of it," he said with a short laugh. "There's no revolver in here."

"What?" She got up. "Oh, don't be silly!" and snatched the coat from him and thrust her hand into the pocket, each pocket in turn. "But this is mad—this is fantastic! It must be here. I left it here," she cried, still searching, unable to believe that the cold metal thing wouldn't materialise under her hand. "Oh, Lindsay . . .!" Convinced at last, she dropped the overcoat on a chair and stared at him blankly.

He turned and hung the coat back on its hanger. "Well," he said, "it's an odd set-up, I must say. You tell me of a revolver that's here and of a rug that's missing, but now we have a rug that's here and a revolver that's missing."

"Yes. Mrs. Duffy was just as surprised as I was. She missed the rug when she arrived on Tuesday morning and looked everywhere for it."

He said thoughtfully: "When did you last come in here?"

"Not since the first morning when I hung the coat up. And since then——"

He ended for her: "Since then, practically everybody you know—and a good many you hardly know—have been in and out."

"Yes. And half the time the front door standing open."

They stood close together in the slip of a room with its array of coats and wraps on one wall and the table and mirror on the other. Lindsay fingered his glasses meticulously as he gazed at her, and then took her arm and drew her out into the hall again, shutting the cloakroom door behind him. "Another black mark against you, I'm afraid," he said, "for not telling them sooner. Would you like me to stay and bear you up?"

She shook her head. "No, no! That's the last thing I'd like! You go. I'll ring you later."

After Lindsay had gone, Julia rang Police Headquarters and was put on to Grogan.

She told him that she wanted to see him about one or two matters, and he said he'd be right along.

SHE was still at the telephone when Pamela appeared at the door of the morning-room. Julia raised a hand to her, and to Grogan: "All right, Inspector, I'll be here whenever you come." She put down the receiver and went forward to Pamela and kissed her. "Hullo, darling. I'm so glad to see you. What a relief you are! A drink?"

"Of course!" Pamela tossed her bag and parcels on to a chair, reached eagerly for the cigarettes and lighted one, threw aside her hat, pushed the bracelets up her arms—clearing the decks for action.

Julia plumped up a cushion. "We'll have it here. Sit down. I'll bring it in."

There was something almost conspiratorial about the way in which when Julia had hurried back with glasses and drinks they shut the door and settled themselves on a sofa.

Julia hoped it wasn't too obvious that part of her enjoyment of the moment was the absence of Trevor. Seeing Pamela alone like this was a luxury. She leant forward and poured the pale gold sherry into the glasses, handed Pamela hers, and sat back with her own.

Pamela took a big swallow. "This is nice . . . Where's Olive?"

"She's gone over to Elizabeth Bay to get one or two things she wants from her room."

"She's not going back there, then?"

"Not yet." Julia put down her glass and sighed. "One hates to be wrong—especially in a matter of judgment—but I think Trevor was right."

"Right? What about?" There was a quick turn of the head at the mere mention of Trevor's name.

"About Olive," Julia told her ruefully.

"Oh, Trevor's frequently right. What was it he said, again? That she might have a nervous breakdown. Has she?"

"No . . . no . . . . not that. But she's sort of going to pieces in several ways at once," and Julia told Pamela about Olive's over-emotionalism and the incongruous mixture of grief and vanity that she displayed. "I try to be patient, but it isn't easy. One wouldn't wonder if she was completely devastated. It's the mixture, to see her weeping one moment and the next obsessed with her appearance, which she never was before. Trying out new lipsticks and eye-shadows and things. She talks about the tragedy all the time. You'd think she was telling you everything that was in her mind, and then all at once she goes clam-like. I feel completely shut out. She stays in her room for hours, doing nothing apparently, then she'll come down and announce that she's going for a walk, and off she'll stray."

"As far as the walks go, she's always been rather an energetic sort of person, hasn't she, though?"

"Fairly. But what do you make of this? Last night I was writing letters in here, and she put her head in and said she was going for a stroll. I called after her that I wanted some letters posted, but she didn't hear me, she'd gone. So about ten minutes later I thought I'd take them down myself. Well, you know that public telephone that's just near the pillar-box? As I passed it, there was Olive standing in the lighted booth, telephoning."

"H'm . . ." Pamela was thoughtful. "Why shouldn't she ring from here, you mean?"

"Exactly. What's the mystery?"

"Well . . . I don't know . . . could she be off on some line of her own? I mean, have got hold of some idea and wanted to telephone the police about it?"

"Without telling me?"

"Do you tell her everything? Are you honestly so close as that?"

"No. I suppose we're not, really." And once again her own words to Lindsay came back: Nobody seems natural with anybody else any more.

Pamela reached out to the ashtray. Tap, tap, with her brown, scarlet-tipped finger. "No, darling, I can't truly say that anything you've told me about her strikes me as so very odd. You've never been a worker. It's the reaction from typing, I'd say. If I got off the chain I guarantee I'd be a lot odder than that."

"You may be right. If so, all I can say is she's been on too tight a rein all these years. Yet Edmund always thought her job was a plum."

"No job is. Take it from me, there isn't one . . . if you're a wage slave," Pamela said, and took up the decanter and refilled her glass.

Julia turned the stem of hers slowly round and round on her knee. "How ridiculously chancy everything seems," she mused. "Why did I marry Edmund and not you? Me the wage slave and you the lady of leisure?"

"It wouldn't have suited me," Pamela said firmly.

"Why not? Don't you remember the night we got engaged? You said, 'There goes my darling Edmund, and I did so think he was mine!' "

" . . . and another reason I like this car—it's paid for."

Pamela burst out laughing. "I remember . . . he'd gone, and we got tight on a bottle of grocer's port . . . No, seriously, darling, though it must be wonderful to live in luxury and have anything you want without working, I've never envied your money . . . or Edmund. That sounds like sour grapes—with me slogging away in a shop—but I couldn't have lived without variety, excitement, and all that . . . Though, as a matter of fact, I really do feel that from now on my life's going to be quite a bit easier. Not in that shop. And thanks to Edmund. This is the first opportunity I've had to tell you."

Pamela had been right in saying that Julia's reaction would be one of pure pleasure on hearing of the money that Edmund had advanced Pamela as preliminary capital for setting up her own business. They discussed it now in every detail, Pamela's hopes, Pamela's plans.

But, before the subject was half exhausted, the sound of the police car turning into the drive came to them.

Julia told Pamela what had brought them, the reason why she had rung him to come, and Pamela said she wouldn't wait, and got up as the inspector was shown in.

After they had passed the time of day, Julia said to him: "Oh, by the way, Inspector, am I now free to do what I like with my husband's personal possessions? I know you've been over his things here, and I was wondering if his clothes might be sent away to some charity Mr. Keller has in mind. And I wanted to give one or two things to his friends. Mrs. Keller wants that silver-framed photograph of them both . . . and his gold fountain-pen to Miss Harrison here . . . and did you find the piece of opal Miss Lockwood mentioned the other night—the present he bought for me?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, we found it. It was still in the box in his pocket."

"Well, Miss Lockwood has asked me if she might have that."

"Has she now? She wants that, does she? Must've cost quite a bit, I'd say."

Pamela said thoughtfully, gathering up her belongings: "It's quite like the fairy-tale, isn't it? One sister wants silver, the other wants gold, but the good little sister only asks for a rose. A piece of black opal worth more than all the others put together."

Grogan said: "That's right. And the funny part of it is, Miss Lockwood said she was superstitious about opals. Guess she's got over that. Yes, that'll be all right, Mrs. Wetherby. Go ahead and do what you want with them."

Julia took the offensive with Grogan when, after Pamela had gone, she went back to the morning-room and told him what she had brought him there for.

She said: "Now, don't lecture me, Inspector. Yes, yes, I know! I should have told you earlier so that you'd have been able to examine this gun and perhaps form some sort of an opinion about it. Quite right. A, I'm a fool. B, I'm a criminal. C, I'm acting as though I didn't want my husband's killer to be found. D, you'd like to wring my neck."

"You took the words right out of my mouth!" he agreed.

"You see," she said, "I gave it a good deal of hard thinking." She sat down, poured herself a little more sherry, and lifted the decanter to him inquiringly. "Not even a small one? No, I see—when on duty, and all that . . . I suppose at the back of my mind I was afraid that for my husband to be going armed—well, it might mean he was involved in something that could be injurious to his reputation if it came out.

"I don't want that to happen. Edmund Wetherby! I mean, a man whom there was never a breath against. He valued that reputation of his. It's not so easy to keep in the world of big business, as I don't need to tell you, Inspector. What I couldn't help asking myself all the time was, if he was in some sort of danger, in need of protection, why didn't he go to the police?

"The more I thought about it the more incomprehensible it seemed, taken in conjunction with that towel covered in blood. Had some shooting taken place? . . . This woman Miss Lockwood says he brought here. The care he took to conceal her presence! Not a hotel room or anything like that. No, his own house, behind locked doors, a big house in grounds, no prying neighbors. And me ten thousands miles away! Was it because this woman was someone shady, with—with dangerous connections, that he carried the gun in his pocket?"

GROGAN stood silent, then he shook his head. "Don't jump to the conclusion, Mrs. Wetherby, that that gun necessarily had anything to do with his love affair. Let's say for argument's sake it hadn't at all. Then you could reason, from all the secrecy he went in for, that she was the very reverse of shady, too respectable, in fact. Then again, couldn't it have been on his own account? A man as well known as Mr. Wetherby was, in restaurants and hotels and about town—and as you say a highly respected citizen and anxious to stay so—no matter what woman he went about with it'd be known and talked of. See what I mean?"

"Yes . . . yes . . quite true. Well, then—Oh, I don't know." She broke off and looked at him helplessly.

Followed further questioning of Julia, and of Mrs. Duffy, and Olive, who had by this time returned. No, none of them had been in the cloakroom between Tuesday and today, so none could hazard even a guess as to when the rug had been put in there, only Julia being able to pronounce that it hadn't been there when she hung up the coat on Tuesday morning.

As to the revolver—Olive and Mrs. Duffy turned unbelieving faces to the inspector at the idea of Mr. Wetherby having carried one.

Julia went upstairs and brought down the little towel in the box. Grogan went into the cloak-room and came out carrying the rolled-up rug and the overcoat. He handed them over to a constable.

At the front door he turned and said to Julia in his best confidential tone: "Now look, you kept me out of your secret but I'll let you into one of mine."

"Oh? What is it?"

"No steward at the Union Club, no servant at all, telephoned to Mrs. Duffy at her sister's home on Monday morning telling her not to come here that day."

"What?" Julia fell back weakly against the doorway, as though this, this one more sinister-seeming fact about her husband's life, had been a blow to topple her over.

And the inspector was saying what she herself was thinking: "Yet he must've connived at the message to her because in order to keep you away from here, too, he took a suite for the night at the Hotel Australia."

On leaving Julia, Grogan drove only as far as the road. There he got out of the car and strolled down to the strip of foreshore where the road ended. Close in, all around on the shallow water, boats were lying at anchor; small craft for Saturday afternoon jaunts, and, farther out, more ambitious ocean-going vessels.

On this summer evening, the bay was a tranquil sheet of pale green whose surface the lightest southerly was ruffling and setting the boats lazily rocking.

It wasn't to admire the view, however, or even to enjoy the cool breeze that Grogan had left the car waiting and taken this short walk. He remembered having seen, on coming up to the house, a young man at work on a little boat close in to the wall of the Wetherby garden.

He was still there. He had finished for the evening, and, having tied his dinghy to the jetty, was standing looking back at the Dulcie Bell, slender and graceful and glistening with new paint, riding the shallows so buoyantly.

The young man himself was bare-footed and in sweat-shirt and paint-stained shorts. Grogan strolled along and joined him.

Grogan stood for a few minutes on the jetty before he spoke, then he said admiringly: "Nice little craft."

The other turned a tanned whippet-face and nodded in restrained but passionate accord. "Not bad, is she?" He was slowly rubbing his hands with a wad of cotton waste soaked in turpentine.

They stood for a while in close communion over the charms of the Dulcie Bell. Soothed and united by the sea's ancient magic, they leant on the rail, while the salty air fanned their foreheads, lifting the mop of straw-colored curls

To page 68

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This is the house the Doekes built . . .

This is the family *that lives in the house the Doekes built . . .*

These are the clothes, *all clean and bright, that belong to the family that lives in the house the Doekes built . . .*

This is the lady, *with hands so white, who washed the clothes, all clean and bright, that belong to the family that lives in the house the Doekes built . . .*

These are the suds, *so rich and soft, that helped the lady, with hands so white, who washed the clothes, all clean and bright, that belong to the family that lives in the house the Doekes built . . .*

This is the Rinso *that made the suds, so rich and soft, that helped the lady, with hands so white, who washed the clothes, all clean and bright, that belong to the family that lives in the house the Doekes built.*

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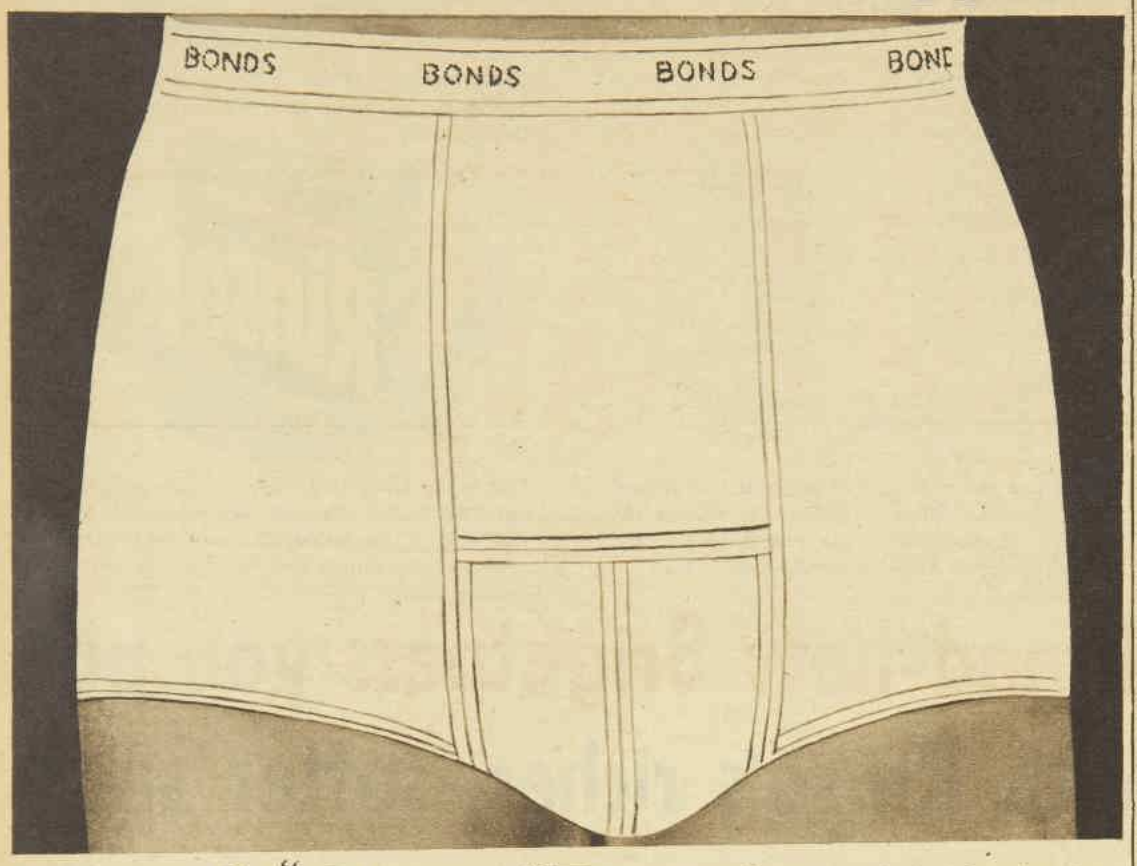
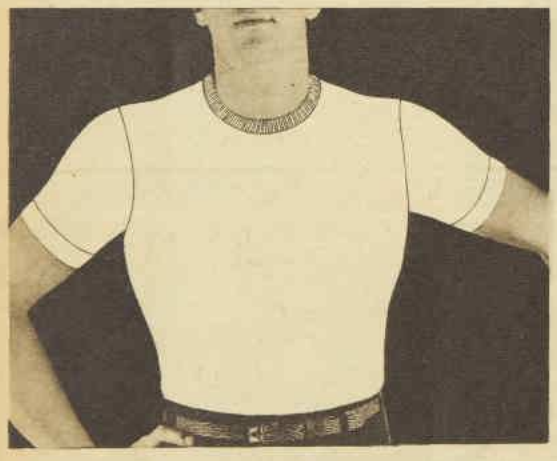


Bond's "S'port" Briefs

the only briefs with the exclusive Horizontal Fly and Comfort Pouch.

These briefs are designed by Munsingwear, U.S.A., America's best-known underwear manufacturer, with whom Bond's are affiliated. "S'port" Briefs have *comfort cut into them.* "S'port" Briefs give *healthy, hygienic* support where you need it. The fabric is finest cotton interlock *(for cool support).* They dry quickly, need no ironing.

8/11



Bond's T-shirts

— styled in America by Munsingwear . . . made here by Bond's.

American-style T-shirts . . . yet another example of Bond's close affiliation with Munsingwear (U.S.A.). These Interlock cotton T-shirts have all the features of overseas garments including the nylon-reinforced neckband that slips so easily over your head, then returns to shape . . . without sagging.

12/11

Bond's KaparT (REGD. PATENTED) Singlet

— the only T-singlet without shoulder seams.

You don't have to be a famous sportsman to appreciate the seamless floating shoulder construction in Bond's KaparT singlet.

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10/6

Interlock, 12/6

FOR COMFORT AND FIT IT MUST BE KNIT . . . BUY **BOND'S**

9167

Continuing . . . .

Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 66

and the smoothly brushed shining black hair.

Further chat brought to light that the young man had only recently acquired his treasure, a surprise, a wedding present for the girl-friend. Did she like sailing? His word, she did! She was a fool for boats. Her father had been a sea captain. It was going to tickle her pink when she saw it, and he planned to have the honeymoon sailing up round the coast. He could only work on her, painting and that and fitting up the cabin, when he left the factory at four-thirty, not at the weekends, of course, for fear she twigged.

"Plenty of time these long evenings, anyhow," Grogan said. "How long have you been at it?"

"Oh about a month."

"Do you do it every afternoon, barring weekends?"

"Just about."

"From four-thirty till now, eh?"

"Yeah . . ." The answers were coming a little less readily. A chat's a chat, but too many questions verged on nosy-parkering. He glanced sideways at the tall, thick-set stranger and noted the dark suit, the hat he was holding, the shoes . . .

At this stage the inspector always found it wisest to come clean himself. Yes, he was a detective, he announced, and was working on the Wetherby murder case. Actually, what he was getting around to was this: being here all these evenings, painting his boat and messing about on the beach, had he by any chance seen Mr. Wetherby going in or coming out of his house?

The young man swung round and stared up through the garden to where the spreading white house with its sun-gold shutters could be seen among its trees and shrubs. "What?" he said. "I read about that murder. Was that him? I didn't know he lived there."

"Yes, that's his place."

"Gosh! D'you mean to say that bloke I used to see driving in there in the big black car was the bloke that got murdered?"

"Then you did see him?"

"See him? Yes, I saw him. Saw him more than once."

Asked to rack his brains, the young man smoothed back the mop of hair with the turpentine rag, as though to wipe clean his memory. Yes, he'd noticed the car all right, coming down the hill and turning in at the gate there about this time. Who wouldn't have . . . Every evening?

No, he didn't reckon it was every evening. Matter of fact, now he came to think of it, it might've only been on the Wednesdays and the Thursdays . . . How'd he place that? Well, you knew how it was. One of those posh American cars—it seemed to take up most of the road like, and you sort of got to look for it.

After the weekend he'd sort of keep an eye open, idle like, expecting it, but he was pretty sure that for the first two afternoons he didn't use to see it. Funny, but he'd feel sort of disappointed. And there it'd come along on the third night, and the one after. Yes, he was pretty well sure of that . . .

"Did Wetherby ever have anyone with him?" Grogan asked.

"Couldn't say. I never noticed. Might've had. From here you really wouldn't see that."

"No, that's right, you wouldn't, would you? Ever see anybody else going into the house after him?"

"Look, I didn't take much notice."

It was clear that a mere flesh-and-blood machine on two legs with no chromium additions held but a limited interest. Except that—yes, one evening last week — might've been the Wednesday, might've been the Thursday—he'd stayed a bit later than usual, putting in a new stove in the cabin, and when he came away it was almost dark, and he had happened to notice a bloke sort of lingering like round the gate there, and as he passed this bloke slipped inside and cut across the grass towards the house . . .

Would he know him again? No, it hadn't been close enough for that, and it getting darkish, anyway. Got an impression, though, that the bloke—he didn't have a hat on—might've had red hair.

Chance sometimes favors the officers of the law, though the misanthropic Sergeant Manning mostly declared otherwise.

This evening as Grogan, on leaving the young man still absently busy with the turpentine rag, walked up the hill to the police car, a red-headed man was coming down the road towards him. Walking jauntily he came, looking pleased with himself and with life in general. He greeted Grogan in friendly fashion. Grogan pulled up, and Ivan did the same. They stood in the gateway of the Wetherbys' drive.

The expression of contentment on Ivan's face was not diminished for an instant by the story he heard nor by the questions that followed. The light eyes were steady on the inspector's face, the mouth was even a little amused, the shake of the head uncompromisingly negative.

"A red-headed man? Well, I can't deny I'm that, though carrots it's more often been called." He took off his hat and let the declining sun burnish the copper hair. "But as to the rest—no, it wasn't me. I didn't come here during Mrs. Wetherby's absence. I had no occasion to."

"You mean, you weren't so much his friend as hers?"

"No, I don't mean that. He and I were the best of friends, had been before she ever came on the scene. I lunched with him once or twice while she was away, but he gave me to understand that the house was more or less shut up, that he only slept here a part of the week."

"Slept here and entertained a lady friend," Grogan said.

Ivan nodded tolerantly. "So I've been told," he murmured, and pulled off a sprig of lavender and stuck it in his buttonhole. His tone relegated the inspector's information to the realm of things not to be taken

To page 71

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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SMOOTH AS WHIPPED CREAM!

New Film Releases

★★★ THE RIDE BACK

United Artists Western with Anthony Quinn, William Conrad, Lita Milan. Palace, Sydney.

THOUGH stated to be a Western, "The Ride Back" with its arresting black-and-white photography, fine acting performances, and Spanish-American dialogue is more like a Continental offering.

The title and underlying content of the film have symbolic meaning, representing the "ride back" to a personal way of life.

From the States, law officer Hamish (played by producer William Conrad) goes to Mexico. His task is to bring back for trial suspected murderer Bob Kallen (Anthony Quinn).

For Hamish, an unloved failure of a man, the successful return of the suspect to justice will redeem his character in his own eyes.

Set against him in the task are Kallen, the girl Elena (Lita Milan), the emptiness of landscape and the hazards of attack from wandering Indians.

Once again, as in many Westerns, a homestead is found burned and its occupants massacred with the exception of one child. But the wordless performance of Ellen Hope Monroe here, and the small and comic part of Mexican guard (George Trevino) add up to a film of imagination and sincerity.

In a word: ABSORBING.

★★ ONE MAN MUTINY

Warner drama, with Gary Cooper, Charles Bickford, Ralph Bellamy, Rod Steiger. In CinemaScope, WarnerColor. Plaza, Sydney.

RE-ENACTING 1920's history, "One Man Mutiny" stars Gary Cooper as General Billy Mitchell, an ace pilot of World War I, who, during peace, battles the top brass in an attempt to stress the importance of air power.

Tailored for the uniform and part, Cooper, appearing on a charge of insubordination, is at his best in the tense court-martial scene when confronted by a prosecutor of cold brilliance (Rod Steiger).

Of interest here are the predictions made by General Mitchell, who actually forecast the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Charles Bickford, as General Guthrie, heads the male cast. The real-life roles of General Pershing, Douglas MacArthur, Captain Rickenbacker, and President Coolidge are also re-enacted.

As a young widow, Elizabeth Montgomery plays an insipid role, and the film's ending, with modern aircraft zooming into the wide blue yonder, was over-obvious.

In a word: TRUE.

★★ GOODBYE, MY LADY

Warner drama, with Walter Brennan, Phil Harris, Brandon de Wilde. Esquire, Sydney.

IDEAL for child-viewers is "Goodbye, My Lady," the story of a small boy, Skeeter (Brandon de Wilde), who lives with his uncle (Walter Brennan) in the heart of the Georgia swamplands.

One day in the bush Skeeter finds a dog which laughs, not barks, weeps, runs like the wind, and hunts instinctively. Christening it "Lady," he takes it home to his uncle's shack, and trains it to be a good bird dog.

At this point, the word "mawkish" might occur to adults, but the film is certainly not that. It's as real as the Basenji dog which Skeeter finds, and just as unusual. The swampland scenery is filmed in documentary style, the boy is a natural kid and no Hollywood horror, while both Phil Harris, as a local storekeeper, and Walter Brennan turn in convincing performances.

For once, the Deep South has simplicity without sordidness, and the film's ending is out of the hackneyed pattern. To date, movies from Rin Tin Tin to Lassie have caused public demand for certain breeds of dogs. After seeing "Lady," the boom for Basenjis will no doubt begin.

In a word: LOVABLE.

Overseas movie gossip

PLANNING hot-weather wardrobes are John Mills, Sylvia Syms, Anthony Quayle, and Harry Andrews, whose work in "Ice Cold in Alex" will take them south to the Libyan Desert from London. A story of war in the Middle East, "Ice Cold in Alex" will be filmed on authentic battleground locations.

★ ★ ★

DEAD-PAN comedienne Eve Arden is writing a book about her life on the ranch. If she's as amusing in print as she is on the screen, Eve's wry humor should make best-seller material.

TOUGH old-timer James Cagney will have some tough scenes in his next film, "Never Steal Anything Small." In this tale of racketeers he'll be joined by Shirley Jones, of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel" fame.

★ ★ ★

UNAPPETISING as it may sound, "Pork Chop Hill" is the title of Gregory Peck's next projected film, which is based on the Korean war. Peck will start work on it the moment he finishes "The Big Country," which has as co-stars Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston, and balladier Burl Ives.

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often causes painful

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Continuing . . . .

Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 68

too seriously. "A lady luckily anonymous," he said.

"Unless this feller that sneaked in the gate that evening managed to catch sight of her."

"A fellow with whom I share only one characteristic — red hair. As for caring who Wetherby brought here, or stealing over the grass to peer in windows——"

"Who said he went over the grass?"

Ivan looked at him mildly. "Who would need to say it? Anyone who came to spy would hardly be such an ass as to walk on this stuff. Listen." He turned away and strode up the drive. Crunch, crunch went his feet on the gravel. He waved cheerfully at the bend and went on.

Back at headquarters a little later Grogan was saying to Manning: "This Fitzpatrick does the light and airy squire o' dames, all right, wouldn't stoop to vulgar curiosity about other people's love affairs—wouldn't hardly stoop to his own, by the manner of him!—but I never met a red-headed bloke yet that didn't go after women harder than most."

Manning was musing. "I read where it said that redheads've got a lot of things about 'em that's different. Their teeth are harder, take more drilling, the sun plays up worse with their skins, and some doctor says they got a special resistance to infectious diseases."

"O.K., I'll give you that. They may take smallpox easy, but they take love hard." Grogan leant back and tapped on his desk thoughtfully with a pencil. "I learn the import restrictions have put him into pretty low water," he said.

Manning stared at him for a while. "Yeah . . . About that revolver," he said in a minute. "I'm of the wife's opinion. That woman that Wetherby was going with was tied up with somebody that wouldn't hesitate to shoot and he knew it. He got copped with her on the Thursday night—the last Thursday—and shot first. The other bloke bleeds on the rug, mops up with the towel, and Wetherby takes the rug off next morning to the cleaners.

"It gets sent home after he's dead, and one of those blokes that's been around the house the last few days—some kind friend that's looked in to drop a tear with the widow and punish the gin—took it from the carrier and slung it into the cloak-room and forgot to mention it."

"Yes, Les, it's a nice theory," Grogan said encouragingly. "Very nice indeed."

Manning looked at him suspiciously. "You mean it sticks out a mile?"

"It did, too. It's what I thought myself, at first. But just a minute ago, before you came in, I got the report that nothing had been dropped or spilt on that rug. It hasn't been to a cleaner's, it hasn't been used to tie anything up in. In fact, they can't find any trace of anything at all. It just leaves us with a valuable Persian rug that takes itself off for a few nights and slips back home again unspotted by the world. Which is a sight more than a lot of us could——"

He broke off suddenly. He had swivelled round in his chair, one leg thrown over the arm, which brought into his line of vision the overcoat just back from the Scientific Department.

It lay now over a chair back, one sleeve hanging limply down; an overcoat of greenish-fawn gabardine such as you might see on any one of a number of well-dressed individuals hurrying by on a showery day.

Grogan got up. "And by the way, Les, what do you know about this?" He lifted the coat and held it at arm's length. "What was Wetherby's height, again? Six feet two and well proportioned," he said, and held out the sleeve.

Manning looked at it and gave a nod. "That's right. The bloke that owned that coat was no more than middle height."

. . . . . .

The morning of that astounding Saturday began with a most surprising quarrel between Olive and Mrs. Duffy. Like the first flash of lightning it came, lightning that was to flicker intermittently all day, until the night brought its final thunderclap.

The incident was a display of emotion on both sides that was strangely out of character. Peace in Mrs. Duffy's kitchen had always reigned. No sudden domestic crisis or call on her powers had found her wanting, and more and more Julia had come to look on her as a fixed star of undimmed serenity.

"Oh, good. You gave Junior his bath."

Maids shot across the heavens and disappeared, Mrs. Duffy shone on forever.

The same had been true, in her own sphere, of Olive. Tact had been the keynote of all her dealings with her fellow-workers in the office, tact and restraint. Rivalries and office cabals soon broke up under her cool commonsense. So this morning the storm was all the more surprising because it was between just these two.

Julia had slept badly, not falling to sleep until dawn, and it was the sound of raised voices that woke her. She came struggling up out of the deep well, threw aside the net, and peered at the clock on the bedside table. Twenty minutes past ten!

The voices were coming from Edmund's dressing-room, the sharp tones penetrating the doors of the bathroom between. She leant up on her elbow. Mrs. Duffy and Olive both talking at once. Talking each other down in an angry exchange. She couldn't believe it possible. She waited, expecting it to stop any minute, but the battle waxed rather than waned.

Dismayed, Julia got out of bed and went out on to the landing. The door of the dressing-room was open. The angry voices went on . . .

"Well, don't! Well, don't!"

"There's no need for a tone like that, Miss Lockwood."

"Leave my tone out of it, please."

"I'm not used to being spoken to like that."

"Not five days!——"

"And I tell you quite plainly I don't care for it. Mrs. Wetherby wouldn't dream——"

"Did Mrs. Wetherby give you instructions to do this? It's positively indecent!"

"I don't wait for Mrs. Wetherby to have to think of every little detail. There's certain things got to be done, and the sooner they're done the better."

"There's a certain decency and respect due to a man's memory. Hustling his possessions out of sight! Shut those drawers; put that back! Are we savages to feel that all traces of death must be instantly wiped out for fear the departed spirit will haunt us?"

"Savages! I will not take that. You've got no right to say that to me."

"I've got every right to object to your scrabbling about among his shirts and ties."

"Rubbish!"

"Mrs. Duffy, you're impertinent!"

"Miss Lockwood, you're hysterical And, as for disrespect, I never in all my six years with Mr. Wetherby spoke a disrespectful word to him. Much less would have dreamt of causing him an injury!"

After this lethal thrust, for a moment there was silence.

Horrified, Julia stood listening, not knowing whether to go in and put a stop to it or let them fight it out, knowing only that if she ventured into that altercation she would be drawn in on one side or the other, be forced to give a judgment, a reprimand. Her pacific nature held her hanging undecided in the doorway.

Then, fortunately, the decision was made for her. After Mrs. Duffy's last shot, a drawer was slammed, there was a rattle of dustpans, the dressing-room door was flung wider, and Mrs. Duffy, scarlet of face, marched out. Her little, stocky figure, in blue print dress and white apron, disappeared down the back stairway. It seemed to Julia that the very crisp hair on Mrs. Duffy's head was bristling with anger.

Olive followed. Like a scurry of wind she rushed across the landing and into her own room.

Julia threw on dressing-gown and slippers and ran downstairs to the kitchen.

In the cheerful room, with the door open on to the creepered porch and the trilling song of canaries, Mrs. Duffy was standing by the table.

At the sound of Julia's step she turned a face of mingled outrage and guilt.

Julia hurried forward: "I am so sorry, Mrs. Duffy . . ."

"Oh, Mrs. Wetherby! . . ."

"I heard what happened between you and Miss Lockwood."

"You might well of! I'm really ashamed. I don't know how I ever came to lose my temper like that." With hands that shook she was clearing the things off Olive's breakfast tray, her mouth working oddly, too.

"Now, don't be too upset. These things happen. They don't mean anything."

"Oh, don't they! They mean a lot to me. So dreadfully cruel! . . ."

"You see how Miss Lockwood is. She's over-wrought these days and ——"

Mrs. Duffy nodded miserably. "Yes, I know I should've held my tongue and taken no notice."

"I'm not saying that."

"Oh, but I should've. But . . . but other people might be over-wrought, too." She dropped into a chair by the table. "I feel that weak . . ."

"You must be. I don't wonder. We'll have some tea."

Mrs. Duffy made a move to

To page 72

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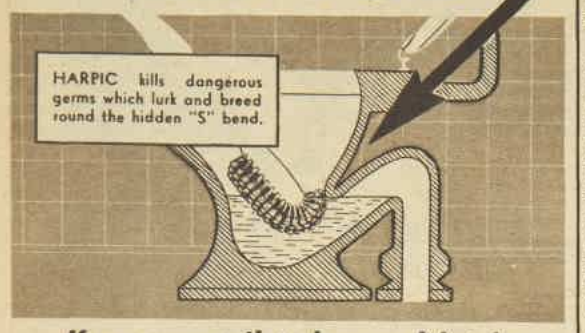

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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Continuing . . . . **Murder Was Her Welcome**

rise. "Your tray's all ready. I was just waiting for you to wake."

"Sit still. I'll make it." Julia put on the kettle, cut bread and butter, and let Mrs. Duffy lighten herself in talk.

"I don't know what's come over her," she said with lifted hands of amazement. "It's not as though her and me had ever come up against one another. Many's the little party we've cooked in here together; at least, me cooking and her arranging. And pleasant! She couldn't have been nicer, always. I don't know what's come over her, really I don't, Mrs. Wetherby." She stared up at Julia. "She does seem changed, you must admit."

"I do admit it. Freely!" Julia agreed, spreading marmalade. She went into the pantry and brought out milk, put the cups on the table and stood by the stove with the teapot in her hand.

"I never dreamt anyone could take exception to what I was doing. I just thought to get things fixed up in there while you were asleep. I knew last night you went through all his little personal belongings, and you told me Mr. Keller was going to pack the clothes and send them away somewhere. So I just thought I'd bring them down to my sitting-room, and the packing cases could go in there, and it would save you."

"You don't have to tell me, Mrs. Duffy."

"And then a whirlwind! And the 'disrespect to his memory!' And 'savages!' "

Julia filled the teapot and brought it over. "Well, comfort yourself with the thought," she said with a short laugh, "that you gave as good as you got. Perhaps even a bit better!"

Mrs. Duffy followed her thought. "Don't remind me! That's no comfort. That was a frightful thing of me to say. That remark I made at the last!"

"Never mind now, here's your tea."

Privately, Julia couldn't help feeling that for Olive to have been brought up short for once might do no harm.

Mrs. Duffy was still erupting bewilderedly when they had had their tea and Julia left the kitchen. Her peace-making mission to Olive was a more difficult one. It was disturbing to see how exaggeratedly she was taking the quarrel. Sprawled on her bed, one arm flung over her eyes, the other hanging limply, a handkerchief drooping from the fingers, she was only waiting, it seemed, for Julia's entrance to burst forth again.

She clutched at Julia's hand and begged to be forgiven, heaping reproaches on herself, it was true, but still shooting many an arrow at Mrs. Duffy. She sat up, got up, and paced the room with that restlessness that was so rapidly undermining Julia's own composure. In the midst of a burst of tears, she stopped suddenly at the glass and drew the sash of her dressing-gown tighter round her waist, viewing its slenderness with satisfaction.

Wearily, Julia turned to the window and saw outside, too, a day of unstable mood, puffs of moist heat one minute, the next, cool airs riding in on a dark-centred cloud . . .

An hour later, however — Julia had bathed and was in her room dressing—Olive appeared looking cool and collected. Nothing could have been more calm than the tones of her voice. She was in a fresh cotton frock, white sandals, make-up restored. She sat on the window-seat and lighted a cigarette.

Blowing the smoke with lifted chin, she said: "Good heavens, what a silly storm in a teacup!" and began to dismiss it with a most maddening detachment, rather as though Julia and Mrs. Duffy had been the ones to give way to hysteria and she herself all along had been sweetly reasonable.

She seemed anxious to put herself right with Julia, and with Mrs. Duffy, too, with whom, as Mrs. Duffy had said earlier, she had always been on the best of terms. She offered to do the cooking and everything if Mrs. Duffy would care to go home to her sister's for the weekend.

Julia was agreeable. She thought it a good idea, too, though she doubted if Mrs. Duffy would fall in with it. "But I'll put it up to her," she said.

"Do. But don't let her think it's my idea. Poor soul!" Olive crushed out her cigarette and, with one of those sidelong, fleeting glances at herself in the long mirror as she passed, left the room.

For the rest of the morning, busy about the house, Julia pondered the domestic situation. Olive was probably right. Responsibility again, work to do, cooking and washing-up, might help Olive through the next few days.

So it was that when luncheon was over Julia found herself in the pantry being the spokeswoman for Olive's suggestion.

Mrs. Duffy looked up from the glass she was polishing and stared. "Now! There! You're afraid I'm going to go on like that with her again!"

"I'm not afraid of anything of the sort."

"Then why on earth——"

"Surely you can do with a couple of days' rest, after all you've done this week? And no real holiday before that."

"Mrs. Wetherby, I'm not tired, and I don't want to go away and leave you at a time like this."

Julia lowered her voice confidentially. "Well, truly, that's partly the point. I think Miss Lockwood should have more to do. I think it'd do her good not to have so much time to sit around and brood."

Mrs. Duffy's sharp, clever eyes looked at Julia steadily. "You really mean that?"

"I do. And you probably agree with me."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

from page 71

Slowly Mrs. Duffy turned back to her hot suds. In a minute she said, "Oh, well . . . if it's for your good—and hers—I certainly could do with a day or two over there. I'll come back tomorrow night."

"Pack your bags, then, when you've finished here, and I'll run you over."

An hour later Julia got out her car and drove Mrs. Duffy to Bondi. A somewhat silent and apparently dubious Mrs. Duffy who, deposited at the gate of her sister's house, stood looking back at Julia almost disapprovingly.

"Look after yourself," she said suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you don't want to be too soft with people."

Julia let in the clutch, waved, and drove off.

BACK at home she found Olive as good as her word in the kitchen making a cake. Aproned, cheeks flushed, she looked once more her brisk, efficient self. Julia left her to it and went out to the garden.

That afternoon Raymond put in his first appearance since Edmund's death. He was a little awkward and silent with Julia in a way that she wasn't used to seeing him, and she thought that a visit of condolence is always trying for young people, who can't quite decide whether to speak sympathetically on the subject in mind or cheerfully disregard it.

He followed her round the paths while she trowelled the earth in a bed of phlox and weeded and watered. She made conversation, her slender figure crouched over the bed, her hair falling into tendrils as she stooped, loosening the dark earth, and seeing of him no more than a pair of grey trouser legs and brown suede shoes.

"Your father tells me you've bought a car, Raymond."

"A small one."

"Nice! How's the job going?"

"No worse than most, I suppose." The brown shoes followed her slow progress. She let him lapse into silence.

At tea, he had little more to say, but ate largely of Olive's chocolate cake, his eyes, with their girlishly long black lashes, fixed on the slice in his hand. Politely, he helped take the tea-tray out, and left almost immediately afterwards.

At five o'clock the telephone rang. Olive answered it and called Julia.

It was Ivan, suggesting that she come out to dinner with him.

"I know you can't be seen about dining out just yet, but perhaps we could drive across to Manly or somewhere and have some oysters."

"I'd like that, Ivan, but I don't think I will. Olive and I are here alone and I think I'll just stay and have a quiet evening with her."

They chatted for a while and he rang off.

The time between tea and dinner held no presage of the incident that was to break so violently on the evening. Julia played some of the records that she had brought back with her, and alone in the music-room found the best hours she had had since her return. A ghost of happiness filled the room at last . . .

Olive spent the hour before dinner in the kitchen, and set before them an excellent dinner. Between the two women across the table the mood was like watered silk agleam with talk one minute and the next dulling into silence.

It was when Julia was in the pantry after dinner that the first note in the evening's strangeness was struck. She washed glasses and silver and put them away, then, as she turned to leave, her eye lighted on a medicine bottle on the bench.

On the day after Edmund's death, one of Julia's first visitors had been a doctor, Edmund's friend and hers, who had occasionally looked after her during attacks of influenza and such-like minor ailments. Later, he had had sent round to her a mixture, something to help her through the next few days, he said, a bit of sodium bromide and phenobarb. For the first two days she had remembered to take the rather salty-tasting stuff, a tablespoonful after each meal. Since then she had forgotten it.

Now she picked up the bottle and medicine glass and poured out a dose. Bottle in one hand, in the other the glass with its tiny lettering, she stood holding them up to the light.

Then all at once she was still. The pale liquid looked different, and in the glass the finest sediment was beginning to form.

. . . . . .

It was not only in the Wetherby household that the air was electric that afternoon.

Round at the Kellers'. Katherine had gone about all day silent and abstracted, her face

To page 74

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Continuing . . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 72

overcast. Her mood didn't clear as the day wore on.

Saturday was usually her day for gardening, the bulk of the week's housework and shopping and visiting being over. Today there were plenty of jobs to be done, and she set about them not with her usual zest but with a kind of furious energy.

The sound of her clippers as she trimmed the lawn edges had a savage ring. She rooted up a bed of pansies that had still a few weeks' blooming in them, and flung them on to the compost pile as though she were launching a grenade.

On the shady side of the verandah, Alec was sitting in a deck chair mending the hose. He cut out the leaking length with a razor blade and fitted in the coupling. Tap, tap went his little hammer as he hammered down the metal teeth that secured it. His face was concentrated. He didn't look up as Katherine passed and repassed bearing tools and the trash from her prunings.

But Katherine looked at him each timé, a sharp raking glance.

At four-thirty she said: "Perhaps you'd get us a cup of tea?"

"Presently," he said. "When I've finished this."

She stood on the path in her denim pants and stained shirt. Her hair in its disorder showed more grey than usual, her chocolate-brown eyes had a glint in them as they rested on her husband. She waited for him to move, but his head was still bent over his task, and she went quickly on.

Raymond came back from his visit to Julia and went into the sitting-room, where he sat till dinner-time, scattering sheets of the afternoon papers and missing the ashtray with his flicked ash.

Alec, tubbed and changed, came in and drank two whiskies. Katherine sipped a vermouth, and took in the cold beef and salad.

As dinner was ending she asked Raymond, "How's Julia?"

"She seemed all right."

"Olive still there?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, she's there."

"What was Julia doing?"

"In the garden, doing a bit of work. Shall I make the coffee?"

Katherine gave up. "Please, darling."

Raymond went out to the kitchen. Katherine dusted her slice of rockmelon vigorously with the sugar. "Well, I think if I had a first-rate full-time gardener and a boy, I wouldn't find myself getting into a sweat in the garden this weather."

Alec put down his spoon, leant back in his chair, and felt for his cigarettes. He said slowly, striking a match, lighting his cigarette and putting out the match with a fizz in his melon rind: "If you'd like a bit of help in the garden, Katherine, I might be able to afford it now. What?"

"Thank you. That'd be nice. If there's anything left after paying off the overdraft . . . and a new car . . . and the various other things you've mentioned, Alec."

"There'll be plenty left," he said, smoothing down his thinning hair. "And a few thousand left over to invest, I hope."

Katherine gave quite an audible sigh. "Invest! Oh, dear, do take good advice before you start dabbling in shares."

Alec pursed his lips. The handle-bars sawed the air furiously as he looked across at his wife.

She was looking her best again in a severely cut black dress, a choker of ivory beads round her throat, and a poppy red lipstick on her mouth.

His silence made her glance up. "Why are you looking at me like that, Alec?"

A trickle of smoke came through the forest of reddish bristles. "Well, if you want to know, I was thinking that you look a very attractive woman. Still a good figure . . . almost young . . . pretty hair . . . and—and——"

"How very kind of you. And what?"

"And I was wondering if it came as a surprise to you that Edmund didn't leave that money to you . . . instead of to me," he drawled meaningly.

She drew back, and for a moment her face was stilled. Then she got up quickly, gathering up some plates. "Me? Why should he? I was no relation."

"No," he said, leaning forward and grinding out his cigarette. And again, when she had left the room: "No . . ."

ON this same Saturday evening, at the same time, the Carrolls were having dinner, if the scratch meal that Baba usually provided could be called a dinner. Her idea of meal-getting was to run down to the shops at the last minute and spend what money she was lucky enough to have in her purse on tins of antepasto and salami and sausage rolls and cream cakes, plumping it all down on the table and tearing open bags and pouring chianti.

Then, in the crowded room of the small flat, she and Sam would fall to and eat with gusto, Baba chattering away, entertaining him with her doings and the gossip of the flats round, full of enjoyment and high spirits, Sam lost in wonder at his possession of her.

This evening, having eaten all there was to eat, Sam carried the plates out to the kitchen.

"Don't wash up, darling," she called. "I'll see to it in the morning." Willingly he refrained.

When he came back she was sitting in a chair under the standard lamp with her work basket. The light gleamed on her gold hair and on the curve of her petal-smooth cheek and on the snowy satin of her bare shoulders rising out of the flower-sprigged glazed-cotton frock. She was sewing a French hem on a nightdress of palest blue chiffon. Her little pointed fingers were quick and expert as they rolled and stitched, rolled and stitched.

Sam wandered a moment, standing by her chair, looking down at her work and at her; then over to the mantelpiece to search among the clutter there. "Where are the cigarettes, sweetheart?"

"They're there, darling, somewhere," she murmured between little white teeth clenched to bite off a thread of silk.

"Everything else is," Sam said. "Did you know there was a fiver here?"

"I think so."

"Why do you keep half your possessions up here? Belts, stockings, eyebrow pluckers . . . milk bottles . . last week's laundry."

"I like them like that, I know where they are then."

"Funny little sweet. You've got some funny ways."

"Funny-nice or funny-nasty?"

"Funny-ravishing, as well you know!" He found the cigarettes, lighted one, shook out the match. Then he picked out one object from the variety on the mantelpiece. "Why do you wear this trashy piece of jewellery?" he asked after a long minute, as he stood looking down with the ornament cupped in his hand.

She gave him a quick glance, then dropped her eyes to her needle. "What trashy piece of jewellery, pet?"

"This junk diamond spray."

"Why not? Everyone wears imitation jewellery today."

"Yes . . . great pearls and gold stuff, but imitation diamonds . . ."

"Not done, eh, Colonel? Haw, Haw!" she mocked . . . "I love my diamond feather. It cost me two pounds seven and six."

He stood with the dress clip in his hand, turned it slowly over, and turned it back. His face was shut and expressionless.

She tossed down her sewing and jumped up and stood beside him. "Honestly, now, don't you think it's pretty?" she said, taking it from him and flashing it in front of him, looking at it admiringly, head on one side.

"I told you I don't. Chuck it away."

"No, no, I won't. My pretty clip!"

"You won't, eh?" His tone was grim.

"Darling, if everyone was to go asking that everything should be one hundred per cent. genuine—well, that's ridiculous. I mean, think of all the fakes, the period furniture, the blondes!"

He stood unmoving while she put an arm round his neck and laid her cheek against his.

Then she said: "Oh, well . . . you old conservative! Have it your own way. I couldn't care less. I won't wear it any more." She walked to the mantelpiece.

In silence, he watched her put down the clip among the oddments there.

Turning, she looked at him. Still he didn't speak. "Don't you believe I won't wear it again?" Her pansy-velvet eyes on him waited for his answering smile. It didn't materialise. "All right," she said, "come and see." And, taking him by the arm, she ran him out to the landing to the incinerator chute, lifted the lid, and tossed in the bright ornament.

IN the flat opposite, Pamela had her usual visitor. She and Trevor had been to the races that afternoon, had dined in the flat, and now Pamela brought in coffee. She was still in the well-cut little suit she had worn out to Randwick, not having had a moment to change, had rushed in, got drinks, got dinner, and now——

She came over to the table near the sofa where Trevor sat at ease with cigarette and evening paper. He half rose.

"Don't get up, darling. Don't move."

Pushing aside books and magazines, she put down the tray with the coffee-pot, the two lustre cups, the little decanter of cognac. Sitting beside him, she leant forward and poured the coffee and brandy, handed him his.

He seemed a shade remote tonight, hadn't been quite himself all day, and she wooed him with attentions and soft words.

"Wasn't it a lovely afternoon? I did so enjoy it. We haven't been to the races for months." He stirred his coffee, nodded. "We must do it more often now that your mother's gone back to Melbourne."

"H'm . . . yes." He was sitting back in the corner of the sofa. The glance she waited for with such obvious longing was bent on the spoon, the gold cup. Gone away was the fascination that he could turn on and off at a moment's notice to delight or punish her.

Trevor's rather battered-looking face had come to seem beautiful to Pamela. People whom he wasn't trying to win saw it as plain, undistinguished, saw the receding hair, the indifferent skin and teeth. When the need to subjugate a new victim or keep chained an old one wasn't present, he played out his charm economically.

With an anxious note in her voice, she went on talking about the afternoon, about the horses they had backed. "Fancy me winning thirty pounds!" she said. "I'm mostly such an unlucky punter."

"Yes. Money often comes your way when you don't need to go chasing after it any more," he said in a hard voice.

She gave him a quick glance. "What do you mean? Since when haven't I had to go chasing after it?"

"Since Edmund Wetherby became such a good, kind friend and started signing cheques so freely."

"Well, I never heard such nonsense!" She laughed uncertainly. Her eyes had flown wide. "I'll still need every penny I can get to get the place started. You know how it is, all the expenses you haven't reckoned on. The decorating alone's going to cost much more than we thought."

He reached for the decanter.

"You should've asked him for a bit more. I'm sure he wouldn't have begrudged it to you."

"Oh, I don't know about that . . ." Pamela sounded dubious, as though she were giving this idea cool consideration, but she was breaking a match in little pieces with nervous fingers. "He was a very shrewd business man, poor Edmund."

"And thought you a very shrewd business woman, eh? That's what you told that inspector fellow, wasn't it?"

"Well?" she said. "Well?"

He gave a short laugh and drained the brandy glass. "I only hope he believed it!"

She took the glass from him, put it down, and clasped his hand in hers. "Trevor, darling, what are you getting at? You were so glad for me about this money when I first told you the other morning. Why do you now——"

"I've had quite a lot of time to think about it since then—that's why."

"Trevor, you're not suggesting, are you? You're not seriously thinking——?"

"Look, what does a man who loves a woman seriously think when another man gives her a whopping sum of money? I ask you! I didn't say anything about it at first. It was a bit late then, anyhow! But I'm not a fool."

She threw his hand away and sprang up. "It wasn't given, it was lent. And, anyhow, Edmund! Edmund and me! Julia's husband . . ."

"Come off it, Pam. The best friend's husband! When did that stop anyone?"

"I never heard of such a thing. I'm not going to discuss it."

"No, I think you'd better not." He had got up, too. They stood facing each other in the sudden storm that had blown up between them. Her face had gone pale, his was coldly hostile.

Still secure, as she thought, in his need of her, Pamela lost her temper. She denied in furious tones that there had ever been any thought of a love affair between her and Edmund. The quarrel mounted, became an angry torrent of

To page 76

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Continuing . . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 74

accusation and denial, of reproach and counter-reproach. When at last she saw him button his coat and pick up his cigarettes and put them in his pocket she ran to him and tried to stave off the disaster.

"Darling—no—stop! Don't let us go on like this. We're mad, utterly mad! Here, sit down and have another drink. Let us be sensible and forget these awful things we've been saying. It's just your crazy jealousy. You know I only love you."

But he was not to be placated. He turned away from her, pulled open the door, and hurried out of the flat and down the stairs.

. . . . . .

At nine o'clock that evening Julia and Olive were sitting at a card table in the music-room playing cribbage. Julia played her cards and pegged the ebony board, but her mind was busy with a question that kept nagging at her.

In the pantry after dinner when she had poured out the dose of the bromide mixture, had she been right in thinking that it looked different from usual, that something had been put into it?

She had stood looking at the liquid in the glass and at what was left in the bottle, not able to make up her mind, dismissing the idea one minute and the next convinced of its truth. She had put the glass to her lips and stopped; she had stepped to the door to discuss it with Olive, and stopped; she had gone to pour what was left in the bottle down the sink, and had stopped again. Finally, she had put the cork back in the bottle and replaced it on the bench and thrown away the dose in the glass.

Since then she had asked herself a dozen times why anyone should want to tamper with her medicine. Of all the people who had been in and out of the house this week, which one of them, if any, could be wishing her ill? And for what reason? . . .

No . . no . . she must be catching some of Olive's hysteria; she must have imagined that changed appearance of the mixture. That sediment in the bottle must have been there from the first, and until this afternoon she had failed to notice it. And yet there had been so many unexplained things here in the last few days. They hadn't been imagined by her.

What ought she to do? Take the bottle back to the chemist for analysis? Or give it to the police?

It needed the sternest discipline to keep her sitting there at the table playing this game, with Olive opposite, enjoying it, she guessed, just about as much.

Julia took up the cards and began to deal them automatically. If only there were someone to whom she could talk. She was at sea because up to now she had always had someone to lean on, to advise her . . . Suppose she were to ring Lindsay? Suppose she were to say, "Someone's trying to poison me. What shall I do?" Or even ring him just to comfort herself with the sound of his voice? . . .

She put down her cards. "I'm going to telephone, Olive." Olive looked up. "To Lindsay Barrett," she told her; and went out to the telephone room off the hall and dialled the number he had given her—the McLeods' number.

No answer. The bell went on ringing. He was out. They were all out . . . He was keeping away from her purposely . . . He was conventional in a way, would subscribe to the belief that a "decent interval" must elapse before they saw much of each other. He was sure of himself . . . and perhaps of her. Small comfort that was at the moment, with this longing to hear him lift the receiver and answer!

She left the telephone and went back to the music-room and sat down again. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Oh, I wish Edmund were here tonight!"

Olive stared across at her, and tears welled out in instant reaction. She sank her face in her hands.

Dismayed, Julia watched her. "Don't cry, Olive. I shouldn't have upset you. It'll be all right."

"Nothing will be all right . . . nothing can ever be all right again," Olive sobbed.

The cards on the table were pushed aside—some had fallen to the floor. Julia stooped and scooped them up. A big, iridescent beetle landed on the table with a plop, keeled over, and lay kicking helplessly.

The window that overlooked the garden in the front was open, and nearest. Julia picked up the beetle and stepped to it.

As she tossed the insect outside and was about to turn back, her eye caught a movement in the garden, someone moving quickly off the drive into the shelter of a tree.

She stood rigid; then clearly, in her most casual tone, she said: "It's such a lovely night. So fine and cool," so that she could stand a moment looking out while her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness; while she grew surer every second that there was someone there, someone who, surprised by her sudden appearance at the window, had slipped out of sight and was now hiding behind the tree trunk.

Resisting the temptation to pull the curtains across, she turned and went back to the table.

"Olive," she said in a low voice, "there's someone in the garden."

Olive sat up with a jerk, tears arrested. "What? In the garden? Who?"

"I don't know. I couldn't see."

"Oh, Julia . . .!" Fear lit up in Olive's eyes.

Seeing the other's readiness to panic steadied Julia. "Now don't be afraid. It's probably nothing."

"But — but what did you see?" insisted Olive.

"There was someone on the drive. When I went to the window they slipped behind a tree, behind the magnolia near the gate." She had taken up the cards and was shuffling them, spilling them from hand to hand.

Olive wasn't reassured. "But it's horrid, horrid! Pull the curtains across." She half rose.

Quickly Julia stopped her. "No, no, don't do that. Then they'd know I'd seen."

"What are we going to do? I don't feel I can stand much more."

"Now stop that. I grant you it isn't very nice to feel there's someone lurking and lingering about. Not that I think we'd give it a second thought at any other time. It's only now, after all that's happened . . . Did you lock up the back?"

"No . . ." Olive's face turned swiftly to the window.

"Olive, please, please don't go staring out the window like that. Play patience, set out the cards, look normal in case anyone is watching us."

"How am I going to bed and lie there listening and wondering all night? Supposing it's the person who killed Edmund? Supposing he's going to do something to us, because he thinks we saw him?"

"Oh, don't be crazy!" Was this the Olive who had once met an emergency with such admirable courage? "However, if you're going to feel that way about it I'd better ring the police."

Julia felt less and less fear as Olive's seemed to mount. She felt only a rising nausea at the procession of mysteries and suspicions that each day brought. Rather than go to the telephone she wanted to walk out of the house, take the car and drive away somewhere, leave all this behind her, not from fear but from pure plain disgust.

Grogan was in his office at Headquarters when Julia rang. His voice brought a pleasing protecting world around her. Very sensible of her to ring him, he said, he'd be right along.

Obediently, Olive was setting out the cards when Julia went back, but she looked taut as a stretched string ready to snap, and her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed. "Well?" she asked.

"He's coming. He'll be here in a few minutes." She sat down at the table again, conscious of the light from the room thrown out across the lawn, and absurdly conscious of every small movement. She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke in a long stream. "Do you feel you're behind footlights, Olive? And not playing the part too well!"

Olive just glared across at her and mashed out another of her chain of cigarettes . . . Mash, mash till it broke and crumbled under her fingers. She seemed incapable of speech by this time.

"In a few minutes," Julia had said. When those few minutes had passed things began to happen suddenly, simultaneously, so that afterwards she found it hard to say what exactly was the sequence of events.

The cream taxi that drew up at the gate—did she hear it and go out into the hall thinking it was the police? Or did she first hear those footsteps on the gravel and just see the taxi driving away when she went to the door? And the lights of the police car? And the car itself? Gliding silently up to the gates, and men spilling out of it and fanning through the garden. Then that someone on the drive, stopping dead, looking over his shoulder, and leaping on to the lawn and running like mad across the grass, around the side of the house and away? How was it all timed?

"Hope you'll be comfy, Dave. If it gets cold during the night, just let the top down."

Julia ran down the steps as Grogan came towards her. She cried, pointing: "Oh, look! . . . quickly . . . round there. Someone ran round the house just as your car stopped."

Olive was behind her, crying her part of the story shrilly: "I saw him. I was in the music-room. He ran past the windows into the side garden. Then I saw him through the french window. He flew past and rushed down and scrambled over the wall."

A search was made of the garden and of the rocky bit of foreshore, and of the boats that lay moored close in. The police car slowly toured the surrounding tree-lined roads. The fugitive, however, the man who had leapt off the drive and fled away, was nowhere to be found.

While the men were still searching, Grogan came into the hall where Julia and Olive were waiting.

"Now, look, Mrs. Wetherby," he said, "what you're getting around to is that there were two fellers in the garden this evening? Is that right?"

Julia stared in bewilderment. "Oh . . . don't expect me to be a very helpful witness, Inspector. It was all such a mix-up. Yes, I think there must've been. Two men, of course. I got the impression that the second man, the—the sprinter who disappeared over the wall—got out of the cream taxi I told you about."

"And walked boldly up the drive, eh, and only took to his heels when he saw the police car?"

"Yes . . . well, that was the impression I got."

"Could you give us any description of him?"

"A description? Good heavens, no! I didn't see him near enough for that, and then for such a second only. There's no moon, and he didn't get far up the drive. I just vaguely saw him stop and turn round and then start to run."

"And you, Miss Lockwood?"

Olive was still more diffident. She shook her head and her eyes on Grogan's face were blank. Her voice had a breathless sound, as though it were she who had been running. "No, I can tell you even less. He just flashed by. And then—well, I mean, from the french windows—I mean, it was just a dark figure disappearing. And then I saw him against the skyline on the wall . . . and heard the sound of his shoes scraping as he got over."

Grogan said pleasantly: "Why, I reckon you're a very good witness. You noticed quite a bit." He thought for a few minutes. "And the first feller could've realised you saw him slip behind the tree, Mrs. Wetherby, like you told me on the phone, and he could've got out and away the minute you left the window."

Julia nodded. "Yes . . . yes. But none of it makes the slightest sense, does it? The first man, as we call him—that seems simple enough — if not very nice! One's mind flies instantly to burglary, someone looking for an open door or window. After the newspapers' references to my husband's wealth they probably think the house is stuffed with valuables. He may have watched and seen there were only two of us here alone. That, I admit, was what I thought when I rang you."

"That's right. Surprising there wasn't ever an attempt on the place while it was empty so much these last two months."

"Yes, indeed. Of course, Raymond Keller had the key at the weekends. My husband used to drop it at their house on his way to town on Friday morning, and Raymond used to come round and keep an eye on things, turn on some lights on Friday evening so that it didn't look like a shut-up house."

Grogan now began to take her and Olive over the events of the night again, a trick that Julia had begun to recognise as police technique. If you told a story twice you might contradict your earlier version, if ever so little, or let drop some further detail which for them could be the all important one.

A constable came in from outside. He reported that a radio call had been sent out to the driver of the cream taxi and he'd been contacted. The fare he'd driven here had hailed him in the Darlinghurst Road—couldn't give any better description of him than that he was an average-looking chap, youngish, and well dressed.

Grogan sent the constable off to have a look through the house. Olive went with him, throwing open doors and turning on lights.

With sudden resolve, Julia said: "I've something further to tell you, Inspector. I've learnt my lesson, you see!"

"What lesson'd that be? I wouldn't reckon you needed to learn many!" he said gallantly.

"Wait a minute," she said, and went swiftly out to the pantry and came back with the bottle of bromide mixture. She gave it to him and told him of her suspicions and answered his questions as to when, and who, and how: When had she taken the last dose? Who had been in the pantry? How recently? Had many of her friends strayed out there, fetching glasses and carrying out cups, because they knew the house was understaffed?

Steadily, Julia shut her mind to the implications these questions, and her answers, carried.

Olive and the policeman returned. Grogan took up his hat. He said: "Well, I reckon that's all for now."

His bulky figure, that seemed to Julia to exude male commonsense and optimism, filled the doorway for a minute. For the first time she found herself reluctant to see him go.

Later, before going upstairs, Julia went round the rooms with Olive, locking windows and bolting doors, a thing she didn't remember ever having done before. Doubtless it had been done, but not by her. Last of all, she went into the music-room, walked slowly its dim length to the french windows giving on to the side garden, her white scented garden. She saw it now, with its dark evergreens and grass walks, lit by a half moon struggling out from behind clouds.

As she reached up to push home a bolt at the top of the folding doors, she thought how things had grown up in the two months she had been away, those forcing spring months. The border hedge of myrtle, the Jericho trumpet tree, and the laurustinus bush. That last had grown and spread wide.

Edmund had always said it shouldn't be there, so much in the foreground. He had said it would begin to shut out the view of the sea from here. It was doing so already. Even in this increasing moonlight she couldn't see the wall on to the foreshore . . .

The wall that Olive said she had seen the running man scrambling over. Odd . . . How easy it was, she thought, to dramatise things in a moment of excitement. Olive must have seen him rush by, heard the scrape of his shoes on the wall, as she had said, and pictured him so vividly getting over as to think she had seen him doing so.

It was after midnight when Julia, lying in bed and about to put out her reading-lamp, decided that she was hungry and would sleep the better for a snack and a drink. Olive, she hoped, was asleep.

Julia got up, put on dressing-gown and slippers, and opened her door cautiously. With relief she saw that there was no light under Olive's door across the landing. The thing least to be desired just then was a midnight supper with Olive.

It would be a luxury to have a little meal alone, in silence, with neither talk of the ever-present subject nor light conversation to skate over it; and not turning on liights for fear of waking her, Julia crept down the back stairs to the pantry.

She went to the refrigerator and took out some chicken and a glass of milk and, sitting at the table there in a near-mindless state, she ate and drank and stared vacantly at the shining surfaces of glass and enamel lit by the bright overhead light.

Her back was to the door and she couldn't have said at what moment or why she began to feel that there was someone in the room with her. A faint sound must have come to her . . . the creaking of a board . . . the awareness of two people breathing instead of one . . .

She put her knife down on the plate, took the other hand from the bread she was crumbling, and sat frozen. One, two breaths she took, feeling her heart start up inside her, thumping against her ribs.

Then slowly she slewed round in her chair.

A man was standing inside the doorway watching her.

To be concluded

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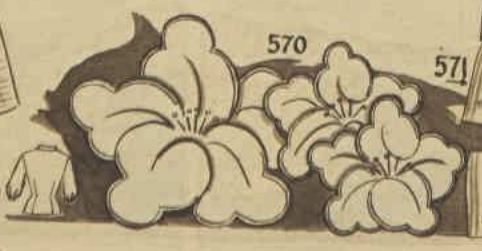

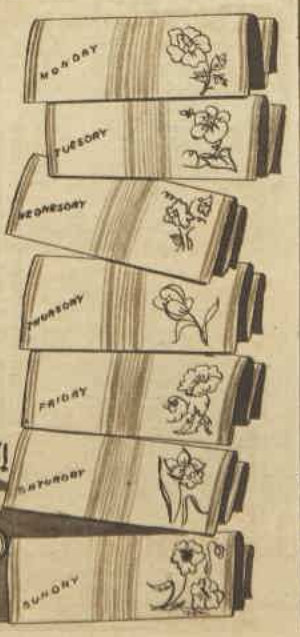

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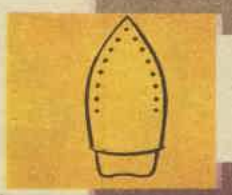

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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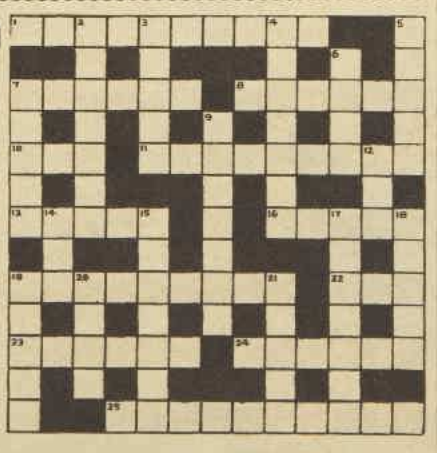

ACROSS

1. For this shape you must have a natural rig (10).
7. The dance is cancelled, and it is no cricket (2, 4).
8. Her sea leads to the grave (6).
10. If followed by your uncle, everything is perfect (3).
11. Entice red (Anagr. 9).
13. Gamblers and sportsmen appreciate a good one (5).
16. Approaches the snare (5).
19. Part of a car and not a set of baby garments (5, 4).
22. Sorrow in a French street (3).
23. A sun god and a climbing plant in a narrow gully (6).
24. Press firmly a devil to a deed (6).
25. Art and skill showing the man and the means to do it (10).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Semi bib. (Anagr. 7).
3. Large petrel which turns ill at the end (5).
4. Our lane is the way to a substance found in ripening seeds (7).
5. Anoint an eel (5).
6. Suffer a doctor with ease (4).
7. Very famous prize-giver with the head turned on (5).
9. Waver whilst turning an egg in a heavenly body (7).
12. Beetle upside down on a twig (3).
14. Far Eastern sash (3).
15. Self-restraint turning net in the centre (7).
17. Pierced a roasting spit (7).
18. Worn out writing implement in a saint (5).
19. Arm of the sea (5).
20. Talk wildly and say "Hail" at the end (4).
21. Julius Caesar was and an ordinary upright character is (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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